

*The Australian*

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

Incorporating the  
Australian Home Budget

SEPTEMBER 3, 1952

PRICE

9¢



Bridal  
features



Take it Easy!...Take a Hoover

# Clean up the Family Wash in a Third the Time

YOU CAN AFFORD TO TAKE IT EASY WITH A

## HOOVER

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

ONLY **£53/5/-**

It's the best — costs so  
much less — gives  
sweeter, cleaner washes!

AFFORD a Hoover? Of course you can. The Hoover Electric Washing Machine is the lowest-priced on the market. And it brings you such welcome freedom from washday drudgery because it does the whole family wash in a third of the time. So take it easy as your Hoover takes gentle care of the clothes. There's no tugging, yanking, fraying or stretching. The Hoover Washing Machine pulsates out all the dirt... washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any other washing method. Take it easy—take a Hoover Electric Washing Machine. You can afford one NOW!

Look at the PLUS Hoover gives you!

- ★ Washes everything from sheets to socks... all the week's washing for a big family!
- ★ Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling.
- ★ Washes whites in 4 minutes, silks, woollies in one!
- ★ Washes cleaner than you can by hand.
- ★ Washes gently. The exclusive Hoover pulsator doesn't yank, stretch or pull. The finest clothing is safe.
- ★ Tucks away in less than 3 feet of space when not in use... gives you elbow room in the laundry.



A SMALL DEPOSIT WILL

*Start one  
working for you  
NOW!*

See your retailer for his  
'TAKE-IT-EASY' TERMS

Enter the  
**NEW BIG HOOVER  
JINGLE CONTEST**

Listen to your favourite radio programmes  
"Bold Venture" and "Crossroads of Life"  
for entry details. Or call in and see your  
local Hoover retailer.

Made by the Makers of the World's Best Cleaner



# Sweet as Sugar Candy

By  
**PETER AMOS**

Illustrated by Laskie

I was one of those days. I'd come to the office late and found it deserted and a note on my desk with the grim news that Miss Gilpin was a 'flu casualty. In a few minutes Four-Eyes would be bawling for his news-clippings.

Four-Eyes was Fortescue Isaac Brodderson, of Brodderson Stage Productions, Incorp., and he had an obsession about the value of his time. "You must be my eyes, Sanders," he'd said when I first took charge of his publicity. "I can't waste minutes reading newspapers, but I mustn't miss anything. Forty a.m. I want on my desk clippings of things I should know."

Well, that was all right with Miss Gilpin here to wield scissors and paste, but it didn't seem to me the job of an executive, and I liked to kid myself I was an executive. But it had to be done, and, hoping Brodderson had been run down by a hearse, I set about it.

I was annoyed, in a hurry, and inexpert, and for the first time in my life, I dabbed the goosebush in the ink. A draught licked up a wet clipping and lobbed it on copy. I considered important. My fingers were sticky and I couldn't find a way to get at my handkerchief without soiling my suit, so I ran firm through my hair. At that moment I

hated the world and was telling it so under my breath when I looked up and saw her.

She had on something emerald-green and looked ridiculously young to be working in such a sophisticated outfit. Even in that moment of exasperation I remember she reminded me fleetingly of some painting. A Renoir.

She said, "You've got a smudge on your chin."

"Is that so?" I said. "Would you like to know what I've got on my mind?"

"Don't tell me," she exclaimed, as if it were a game, and pondered, finger on chin.

"I wouldn't bother with it," I advised. "Who are you, anyway? You didn't knock."

"Yes I did," she said. Her eyes lost their sparkle and became pools of solicitude. "Are you a little deaf?" she asked, but brightened immediately and confided, "Mr. Criddle told me you were dumb, but I knew he was joking."

Criddle was the accounts manager and as foul as they come. I made a mental note to post him a poisoned fish.

"He heard Miss Gilpin was sick and he said I was to come over to help you because you couldn't get in a worse muddle," the kid told me, and for the life of me I couldn't believe she was consciously repeating something she knew was offensive with a capital O. And yet she couldn't be as young as all that. You only had to look at her.

All I could find to say was, "So you worked for Criddle?"

"Uh huh." She was sneaking a look at my clippings. She went on, "But he doesn't like my typing. He said to take a letter to B. T. Flashwyck and I didn't know whether it was a lady or gentleman, so I put 'Dear Sir or Madam!'"

Flashwyck was one of the stage directors, and I could imagine the pet he'd be in. The kid went on to say that he'd written an angry protest and Criddle had made her type an apology. "But," she said, "Dear Sir" came out 'Dead Sir.'"

I had to grin, because Flashwyck liked to consider himself a live wire, though there were some who maintained he'd been present at Bernhard's debut. It served Criddle right for not reading his letters before he signed, I thought.

The symphony in green nodded at the scissors. "Is that what you do in publicity?" she asked. "Play games?"

"It isn't a game," I explained. "It's vitally important. I cut from the rags all the bits and pieces a busy bee like Mr. Brodderson thinks should be brought to his notice, paste them on sheets, and send them into his office so he can put them in the wastepaper basket."

"It must be fun," she said. "Can I play... I mean help?"

My fingers were dripping paste and I held my hands helplessly, and she whipped out the handkerchief I'd forgotten I wore in my breast pocket and wiped them. "Scuse," she said, and moistened a corner of the handkerchief with her tongue and rubbed my cheek just as Madeline came in. Madeline is Brodderson's secretary and has been with him ninety-nine years, and the way she dumped a tray of correspondence on my desk and sailed out with an upper lip as long as the Mississippi I knew she was thinking the worst.

"Now see what you've started," I said. "That was Madeline."

"You mean she usually wipes off the smudges?" she asked. She had my handkerchief back in my breast pocket and twiddled it into shape.

She picked up the scissors. "Shall I go on cutting out?" she asked, and ran her eyes over a page of the paper. "What about this? 'Sausages to be dearer.' Do you think Mr. Brodderson would want to know about that?"

I pretended to consider. "I doubt it," I said.

"Well, here's something very interesting," she said, unabashed, beginning to snip. "'Pet Cemetery Mooted.' Does Mr. Brodderson like animals?"

"Passionately," I told her. "You have only to mention bulls and bears and his eyes go all swimmy."

"But you don't have bulls and bears for pets," she said, looking up at me with faint amusement. "Hasn't he any favorites?"

"Indeed, yes," I said. "Yaks. Now I come to think of it, he's devoted to baby yaks."

I took the sheets I'd prepared into Madeline, and she said she'd hand them to Mr. Brodderson. "I'm sure you're dying to get back to your office," she said pointedly.

When I got there the kid was still standing, so intent on her cutting as she went.

round a corner with the scissors that the tip of her tongue protruded. Her hair was a sort of golden-blond that matched her complexion.

"Why don't you sit down and make yourself at home?" I asked. After all, she'd be something to look at.

Please turn to page 4



"Sugar and spice . . ." I thought as I looked up and saw her for the first time.





Leah McArthur  
LEAH MCARTHUR

Your Favourite Lipstick . . .

**Michel** is  
**Super-Indelible**

and 'STAYS ON LONGER'

For the long hours and varying conditions of a model's day, Michel Super-Indelible Lipstick is more than ever favourite—it truly 'Stays on Longer'. Michel keeps lips soft, never cracks or runs . . . is specially made for Australia's climate. Priced for today's budget-conscious women, Michel Lipstick is the best value of all.

Available from Chemists  
and Fashion Stores

9 FASHION-RIGHT COLOURS

AMAPOLA, BLONDE, CHERRY, CYCLAMEN, MARIPOSA,  
PINK SPICE, RASPBERRY, SCARLET, VIVID.



**T**HANKING me, she smiled timidly, and took Miss Gilpin's chair. I went to my desk and tried to concentrate, but kept glancing her way, wondering why I'd allowed myself to be seduced from my first love—painting. I sighed. Only a Renoir could make flesh like that quiver on canvas—a Renoir who didn't give a "croissant" that his models had nothing above the neck but sugar.

Dick Fraser, of Bronsky's, rang, desiring urgent audience. Bronsky was Brodderson's rival, but Dick and I had a blood brotherhood cemented in the Pacific and every now and then we swapped ideas. I grabbed my hat and crossed to the kid.

"You keep on cutting out things for Mr. Brodderson like a good girl," I said, and patted her head.

Fraser asked me did I know that Augustus Yates, the English playwright, was in town and might already be dicker-ing with Bronsky regarding his new comedy, which the columnists were prophesying would be a wow. Part of my job was to keep tabs on identities like Yates, and if Brodderson missed getting a stab at his latest opus I'd be Scape-goat Number One. It was like Dick to let me in on it.

The wastepaper baskets were bulging when I returned to my office. We subscribed to almost everything printed and it looked as if the kid had been busy on the lot. The paste bottle was dry, but I couldn't see any clippings.

"Find anything interesting?" I asked.

"Oh, lots," she said. "I took them in to Mr. Brodderson's secretary."

The way my mouth fell open she must have seen clear to my tonsils. She said hastily, "Oh, I didn't try to take any credit. I told Miss Madeline that Mr. Sanders had just come across some more important items and thought Mr. Brodderson should have them without delay."

"That's fine!" I said, stunned. "That's just dandy!" I thought perhaps you mightn't like him to know you'd gone out to talk to your friend so early in office hours," she said, flushing. Loyalty like that left me speechless. I didn't know whether to kiss her or cut her throat.

Brodderson's buzz wasn't long in coming and, crossing the four-acre office to his desk, I could feel the fluff from the carpet getting up my nose.

He focused me through his horn-rims. "You feeling all right, Sanders?"

"Oh, I'm fine," I told him. He thumbed the sheets I guessed the kid had sent in. "I was just wondering," he said. "I can't quite see why you should think I would be especially interested in 'Frost Strikes at Lambs' or 'Goat

Caught in Crevice.' Nor in this: 'Dog Moans At Master's Funeral.'"

It would have been easy to disclaim responsibility, but Brodderson was not the man to tolerate inefficiency, and I'd as lief tossed a baby from a lifeboat as tell on that kid.

Four-Eyes tapped the top sheet. "And this picture. Surely it tells its own story? It hardly needed your caption in block letters." He spaced his sarcasm as he read, "This-is-a-mother-yak." and peered at a line the kid had typed. "For more about yaks look up encyclopaedia under Y. Where did you think I'd look, Sanders? Under Z?"

His phone saved me. "Augustus Yates? Of course, Madeline. I'll be delighted to see Mr. Yates. Have him come right in." The look he gave me would have withered a cotton plantation. "My publicity department didn't know it, but Augustus Yates is in town," he said, and thumbed me to the door.

The kid looked up as I slunk into my chair. "Was Mr. Brodderson pleased?" she asked.

"Overwhelmed," I said. "That picture of Mrs. Yak—" "With the dear little baby running by her side? Wasn't it sweet?" she cried.

All morning I expected Brodderson to announce the resumption of our two-party talk, but when the buzz came it was Madeline on a routine matter. Incidentally, she told me Four-Eyes had gone out with Yates and wouldn't be back till next morning. "Lucky for you and the chocolate box!" she said.

The chocolate box! Madeline meant the kid, of course. I glanced across at her and surprised the queerest expression, and just then the inter-office phone rang and Criddle was bleating.

"If you're alluding to the young lady you loaned, fine, Criddle, fine," I told him. "She's just given me a wonderful idea."

I banged the receiver down. The kid looked up, surprised, and I went over and asked her her name and she told me her parents hadn't been able to agree at the christening and had compromised on Sue-Ellen. In full, she was Sue-Ellen Endicott.

I told her, "Go and wash your face and hands, Sue-Ellen, and make your hair tidy. You're going to lunch with your Uncle Barney."

"Truly?" "While she was getting ready I rang Andy McQuade. "Listen, Andy," I said, "how are the candy sales? Rotten, I bet! Now you make dandy candy, Andy. All six people who buy it say so, but you've no publicity sense. What sells candy, Andy? The cover on

## Sweet As Sugar Candy

Continued from page 3

the box. And, boy, have I found a cover for you!"

I asked him to lunch with us.

"Everything this kid does ought to be framed," I told him. "But don't talk in front of her, because she knows nothing about the proposition. She doesn't even know business begins with b."

I felt that Brodderson didn't love me any more. A man would have to eat, even if it was only candy, and, although McQuade was in a small way, as a candy chef he could make a nation's mouth water, and I figured it would be policy to get in on the ground floor with a firm my natural gifts could lift into the up-and-coming class.

Sue-Ellen looked just as good in her hat and so absurdly young that I said, "You're sure your nails are nice and clean?"

She handed me her fingers. "They're all right," I said, letting her have them back at last, and found her gazing up at me with the eagerness of a child setting out for a tea-party. If there'd been no color photography, just the look of her would have made some guy rush out and invent it.

**A**T lunch I kept kicking Andy under the table so that he wouldn't miss any of Sue-Ellen's unconscious poses, but before long I knew he was sold because he was forgetting to eat. I left him with the kid and returned in a few minutes with a box of candy. It had a picture on the cover of a girl who was about twenty per cent. as good-looking as Sue-Ellen. Maybe I'm exaggerating. Say five per cent. But when I handed it to her she said, "Oh, isn't she lovely?" And the way she looked at me you'd have thought I'd given her the title deed of the Taj Mahal if you could imagine she'd know what title deeds were. Or the Taj Mahal.

I said to Andy, "The girl at the counter never offered me your line, Mr. McQuade."

Andy began to explain to Sue-Ellen that he made the best candy.

"But you like candy in pretty boxes, don't you?" I asked the kid.

As though she were a full partner in the deal I was negotiating, she said, "Why, of course. Every girl does. But," she went on, looking Andy straight in the pan, "it's the men who buy the candy for their girls and every man is attracted by a pretty face, isn't he, Mr. McQuade?"

His elbow was on the table and his chin on his fist as he

stared at her. "Yeah," he said, but his lips barely moved.

That night I stayed up designing covers for the Sue-Ellen lines. Sue-Ellen was swinging. Sue-Ellen eating an apple. Sue-Ellen in a wicker chair by the seaside, like the Renoir in the Metropolitan Museum. Sue-Ellen in a dress enchanting, fast-selling pose. In the morning I took them direct to Andy McQuade's place and, while he was looking them over, phoned my office.

The kid was already on deck, and I told her to carry on till I got in, and if Mr. Brodderson rang say I'd gone to meet my cousin from Illinois.

"But how thrilling!" she claimed. "That's where the yaks come from." I explained to Andy my idea for getting us a million dollars free publicity. Other conditions, putting a line on the market, would have a thousand about selling it in thousand gross lots. But our first Sue-Ellen product would be limited to five hundred price tags, each signed by the lovely unknown on the cover—the mysterious, laughing lovely, who the columnists would discover had inspired the famous Augustus Yates to write his best comedy. For the first time in history there'd be a limited edition of a candy product.

My energy and genius would be directed towards the signing of collectors' battle-axe stints. In a few months five hundred empty boxes would be as valuable as better prints. And if it turned out the kid couldn't write, I'd sign them myself.

When I left Andy I'd invested my savings in his business and was his publicity and sales director. I went back to the office singing. All I had to do was get Sue-Ellen Endicott to put her name on the little document I'd made giving me the sole right in her pictures.

She greeted me with the news that she'd already sent Mr. Brodderson the morning Press clippings.

"I bet they were good," I said, not caring.

"Oh, they were," she stutted. "And last night I went to the library and copied out a piece about how yaks rear their young. I came in early and typed it out for Mr. Brodderson. I thought he'd like to know. I hope you're pleased. I do so want to stay here and work with you," she begged.

There'd been a brief hesitation before that "with you and I'm only human. 'With me?'" I asked slyly. "I hardly know me."

"Oh, but I do. Ever so well," she said eagerly. "I watched you pass Mr. Criddle's door often and often."

Please turn to page 54



- \* EXCLUSIVE PLASTACOUSTIC SOUND-FRET
- \* ALL-WORLD RECEPTION
- \* PICK-UP TERMINALS FOR RECORD PLAYING
- \* TONE CONTROL
- \* COMBINED ON-OFF SWITCH AND VOLUME CONTROL
- \* HIGH-SPEED TUNING



ES will be paid for the best comic strip used in this series. Send suggestions to Them & Smith Ltd., 919 Gateway Rd., Murrumbidgee, Sydney, N.S.W.

TAITA-52

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



# The Far Country

Sixth instalment of an  
eight - part serial by  
**NEVIL SHUTE**

**JACK and JANE DORMAN, of Leonora, Merriwig, Victoria, become rich in the wool boom. They send £500 to Jane's elderly aunt, ETHEL TREBEARN, in London, who receives it shortly before her death and gives £400 to her granddaughter, JENNIFER MORTON, requesting her to visit the Dorman in Australia.**

Shortly after Jennifer's arrival at Leonora, a bulldozer accident occurs in the forest through which she is driving with Jack Dorman. Two timber workers, BERT HANSON and HARRY PETERS, are seriously injured, and Jennifer assists CARL ZLINTER, a migrant Czech timber worker, formerly a doctor, who successfully operates on the men. Hanson dies unexpectedly after drinking a bottle of whisky given to him surreptitiously. Trouble threatens Zlinter, who is not a registered qualified practitioner in Australia. While awaiting the coroner's inquest, Carl pursues his inquiries for evidence of the identity of CHARLIE ZLINTER, whose name he found on a gravestone at the deserted township of Howqua. On his way to question PAT HALLORAN, who tells him of MARY NOLAN, Carl inspects the paintings of STANISLAUS SHULKIN. NOW READ ON:

ZLINTER shrugged his shoulders. "I would not care a great deal if I went to prison," he said. "I went there this morning. I think perhaps that he could make the sort of picture that you want."

She laid her sewing down. "I want a really good picture, Carl, done by a proper artist. I don't want anything done by an amateur. I want a good picture."

"I do not know very much about pictures," he replied. "I saw some very fine oil-paintings this morning that this man had done. I think that he could make a picture that you would enjoy."

"Are his pictures pretty? Are the colors nice?"

"I saw a very beautiful picture of the Delatite River in the spring, all blue and golden, with the wattles. It looked like the river, and the colors were ver' beautiful."

"That sounds the sort of thing," she said. "I'd better go and see him." She laughed. "It would be funny if I found the sort of picture that I want in Banbury, after searching all over Melbourne for it."

Jennifer walked down to the road with Carl Zlinter when he went away. Jane watched them disappear across the paddocks. "Are you going with them to-morrow?" she asked.

He grinned. "Give 'em a break."

"I don't know that it's a good thing," she said. "I don't know that her father and mother would be very pleased."

"They shouldn't have let her come twelve thousand miles away from home by herself, then," he said. "Far as I remember, your father and mother weren't too pleased, either."

"I rather like him," she said, "once you get used to the foreign way."

"He's right," he said.

As they were walking across the paddocks, Jennifer was saying, "I don't think there's anything to be afraid of in this inquest, Carl. Honestly, I don't."

"I do not think there is a need to be afraid," he said, "but I shall be happy when it is over."

"They can't possibly make any trouble."

He looked around him. The moon was coming up, and the bowl of the Delatite Valley was touched with a silvery light; it was very quiet. "There is only one trouble that I would be afraid of," he said quietly. "That is to be sent away from this country and back to Europe."

"Are you so fond of it as that, Carl?"

He was silent for a minute. "Here is a beautiful, empty country," he said, "with freedom, and opportunity, and more than that, a King to whom every man may appeal if there is injustice. It is a great thing to have a King, a leader, to prevent the politicians and the bureaucrats from growing stupid. The Germans had the same idea in seeking for a fuhrer, only they had the wrong man. The English have managed so much better. The Americans also have discovered great men for their Presidents, in some way that is difficult to understand."

He paused. "I should be very unhappy if it happened that I had to leave this country," he said.

"What'll you do when your time at the

camp is up?" she asked. "Where will you make your home?"

"I don't know that," he said. "I think that it will be not very far from here." They came to the road gate. "I have a strange idea in my head," he said, "but I will not tell you now."

"Oh, Carl! What is it?"

He laughed. "Perhaps I will tell you to-morrow. Are you sure that it will be all right if we go to the Howqua?"

"I'd love to, if you're free."

"I will come here for you at about ten o'clock."

"I'll be ready, and I'll have the lunch packed."

He made a stiff little bow. "Till then. Goodnight, Miss Jennifer."

On Sunday mornings the Dorman family slept late, but Jennifer was up by seven in the kitchen and started getting things ready for lunch.

Jack Dorman came out in his dressing-gown and found her pondering. "My word," he said. "He's not going home hungry."

She said anxiously, "Do you think it's enough?"

"He won't starve if he gets outside that lot. What are you taking to drink?"

She smiled. "I was wondering if you could let us have some beer." Beer was in short supply in that hot weather; the expanding population had beaten the expanding beer output.

"I'll let you have two bottles," he grumbled. "I'm not going to give him any more."

"That's awfully sweet of you." He fetched the bottles and put them on the table.

"How's he getting down here from the camp?" he asked.

"He'll get a lift down, probably," she said. "He said he'd be here at ten o'clock."

"He may not find it easy on a Sunday morning," he said. "He'll have to start off walking about nine or so. I'll take a run up the road in the utility after breakfast and pick him up if you'll get breakfast for me before then. Jane's sleeping in."

She glanced at the clock; it was about half-past eight. "I'll have it on the table in a quarter of an hour."

Breakfast was a running meal that day; she fed Jack Dorman and then Tim Archer and Mario, and finally Jane came out and sat down with a cup of tea. It was still on the table when Jack Dorman came back with Carl Zlinter, whom he had picked up on the road half a mile outside the camp.

"Morning, Carl," said Jennifer. "Have you had any breakfast?"

"Please turn to page 36"

"He is going up there for his dinner," Carl said, as the koala began to climb.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

Page 5

The Australian Women's Weekly - September 3, 1952

National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389240





### *Exclusive fashions for you!*

Fifth Avenue Handprints offer you the choice of many fascinating, original designs, each *handprinted* in a limited quantity only. Fine rayons . . . featuring new, subtle pastel tones and ever-popular navy-and-white . . .

all washable and unshrinkable.

Fifth Avenue Handprints are used by famous frock-makers. Look for the "Fifth Avenue" tie-on label when buying your Spring and Summer dresses. Available by the yard at fashion stores throughout Australia.

## *fashion follows* **FIFTH AVENUE** REGD. *handprints*



AN ORIGINAL

*Alcorso*

PRODUCTION

*Sole distributors of the Fifth Avenue range of Alcorso Handprints.*

Martin & Savage Pty. Ltd. — Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane. In Adelaide — H. D. James. In Perth — S. W. Badge.



**BY DAY RUSSELL**

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389242>



# Memorial to a Bad Man

**Two men and a woman hated him all his life, and even in death they knew they could never escape him.**

ON the night of June ten three people dined with me, by arrangement, to celebrate the death of Gil Salway. I do not use "celebrate" in its antique sense, but rather in its modern, common meaning; while we did not wear paper hats, we did drink champagne.

The three were Frank Fistere, Eleanor Tait, and Lennie Frost. Eleanor Tait you know—at least you do if you go to the movies, for you cannot have escaped at least one or two of the ten pictures she has made—but the two other names are less likely to be familiar. Frank Fistere was a writer, or more properly a playwright—he has made three real hits on Broadway—but for the past five years he has lived and worked in Hollywood. Lennie Frost was a movie producer, like the two others once of New York, and now, like them, respected, respectable, and successful in California. I knew them all, but not very well. I had been a press agent for Gil Salway during the days when they had worked for him; however, such is the theatrical community that it can be assumed we were old friends.

Celebration or not, the dinner had been commanded by Gil Salway. I had been in New York the month before, when Gil was dying, and had gone to see him in the hospital. It was then the arrangement had been made, or rather the command given; Gil never asked.

In his obituaries, Gil was forty-six, which was the truth, but a truth that surprised most people when they read it. He had been a name so long, so many people remembered from their youth seeing plays marked "Gil Salway Presents," and he looked so old that everyone took for granted he was in his late fifties.

I suppose an explanation for Gil is that he crowded into one year as much work and living and intrigue and screaming as most people do into five. For the last few years of his life he was sick and inactive; nothing particularly was wrong with him, he was just rundown, worn out, there had been too much going on for one body to sustain.

Had Gil been an ordinary man, those last years would have been bitter ones, for he spent them for the most part, except for nurses and doctors, alone. Gil was friendless. He was admired, worshipped, adored—any superlative you can think of—for his abilities in the theatre, but for himself he was hated. But the thing about Gil was, he didn't care, either for the worship or the hate. I firmly and truly believe that; I have never met anyone else in my life I could say it of, but for Gil it was a fact.

Not that he couldn't be charming, but he beguiled people only so that they would do what he wanted done. Actresses, actors, directors, writers who didn't know him fell at his feet—until the contracts were signed—but then, oh, then—Almost nobody ever worked for him twice.

Of course, I exaggerate a little. There were people—little people, like myself for instance, or minor actors or stage managers—who could get along fairly peacefully with him. You know if you were connected with one of his shows that you were likely to have a job for a good long time, and that can make you overlook a lot. It was with the people of real talent, the creators in the theatre, that he fought, the big people.

At dinner we made no pretence of talking about anything but Gil. Lennie Frost, the producer, said to me, "What I can't understand, Joe, is why you went to the hospital to see him. I never would have."

"That's easy," I said. "My reason was mercenary. I'd thought for a long time I might write something about him."

"Are you going to?" Frank Fistere said.

I shook my head. "No. I could never make him understandable."

Eleanor Tait said, "The visit didn't help?"

"No. He was just tired, not vulnerable."

Eleanor laughed. "I know, I know. The well-remembered voice hurling insults."

I nodded. "When I sat down beside his bed he asked me what I was doing now. I said, 'Trying to write short stories.' He laughed and said, 'You'll never succeed. You don't know anything about people.'"

"A jolly opening," Eleanor said, "but, believe me, I've heard worse."

"We all have," Lennie said. "But tell about the letter. Did he start right off about that?"

"That wasn't until the second visit."

"You went twice?"

"He had a nurse telephone me to come. But on the first visit he had asked about you three. He wanted to know if I ever saw you."

"I wonder," Frank said, "why, out of his army of admirers, he chose us?"

"Whatever the reason," Eleanor said, "it won't be sentimental."

"It may have had something to do with Hollywood," I said. "He hated the place."

"Yes," Lennie said, impatiently I thought. "But the letter."

"When I went in that second time, it was lying on his bed. He said, 'I want you to get Tait and Fistere and Frost together some night and read this to them. Just those three, nobody else. And don't open it till then. Get that?' He handed me the letter."

Eleanor shivered. "It doesn't make sense," she said.

Lennie said, "Did you open the letter?"

"No."

Frank said, "Why not?"

"For the same reason," I said, "that got you three to come here to dinner to-night when I told you what I had." I stood up. "Shall we have coffee?"

I arranged them facing me. The letter lay on the coffee table at my knees, white, unopened, unmarked.

"Are you ready?" I said.

"Shoot," Lennie said.

I picked up the envelope, ripped it open. I saw there was no salutation.

"All right," I said, "brace yourselves." I smoothed out the sheets, leaned back, and began.

"Whatever in your little minds you think of me,"

*By George Bradshaw*

I read, 'is of not much importance, but one thing I know: you trust me. I have a proposal.

"If I were alive I would not need you, but I am dead, and I do.

"First of all you will have to do a little talking, each of you, but unless I am very forgetful that is something none of you will mind. The only difficulty is that you will have to tell the truth.

"There's not much question in any of your minds that you hate me. We'll take that for granted.

"This is what you are to do: each of you, in turn, is to tell why you hate me. No nonsense, leave out all your celebrated sensitivities, stick to the truth. Unless you tell the truth, the rest of this letter won't work. And unless you all three agree to go through with this, the reading is to stop here and the letter be destroyed.

"Let Lennie go first."

"Phew!" Eleanor gasped.

"What's he getting at?" Frank asked.

Lennie was looking at the floor. "The question is," he said, "do we agree?"

"I do," Eleanor said, "gladly."

Frank said, frowning, "I suppose we can't help ourselves."

"Could we ever," Lennie said, "when Gil was around?"

Eleanor picked up a cigarette. "All right," she said, "what are we waiting for? Lennie, you go."

"O.K.," Lennie said, "the truth won't be hard to tell, because for once it's enough."

"Let's see. I went to work for Gil as an assistant stage manager, and on the very first day he scared the life out of me. But, you remember, that was routine. From then on he never looked at me as spoke to me or gave any sign that he knew I was alive. That, too, was routine."

"But one night, three or four months later, the fellow who was the stage manager collapsed smack in the middle of the second act. He was standing right beside me. I saw him. I got him into a dressing room, called the doctor, and had a stagehand sit with him. And I ran the show so that nobody, not even the actors, knew what had happened."

"It sounds heartless to say it, but that was my break. Gil of course heard about it, called me in the next day, and gave me the show. And not only that one, but every other for the next couple of years. I stayed with each new play during rehearsals and after it opened and until a new one got ready. I rehearsed the second companies and even helped to round up casts; I was his boy."

"I knew how he treated other people, but I can't say that in those days I hated Gil. I was afraid of him, but I was in awe of him. At the end of two years he took me into his office as general manager for Gil Salway Productions. Gil would go to Europe and leave me in complete charge of the works, his cheque book, everything; and the day he got back he'd send me out to buy him a carton of coffee. Not that it brought in, but go out and buy it myself."

"The point is this: for five years I was a slave to Gil Salway. I was allowed no concern but his concern, I had no life but his life."

"Why I put up with it is another question; I don't have to explain it to you people, for you all did the same thing. But I wish I could explain it to myself. What was it?"

"I loved the theatre beyond anything. He was the best man in the theatre. Was that it? As a theory it makes sense, but you don't live by theory. No . . . Gil was a man who assumed that you were put into the world for his purposes."

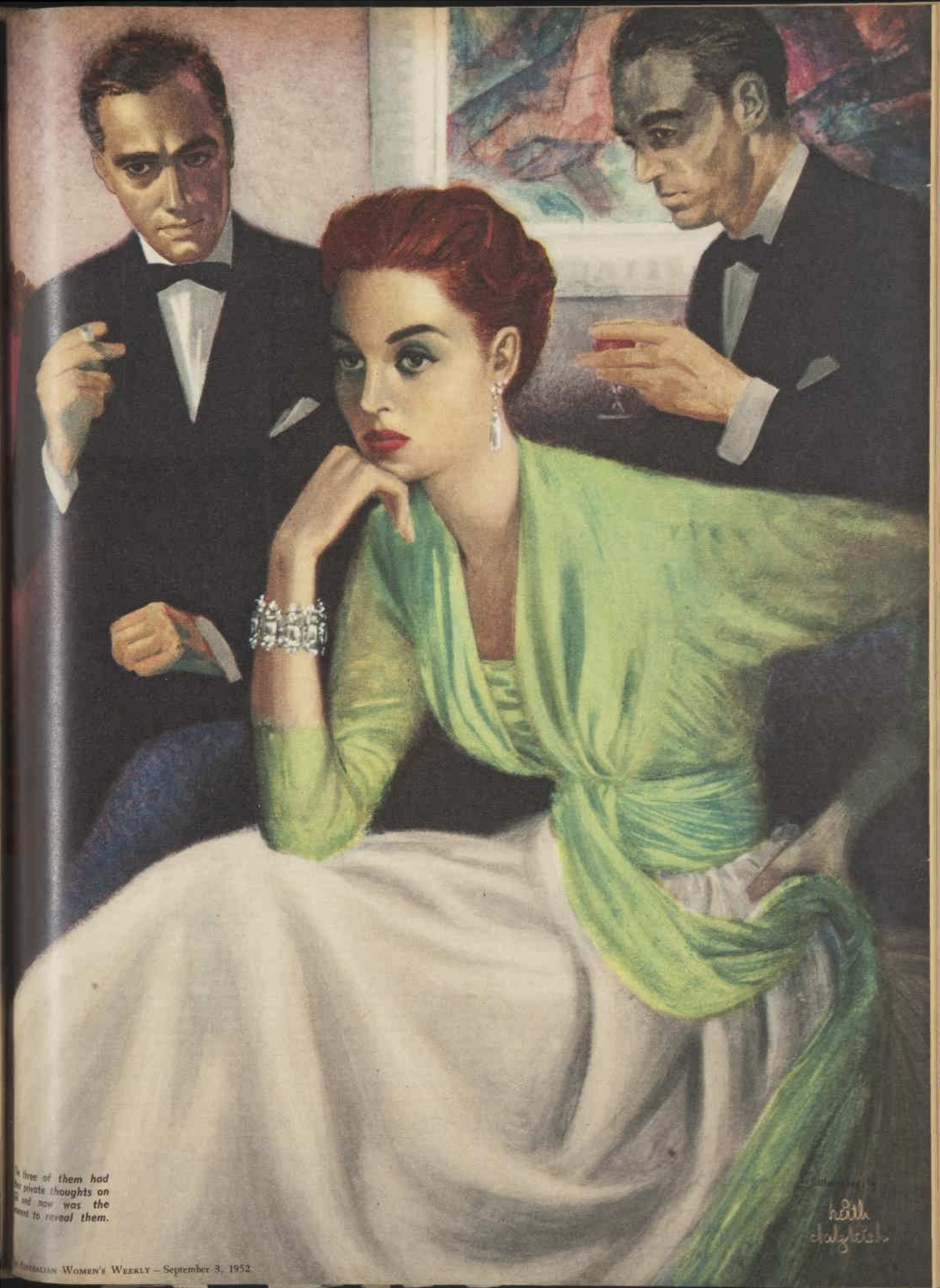
"Well. One June, before he went west for his vacation, he said to me, 'Kid, find me a play.' He was in a bad humor; he didn't have a single script that he liked for the next season. 'If you find one I can use,' he said, 'I'll cut you in on it. Twenty per cent.' I said, 'Are you kidding?' and he said, 'I don't kid.'

"So of course I found him a play, 'Chicago Style'. You remember. It was one of the biggest hits he ever had. I pried the script out of a pile of junk the agents had sent in, got the author around and went to work. Jim Sansom. It was his first play."

"I worked with Jim every day and half the night of that long, hot summer. I made him sip 'Chicago Style' apart and put it together again half-a-dozen times. By September we had a play."

Please turn to page 10





The three of them had  
their private thoughts on  
the table and now was the  
moment to reveal them.



## Double Enchantment!



### Radiant Loveliness . . . Bewitching Fragrance . . .

Your very first make-up with heavenly Gemey Face Powder will prove how lovely you can look. Gemey Face Powder imparts a double enchantment . . . a precious veil of youthful radiance . . . the fragrant sophistication of famous Gemey perfume.



**Silk-sifted Gemey** is created for all skin types. Its super-fineness subtly conceals tiny complexion blemishes . . . stays radiantly perfect long after other powders have melted or streaked. Choose from seven fashion-perfect shades.

To complete your enchantment . . . exquisite Gemey Tale! Soft, lovely, lingering fragrance to harmonise with your Gemey Face Powder. Use it freely as a gracious beginning to your daily grooming.



## Gemey

Silk Sifted  
face powder and tale

Creations of **Richard Hudnut**  
New York • London • Paris • Sydney



### SLIM YOUR HIPS, WAIST

With gentle changing pressure, the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET slims your hips and waistline. Instantly tightens to any degree and is instantly relaxed. It keeps you UP and keeps you IN with balanced support and control. Has an exclusive foldover front, and is individually fashioned to fit perfectly. No buckles or lacing; no back opening.

#### 7 DAYS' TRIAL

Try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days. AT MY RISK. Prove it gives comforting support and control, with slimmer smartness. Supplied direct, or sent by post. Call for a free trial fitting, or write for free illustrated Brochure and Measurement Form. Mention this paper.

**MISS FLORENCE BRADSHAW,**  
316 FLOOR, P.A. BUILDING,  
243 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

## APRIL SNOW

Lillian Budd.  
The moving story of a courageous woman, rich in character and dramatic in intensity.  
16/- At all Booksellers. 16/-  
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

## LENNIE

continued. "Gil read it, nodded, put it into rehearsal. Nodded. That's all. Never even one 'thank you.' And never, after it was on and successful, any mention of my twenty per cent. I should have been getting around fifteen hundred bucks a week.

"Finally, of course, I had to call him on it. He said, 'What are you trying to pull on me? That play was sent into this office. Wasn't it?' I had to admit it was. 'It's part of your job to read plays for me. I'm not shelling out anything extra for that. And if you don't like it you know what you can do.'

"I was so mad I did it. I walked out of the office and never came back. It sounds, I suppose, as if it were the money that made me do it. Money was not that important to me. I was hurt. Hurt as you can only be when you are young and faithful.

"But you revive, of course. By that time Jim Sansom wouldn't even speak to Gil—on his own account, not mine—and when he wrote his next play he brought it to me. On the strength of the success of 'Chicago Style' I was able to dig up some money. So I produced my first play and was on my way."

Lennie leaned back in his chair and said, "I haven't allowed myself to go over that period for years now. My lost youth."

"I know," Eleanor said. "I'm getting scared. I can feel Gil. I can feel him coming alive."

Frank Fistere said, "Who's next?"

"I picked up the letter. 'And now Eleanor,'" I read, "Go on," Frank said.

"I," Eleanor said, and her voice shook a little, "can tell you what he means by the 'truth' very quickly.

"Perhaps none of you remember, but I was an actress before I ever met Gil Salway. I had been in summer stock, I had played in a couple of road companies—and I had been in three plays on Broadway. I grant you, I wasn't quite making a living, but I was on the verge of it.

"One day out of the blue Gil called me. I had never met him, but you know what he meant, and I was more excited to have a call from him than from any other producer in New York. He gave me the script of 'Jack's Place' and told me to read it. I did, and naturally I thought he wanted me for the second lead, which was a quite good part, and I told him I'd love to do it. Possibly you can imagine how I felt when he said that he wanted me for the lead. I was on top of the world.

"I fought with him, yes. He insulted me publicly and privately. But I could take it. Oh, I was upset or furious a hundred times, but he had given me a glimpse into the world of real acting, and I

knew I had to follow him. "So much for that. 'Jack's Place' opened and if I do say so myself I made the hit of my life. I was the town's new girl, people came to the theatre as much to see me as the play.

"I had a wonderful winter, and in the spring I did the accepted thing. I fell in love. With the most right young man.

"He was the handsomest thing I ever saw, Bill Tailer, Yale, Harvard Law, a great tennis player, wonderful family, he was too good to be true, and he was mad for me. And Little Eleanor, I don't mind telling you, was mad for him.

"Gil broke it up. I was at the office one day for something or other and he called me in and said, 'I caught your performance last night and you stink. I want you to stop running around and get some sleep.' I said, 'Gil, I'm giving exactly the same performance. And I'm getting lots of sleep.' He said, 'I saw you. You stink.'

"Well, you know, there comes a point where you've had it. After a year of insults, that one mild little word was too much. 'Listen,' I said, 'any time you want to get rid of me, let me know. I have three new plays I can go into.'

"And he laughed. I could feel myself shaking with anger.

"Why, you second-rate little actress," he said, 'you think you're a star. After I showed you every gesture, you think you can act. You haven't got it, and you'll never have it unless I pull the strings, see? My orders to you are to stop running around with that Bill Tailer and get some sleep.'

"I shouldn't have done it, but I did. I had a glass of water in my hand and I threw it at Gil Salway.

"In a second he was around his desk, slapping me around. Oh, slapping isn't the word; he was beating me, my face, my arms, my head. He knocked me to the floor. I screamed and people from the outer office ran in and stopped him. This tooth, see, it's false. He knocked mine out.

"You can imagine how I looked. I was out of the play, of course—I had a black eye, my mouth was swollen, I was covered with bruises, and there was the question of Bill Tailer. I had to tell him what had happened. He wanted to give Gil a beating, but I talked him out of that.

"Bill was wonderful all during the time my bruises were healing. He sent me roomfuls of flowers, he came and saw me twice a day, he couldn't have been sweeter, but I knew even then he was leaving me.

"I don't want to make him out a heel. He wasn't. I don't know what he thought. Perhaps he suspected I was just someone cast off by Gil. Perhaps he hated the violence,

## Memorial To A Bad Man

Continued from page 9

and was afraid that as his wife I might attract it again. Or perhaps he didn't love me. I don't know. Anyway, as time went on, he called me less and less, and finally not at all. . . . My beautiful Bill."

I picked up the letter. "And now Frank Fistere."

"Mine isn't quite the same kind of story," Frank said, "for I never had one of those knock-down-and-drag-outs with Gil. Professionally, except for the usual theatrical short temper, we got along quite well. All Gil did to me was break my heart.

"My wife and I lived in a small town in Central Pennsylvania. I won't say it was a great life, but it was a pleasant one. I worked on the newspaper.

"But I, alas, was a quasi-intellectual, and I was ambitious. The road to fame, I was convinced, could be tra-

### Germs resist new drugs

LIKE sulpha and penicillin, the new wonder drugs—streptomycin, terramycin, chloramphenicol, and streptomycin—are raising strains of resistant germs.

Four months after streptomycin became available, 30 per cent. were immune to it.

A year after chloramphenicol was introduced, 10 per cent. of one type of this bacteria became resistant.

This, of course, is no cause for panic. These drugs still save thousands of lives each week. But doctors are worried. You can read their advice to you in A.M. for September, on sale everywhere on Monday.

versed on a typewriter. I had the time. I wrote.

"For a while it was short stories. I imagine everyone tries short stories first. Betsy, my wife, read mine and loved them, but she was the only one; regularly they came back from every magazine I sent them to. But twice—and this will show you how careers are shaped—twice editors had written on the rejection slips 'Nice dialogue.'

"Dialogue. Why did I not, therefore, write a play? I wrote three. Three bad ones.

"But I wrote a fourth, 'Sous le vent de Gettysburg,' which an agent liked well enough to peddle to Gil Salway.

"You can imagine what it was like, on a February day, in the middle of Pennsylvania, to receive that telegram. Within one hour Betsy saw herself in mink coats, living on Park Avenue.

"Gil was a shock, but to me a profoundly exciting one.

You see, his was the first really powerful mind I had ever encountered. The play, as you might know, wasn't right. Gil made his suggestions, which required a good deal of work, and I tried very hard to do what he wanted. But before ten days were over he saw that I saw I wasn't coming through.

"Maybe I was having too much fun. Betsy was overjoyed by merely being in New York, the sight, the sound, the smell of it entranced her.

"Probably Gil suspected what was going on; he wanted to know everything; he had met Betsy three or four times and had us to dinner twice. Anyway, at the end of two weeks he shipped me off to a little inn in Connecticut which was practically deserted at the time of year, and made him stay in New York without me.

"I suppose it was then that it happened; there wasn't another time that it could have. I worked innocently and well in Connecticut, mailed Gil a scene a day. At the end of three weeks I was done and I was happy. I came back and we went into rehearsal.

"The play isn't important except that it was my first and a hit. What is important is that one week after we opened I came back to my hotel and found a note from Betsy saying she had left for Reno and that Gil was going to take care of her.

"Well, you can imagine, I disappeared too, I thought he had gone to Reno with Betsy, but now I don't believe he did. I tried everything, but everything was a blank. Betsy was adamant; she left me and would never come back.

"I had money, that was something. I was getting a royalty cheque every week. I had always wanted to go to France, so I took off. For the next year I lived in a little place not far from Cannes. I wrote my next two plays there.

"When I got back I found Betsy was not with Gil. After the divorce he threw her out. She had returned home for a while apparently, but then she had gone to Philadelphia to take a job. I wrote to her and tried to see her, but she returned my letters and would not see me. I do not know what became of her."

Eleanor got out of her chair, walked over to the sofa and stretched out upon it. "I touched us all," she said. "Did he not?"

I said, "Would you like to drink before I finish the letter?"

"I would indeed," Frank Fistere said.

As I handed the glass around, Eleanor said, "I have never drunk champagne on a less festive occasion."

Frank Fistere took his glass and frowned. "Why," he said, "why did we submit to this?"

Please turn to page 34

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN





Two Colours  
are better  
than one

# selby

the world's greatest name in shoes



CORAL  
Styl-eez



WILMA  
Arch Preserver



SWANK  
Styl-eez



CLASSIC  
Arch Preserver



DAWN  
Styl-eez



WAYNE  
Arch Preserver

A rich, vibrant red or a clear, singing navy . . . Selby combines them both with frosty white to give you Spring's most enchanting shoes. And, of course, Selby designs them to cushion every step you take, to give you Selby's exclusive foot freedom. Fitting experts will help you choose from 120 fractional fittings.



# How to Shop for gifts for Pop!

(and reap a bonus yourself)



**Give him style.** What could flatter Father more than a handsome Arrow shirt? The only shirt with the handsome stay-on Arrow Collar. The only shirt that has MITOGA super fit. The only shirt that tells him you think he's the Arrow type! And that's the nicest compliment you could pay to any man!

**Give him comfort.** Arrow shirts are designed and tailored for comfort in the finest, smoothest fabrics that ever went into a shirt. Arrow shirts are comfortable, for every Arrow cotton shirt bears the "Sanforized" trade mark (fabric shrinkage not more than 1%).



**Give him the best.** Whether you choose shirts, sports shirts, pyjamas or underwear, the Arrow label is your best buying guide. On shirts, the Arrow label guarantees fabrics that won't fade more than 1%—the always-new Arrow Collar—famous Mitoga tailoring for perfect fit—unrivaled buttons—first even stitching throughout.

**Give yourself easier laundering and ironing.** Mum benefits by Arrow shirts because the finely woven fabric launders so easily and comes out with a fresh-as-new look after every wash. The precision-stitched collar, cuffs and seams iron flat and smooth without blistering or puckering. You'll thank your stars for Arrow every time you iron a shirt!

An ARROW shirt from the family will give Dad his best Father's Day gift yet!

Say **HAPPY FATHER'S DAY**  
(SEPT 7th)

the **ARROW** way!



## EVERY BOY

is "a movie fan."

Every boy is a half-built man.  
Every boy of the "make-good" sort.  
Sticks to study as well as sport.  
Every boy with a healthy brain  
Will greet a sneak with a boy's  
disdain.  
Every boy with a cold, be sure,  
Barracks for

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON

Charles Shaw.

A powerful and unusual story of a nun and a soldier on a desert tale.

14/6

At all Bookellers.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

14/6

## Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 14

September 3, 1952

## TO-DAY'S BRIDE ISN'T PAMPERED

HERE comes the bride, and like every other bride who's ever been she's beautiful.

Like every other bride, she knows her wedding-day is the most wonderful day of her life.

When all the excitement is over, what is waiting for this year's bride?

Sometimes it seems the glamor fades almost as soon as the orange blossom.

Amid all the good wishes, she hears the anxious query, "Have you got anywhere to live?"

Unlike her mother and her grandmother, she is not carried tenderly over the threshold of a desirable residence, fully furnished with every modern convenience.

She generally faces the choice of "back with Mum" or a couple of rooms at exorbitant rent.

A home of her own is a distant dream.

In many cases she goes back to work. It's hard to live on one salary these days, and young couples face a lengthy period of saving if they want a pleasant home filled with nice things.

Men who take the cynical view of marriage have said women marry just for a home and for someone to keep them.

This generation of young women have proved that it's not so.

They marry with no homes to go to. They keep house and work at the same time.

But with all the difficulties ahead, they still marry.

All the greed and hatred of nations, all the muddling politicians haven't found a way to stop a wedding.

## OUR COVER

This being an issue in which special emphasis is laid on weddings, we chose an appropriate cover to set the theme. Staff photographer Clive Thompson took the picture of bride and groom, and he has captured all the ecstasy of fresh young love.

## This week:

● It was a Christmas wedding nearly seven years ago for Australian Dorothy Osborne and American Edward Sanderson, whose voyage from Brisbane to New York in a 45ft. ketch makes an exciting story on the opposite page. Dorothy, who grew up in the Brisbane bayside suburb of Wynnum and sailed with her father in small boats, has been a yachting enthusiast all her adult life. She was Edward Sanderson's secretary at his engineering works before the war. During the American "invasion" of Australia, Mr. Sanderson's business was taken over by the U.S. Army, and he became engaged on defence work elsewhere. He and Dorothy were married at the Brighton Road Congregational Church, South Brisbane, on December 24, 1945.

## Next week:

● Next week there will be a pattern supplement with special designs in color for business girls and home dressmakers. We've chosen 23 styles that are simple to follow. Each pattern includes a step-by-step instruction chart. You will love the short-sleeved summer suit, which you will make in pastel denim; the printed silk town suit; and the flower-fresh young-girl cottons.

● Despite the economic pinch everybody is feeling these days, 1952 seems to be a year of super-gigantic films. To read the advertisements announcing some forthcoming movies, you would think that Hollywood was back in the lush days of the '20's, when there was a long procession of flickers (you will admit, maybe, to remembering films like "The King of Kings," "Chang," and "Ben Hur") with aggregate casts of millions, while each epic allegedly took all of three years to make.

The man whose life spans the whole modern movie era is that King of the Colossal Cecil B. deMille, and he is well to the fore in the present vogue for films that are larger than life. His latest production is called "The Greatest Show on Earth," and it is a circus story. Next week, in color, we present some preview scenes from it.

## Sharks and sea monsters in Hebridean waters

Book review by  
Ainslie Baker

GAVIN MAXWELL has turned the story of the failure of a venture into very pleasant reading in "Harpoon at a Venture."

During the Battle of Britain the author, then a member of a mobile anti-parachute column stationed in the East India Dock area of London, determined that if he survived the war he would buy an island as remote as possible from civilisation.

Two years later, stationed in the north-west of Scotland with Special Forces, Maxwell was one day taken over to the tiny Hebridean island of Soay, off the coast of Skye.

He knew at once it was the island he wanted, and, undeterred by reports of internecine feuds, dissatisfaction, transport and communication difficulties, he entered into negotiation with its owner, Flora Macleod of Macleod.

Unfortunately for Maxwell, before the sale was completed the coastal salmon fishing rights—providing the island's only obvious industry—had been renewed for a further eight years to the previous holder.

Maxwell had by this time got over his idea of lotus-eating (in a singularly inappropriate climate) and wanted to work and improve his island.

He hit on the idea of starting a shark fishery, and thus began a venture that might so well have succeeded but just did not.

Maxwell's accounts

of shark-chasing in the waters of the beautiful Western Isles are full of interest and excitement.

His scientific exactitude (he had previously worked as a botanist and ornithologist) by no means obscures his talent for easy and natural story-telling.

The book's concluding section—a kind of appendage to the story itself and most properly entitled "Here Be Dragons"—makes an informed and chronological survey of the whole fascinating field of sea monsters.

"The belief, factual and unsuperstitious, in the existence of at least one giant sea species at present unrecognised by science is widespread in the Hebrides, and is as strong among some of the educated people as it was among their less-informed ancestors," the author writes.

But so difficult have snooty scientists and the general public made the life of the "monster" observer that in 1893 a Captain Cringle was forced to announce:

"Re the matter of the sea-serpent.

"I have suffered so much ridicule on this that I must decline to have anything more to do with it."

The book is illustrated with some beautiful photographs that will be of special interest to those with a turn for natural history.

"Harpoon at a Venture" is published by Hart-Davis, London. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company.

## The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.  
Letters: Box 408W, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 146C, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 RALPH Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
PERTH OFFICE: 46 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 481D, G.P.O.  
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.



Keep  
Fresher



Feel  
Smoother



Stay  
Daintier!



Cashmere  
Bouquet  
Talcum

with the fragrance of  
CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS  
FACE POWDER, POWDER BASE, LIP  
ROUGE, MAKE-UP & BEAUTY

WATCH FOR

Noel Gerson's  
MOHAWK LADDER

An exciting, romantic tale  
against the rich tapestry  
eighteenth century Europe  
the flaming background  
three tremendous battles

The memorable story  
Peattie's love for the French  
spy, Diane d'Anceux, and  
his divided loyalties, torn  
between the Duke of the  
borough and the beautiful  
Diane.

A BOOK YOU WILL ENJOY

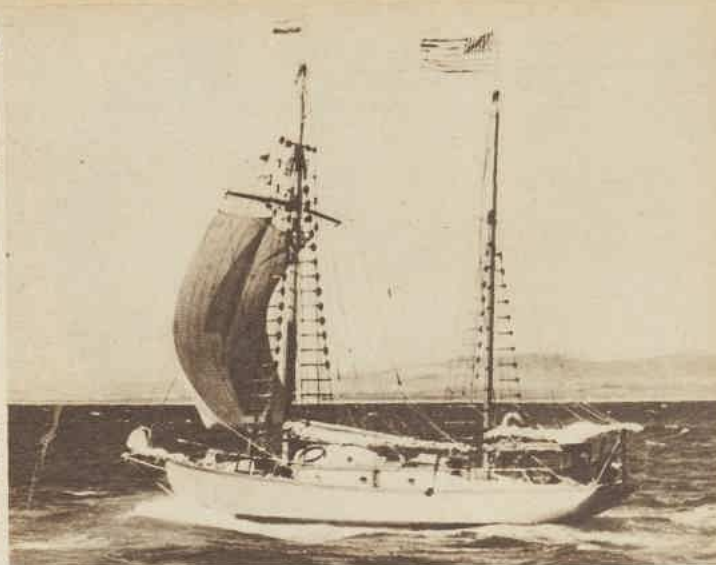
16/-  
at all Bookellers.  
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS  
Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide.





Edward Sanderson, his wife, centre, and Victoria Biendell, of Capetown, below deck on the ketch Sari Marais.

THE SARI MARAIS under square sail off Capetown. The gallant little craft had had a battering in a 70-mile-an-hour gale.



## Under sail for twenty thousand miles

### Husband and wife search for their tropical dream isle

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sanderson, who sailed from Brisbane in their 45ft. ketch Sari Marais in July, 1950, to look for a tropic island where they intended to retire and grow copra, are now in New York after a 20,000-mile voyage.

"We did not find the island of our dreams," said Mrs. Sanderson, "but we had fun looking for it."

"We kept sailing and sailing and touched 41 ports, but we ended up here."

Now the Sandersons think they have travelled far enough for a while. They plan to sell the Sari Marais and move into a New York apartment.

They met in Brisbane during World War II. "Full time," "Sandy," who is an American, went to Australia in 1924.

He established an engineering business in Brisbane, and Mrs. Sanderson, then Dorothy Osborne, was his secretary.

After World War II Sandy went to a contracting business, and the pair led a busy life.

Eventually the time came to choose between owning a home and seeing a boat.

Sandy asked his wife to make the choice.

Loved the sea

MRS. SANDERSON, a slim, attractive brunette with sparkling blue eyes, told me: "It was no real decision. I chose the ship."

"I'd been on boats since I was a child. When I was nine my father used to give me a bear-skin rug and leave me in charge of steering the family boat."

She, who sailed on the Sari Marais in her youth, had been in love with the Sari Marais, the winner of the 'Osborne' trophy for the best vessel of its class in Australia in 1948.

The Sari was up for sale in 1949. Sandy sold his engineering business and bought the Sari Marais.

"We loaded plenty of stores, said our good-byes, and set out with the general aim of finding our dream island."

Between Brisbane and New York the Sari rode before the wind up the east coast of Australia to Thursday Island; west to Bali, Indonesia, Malaya, Ceylon, the Maldives Islands, Madagascar, and South Africa. She sailed across the Atlantic to St. Helena, Brazil, Devil's Island, in French Guiana, Trinidad; and finally, by way of Florida and the inland waterways, up the east coast of America to New York.

The craft, which weighs 35 tons and has a 13-foot beam, carries, in addition to a 30 horse-power engine, 1200 square feet of sail.

The major portion of the Sandersons' voyage was made under sail.

#### "Not one mutiny"

IN the tidy, spacious cabin of the Sari below deck, Sandy, a grey-haired, 49-year-old man of athletic build, looked at his wife busying herself with tea things and a primus stove. Dorrie Sanderson wore blue jeans and a neatly pressed cotton blouse.

"My crew's one in 100 million, she is," he said. "Twenty-five thousand miles at sea and not one mutiny."

"Dorrie, as well as being chief steward on this ship, has also served as navigator, radio operator, and keeper of the log and diary."

"It sure made her mad when the U.S. immigration officers who came aboard at Miami listed her as a passenger."

Mrs. Sanderson learned radio and navigation from an old sea captain in Brisbane before they sailed.

The Sandersons got their biggest welcome at the Maldives Islands, where the Sari became the first white man's boat allowed into the inner islands.

"We thought we had been transported back to Biblical times," said Mr. Sanderson. "Long boats manned by smiling Arabs escorted us wherever we went. Whole villages staged festivals to celebrate our visit. And our hosts set up elaborate kitchens wherever we went ashore during our explorations."

The Sandersons felt most at home in South Africa. Photos of the Sari and long accounts of her travels were printed in the newspapers when they arrived at Durban.

On their departure after a six months' layover, dozens of yachts put out to sea with them, with the crews all singing "Sari Marais"—the South African marching song from which the craft took its name.

The Sari ran into the worst weather of all during the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope.

A 70-mile-an-hour storm buffeted them for three days. "What we'd have given for three minutes under a tree!" said Dorrie.

#### Reported lost

ON the first day of the storm a wave swept away the radio antenna right in the middle of a message.

Ashore search planes were grounded by the storm, and all South Africa mourned the Australian couple lost in their gallant little craft.

Then, after being listed officially as missing for 10 days, the Sari tacked into Capetown, battered and awfully glad to see land.

Victoria Biendell, a Cape-

From  
ROBERT FELDMAN,  
of our New York staff

town girl, joined the crew for the voyage across the Atlantic.

"Somehow the people in the small ports we put into seemed to look on us as celebrities," said Mrs. Sanderson.

"Most of our ports of call were those usually by-passed by the main stream of sea traffic."

"To us, the natives seemed exotic and bizarre; we must have appeared equally freakish to them."

#### Mardi Gras

THE Sari arrived at Natal, Brazil, right in the middle of a big Mardi Gras celebration. The bewildered couple stood wide-eyed on deck while brown-skinned Brazilians jumped aboard from canoes, jabbered at them in Portuguese, and bedecked the Sari from stem to stern in gay flags and colors.

Then the ketch was given a place of honor in a strange river procession. Escorted by a Brazilian gunboat, she was impressed to carry religious relics to an up-river shrine, while crowds of people lined the banks.

During the journey, three priests prayed on deck, while a radio announcer and a technician below relayed a description of the event over the Sari's radio.

"It was two weeks before we were able to break loose from the festivities," Sandy remarked.

Except for the storm and the occasional monotony—the Sari was once becalmed for 20 days—the voyage was "a lot of fun, both on ship and ashore," said the Sandersons.

"It was really a luxury trip," added Dorrie. "We had fresh food all the way from our deep-freeze chest. Meat and butter we took on in Brisbane stayed fresh 12 months, until we restocked the freezer in South Africa."

In addition to their frozen food and extra stores of vegetables on deck, the Sandersons dined regularly from the



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD SANDERSON on the deck of their ketch Sari Marais in which they sailed 20,000 miles from Brisbane to New York.

seas around them. Each morning they had their choice of dozens of flying fish that had obligingly jumped on deck during the night.

#### White sea

THE weirdest phenomenon they encountered happened the night before they arrived at Christmas Island. For a stretch of six or seven miles they sailed through a calm, white sea.

"It was as white as milk," Sandy said. "And it was so bright we could have read a newspaper by leaning over the side."

Experts have since told them that they probably ran into a pool of plankton or fish spawn. "We were so bedazzled that we forgot to take a sample bottle of the stuff," Sandy added.

Mrs. Sanderson has applied for U.S. citizenship and must wait two years for it to go through.

Mr. Sanderson hopes to become American purchasing

agent for the Blair Athol company, for whom he contracted before leaving Australia.

Most promising project of all, however, is Dorrie's probable emergence as an author. When the Sari dropped her anchor here, agents from three publishing houses clamored aboard. They read parts of Dorrie's diary of the trip and asked her if she would give them a book outline and the first two or three chapters as soon as possible.

After the languid pace of their voyage the Sandersons are still a bit bewildered by the speed of life in New York.

So far, they've appeared on several television and radio programmes, taken their craft out to sea for newsreel cameras, and gawked at Times Square and the Fifth Avenue shops.

"I'm afraid it will take a while for us to become land-lubbers," Dorrie Sanderson said with a sigh.

"We'll have to learn to wear shoes again."





# nylon taffeta

—and only Jantzen has it

6 ounce swimsuit designed in Paris

Jantzen is first, too, with rich, dull **nylo-satin**...

sleek, glistening **bright satin**. And the first

**plain cottons** ever in s-w-o-o-n colors.

Sparkling prints in cottons too. And don't

miss Jantzen's famous two-way stretch,

figure-moulding **knitteds**. Yes—Jantzen

has **everything** for 1952.

A full Jantzen guarantee  
with every little dazzler

"**Scheherazade**"—the  
Crinklelastic cotton  
swimsuit with  
matching skirt that  
looks like an exotic  
one-piece sundress.



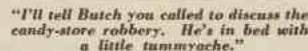
"**Intrigue**"—in nylon  
taffeta, the most  
exciting swimsuit  
fabric yet...  
seven radiant shades.



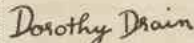
## Jantzen

Be attractive  
while you're active

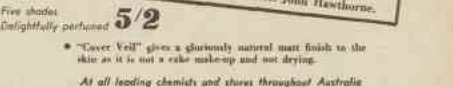




Doubtless he invented it to offset that proverb about heaven sending almonds when we have no teeth to crack them.



y'll bring in bulldozers and  
into parks,  
think I'll like it much.



Ask for Grafton Henkies by name at all good stores.





it's Spring...

there's love in the air

—time for

**Muguet des Bois**  
fragrant Lily of the Valley

From sweet-scented bells of Lilies of the Valley, Coty created "Muguet des Bois"—shy, youthful fragrance for moments when a woman feels young and gay—at any age! Enjoy the cool innocence of this Spring bouquet of perfumed harmony by Coty.

Perfumes, The Purser,  
Skin Fragrance (Toilet Water),  
Bath Salts, Bath Oil, Talc, Dusting Powder,  
Compact (containing Coty Compressed "AirSpun" Powder, choice four shades),  
Refills (choice four shades),  
Liquid Brillantine.

**COTY**

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY



A doctor writes about . . .

## Some of my patients

Virus causes chest pains

Skin grafting in twins

I FOUND two of the Storey boys ill when I was called there a few days ago. The family had just returned from holidaying in another city and the lads were annoyed at being ill at all.

Both boys were complaining of pain in the chest.

George said to me: "I have not been feeling well for a couple of days, doctor, and feel inclined to vomit."

"Mother thinks it may be the plane journey. I have a pain right on the tip of my left shoulder, and when I breathe I get a pain in my chest just near the front, on the left side."

He had a high temperature, and signs of pleurisy on his left side.

Henry told me he felt sure he had fibrositis or had strained his chest. He had pain on both sides of his chest, but I could find no pleurisy.

"Did anyone where you were have similar symptoms to these?" I asked.

"Yes, two or three we knew had pains in their chests and muscles," Henry told me.

"Now, boys, you must stay in bed till you are better," I ordered. "Complete rest for you both, and I shall give you something for your pain."

This morning their mother rang to say that she had a pain in her chest and a temperature.

I felt that this clinched the diagnosis, and told Mr. Storey that the three almost certainly had Bornholm disease.

"What is this Bornholm's disease?" he said.

"Not Bornholm's, but Bornholm disease, Mr. Storey," I corrected him. "Bornholm is a Danish island, not a man."

"It is also called epidemic myalgia. It is an inflammation of the diaphragm—as you know, a muscle which lies

between the chest and the abdomen and which we use in breathing.

"When the patient breathes the inflammation causes pain in the chest. The diaphragm and the top of the shoulder are supplied by nerves from the same area, and the pain in the shoulder is a referred pain," I said.

A number of cases have occurred lately in Sydney and other cities, often several in the one family.

It is due to infection with the Cossack virus, which some American observers claim to have found in poliomyelitis also.

Occasionally Bornholm disease is associated with encephalitis. In the present state of our knowledge the treatment is to keep the patient in bed till he is better and to relieve his symptoms as they arise.

Although I feel sure of the diagnosis, as soon as these boys are well enough I shall have their chests X-rayed to exclude any possibility of other chest diseases being present.

POOR Mrs. Burge came to see me to-day just for a chat.

"You remember John, one of the twins?" she said.

"Yes, I do, but I never know which is John and which is Paul."

"They are very alike, even to their mannerisms," their mother replied.

"But, doctor, a couple of months ago John was burnt very badly while we were on holidays, and he has been in hospital ever since. He has had so many skin grafts that now he can't spare any more of his own skin, and the hospital has asked me if Paul could give some!"

"And how do you feel about it?" I said.

"His father and I have both offered our skin, but they want Paul's. Why won't ours do?"

"Then I should let Paul give his," I told Mrs. Burge. "The results would be better. After all, it will only be a temporary disability for Paul, and John's convalescence may be shortened by months."

"You see, it is like this. The grafts which John has had from his own skin, and which we call auto-grafts, heal very easily."

"A graft which is given by another person (which we call a homo-graft) is very useful to tide a patient over a dangerous period when, for example, he has lost a lot of skin by being burnt; but sooner or later in nearly every case this skin becomes destroyed."

"But in the case of identical twins, such as John and Paul, who resemble each other in nearly all particulars, who have had one after-birth between them, and therefore have the same blood groupings, we have found that the skin from one twin behaves just as if it were the other's."

"So, you see, all will be well," I told her.

A few years ago transplantation of skin was used to determine a case of disputed parenthood—twins and the child of other parents born on the same night in the same hospital.

Blood tests did not solve the problem, so small areas of skin were interchanged between the children, and in the case of one of the twins and the child of the other parents the skin behaved as if it had been taken from part of their own bodies.

So it was proved that a mistake had occurred in the hospital, and the children were returned to their parents.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

- Subterranean working place after a vehicle is red (7).
- Soften by soaking a contest in speed and go back on the same track (7).
- One boy of this name was made famous by Barrie (5).
- Pierce attack on a holy man full of mirth (8).
- Uses up where the bookie finishes (6).
- A turned dress can boast (4).
- Undergo oxidation when you and I are in it (4).
- Most of this legislating body could be used as snipes in a poker game (6).
- A poor list (anagram) (9).
- Prepared for war in dream (5).
- Genuine rocky peak for an estate agent (7).
- Any small child when suitably lorded after tea (7).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

- Catches policemen (4).
- Seek seclusion possibly because at the end grow weary (6).
- Hostile incursion in line of communication (6).
- Cupid by another name (4).
- Volcano which can be neat (4).
- Company of workmen found at the source of the Ganges (4).
- Open watercourse to a mill which turns into a Chinese dollar (4).
- Endures shoemaker's tools (6).
- Belonging to a city with a formal prohibition to Abraham's birthplace (4).
- The most important organ of the body (5).

#### DOWN

- Fleashy mainly of a kind of fruit (5).
- South African possession at body's birth (5).
- The first part of a press brings Christmas cheer (5).
- Sin and a short journey with message (6).
- Quadruped which can be a brute (6).
- Thus about painful memory of brand (4).
- Precious stone with a high value (4).
- Creek letter which can be used into a toy by the sound of it (4).
- Acid fruit pie (4).
- German river flowing through Breslau, Frankfurt, and Mainz (4).



0.1  
**29/-**



0.1  
We say  
these prices  
are unbeatable!  
This charming pops into the  
fashion picture at an astounding-  
ly low price. The bodice  
is deceptively simple with its  
classically rounded revers,  
while the skirt is a triumph  
of generous gathers blossoming  
wide. Made in a Garden-  
path bordered Spun Delight,  
(Guaranteed) to wash and  
wash. Flower-fresh tonings of  
Lilac, Red, Cornflower  
Blue, Rose, Lilac, Aqua,  
Summer Green. Sizes: XSSW,  
SW, W. Price, 29/-  
XW, SOS, OS. Price, 35/6  
Mail Orders add 1/6 freight

**NEW Self Service  
FASHION FAIR  
DEPT**

NOTHING  
OVER **3** GNS

**SERVE YOURSELF!** **SAVE MONEY!**  
Prompt attention given to  
Country orders

Please state Key letter, bust, waist, and hip  
measurements and second choice of color to  
expedite despatch. Add freight 1/6 or 1/10 as  
indicated on garments, plus an extra 6d for  
every additional garment.

**The KEENEST PRICES  
IN SYDNEY**

PHONE  
OR  
MAIL  
ORDERS

0.2  
**59/11**



0.2  
**Two-piece  
Summer ensemble  
actually less  
than cost!**

Here's a Restall combination in a  
guaranteed fabric that's shrinkproof  
and fadeless, too. Only by buying at  
a slack period are we able to bring  
you this lovely duo at half of what  
you'd normally pay! Without the  
jacket you're dressed for coolness,  
with it you're formally attired, for  
the strap bodice dispenses with the  
need for a blouse. In leaf and lattice  
design. Shades of Aqua, Green, Blue,  
Red, Tan. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, XW,  
Red, Tan. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, XW.  
Price, 59/11  
Mail Orders add 1/10 freight charge.



0.3  
**48/6**

0.3  
**Wonderful buy  
in  
"Charm Spun"  
for the  
smart  
Mother-to-be!**

From our Fashion Fair  
Maternity Section,  
everything under 3  
guineas, we bring  
you this clever little  
frock in a lacy fern  
leaf design that's as  
pretty as you deserve  
to be. Cunningly  
styled with adjust-  
able waist line  
and skirt gathered  
bountifully at front,  
flared at back.  
Guaranteed wash-  
able, fadeless,  
and crease-resistant. In  
Lotus Blue, Cupid  
Aqua, Primrose, Rose  
Tint. Sizes: SSW,  
SW, W. Price, 48/6  
XW, SOS, OS.  
Price, 54/-  
Mail Orders add 1/6  
freight charge.



0.4  
**38/6**

0.4  
**What makes a  
frock a miracle?**

When it washes without fuss, needs  
no ironing, and packs without a  
wrinkle. That describes this lovely  
striped frock of Palm Island  
seersucker so amazingly low priced  
for such style and smartness. Its  
cute neckline, graceful skirt gored  
at the back is just right for any  
occasion, suitable for all young  
figures small or large. Red, Navy  
Green, Blue, with White Stripes.  
Sizes: SSW, SW, W. Price, 38/6  
XW, SOS, OS, XOS.  
Price, 44/6  
Mail Orders add 1/6 freight charge.

0.5  
**Wonderful  
"Spun Royale"  
looks and feels like  
crisp, cool linen!**

The much beloved Paisley  
design in this splendid "Spun  
Royale" that refuses to  
shrink or fade. The skirt,  
gored at front and flared at  
back, is shrewdly cut to  
minimise the figure, while the  
rippled revers augment the  
gracious look. Serve yourself  
and save money. Colourful  
combinations of Rose, Lilac,  
Cool Green, Aqua, Honey  
Gold. Sizes: W, XW, SOS,  
OS, XOS, XXOS. Price, 63/-  
Mail Orders add 1/10 freight



0.5  
**63/-**

**McDOWELLS (NEARGPO) GEORGE & KING STS., BOX 1184 G.P.O. SYDNEY.**



## Engaged Couple of the Month



Engagement ring by  
Angus & Coote



Pretty copper-top Joan Johnson lines up a bunny in her sights, directed by her outdoor-loving fiance HERMIE BRYNS. Week-ends, Joan and Hermie like to climb into old clothes and head for the open spaces, rifles in hand! (Memo to Sporting Clubs! Let Angus & Coote quote on your club trophies).



"Look! He went that-away!" Joan points out her target, while Hermie shades his eyes from the sun! Recently engaged, Joan and Hermie will marry in December, are busy planning wedding details now! Angus & Coote's handy Etiquette booklet has been a big help with lots of questions.

You can get a man with a gun! Here's the proof, on Joan's third finger, left hand! . . . It's a sparkling solitaire, gold-set with pretty leafy shoulders and a delicate flower motif! It's only one of hundreds of beautiful ring-styles that Joan could have chosen — suits her curly red-gold hair!

These beautiful "BRILLIANT-CUT" DIAMOND and BLUE SAPPHIRE Engagement Rings are value-priced because they're crafted in Angus & Coote's own George Street factory!



Solitaire diamond, 18-ct. gold octagonal setting, £25



Solitaire diamond, 18-ct. gold, filigree underoil, £35



Twin diamonds set in platinum/gold underoil, £45



Solitaire diamond in pillar setting with diamond shoulders, white gold underoil, £75



Beautiful blue sapphire in white gold pillar setting, with two shoulder-mounted, two shoulder diamonds, £45



Pillar-set blue sapphire in platinum with 18-ct. gold underoil, diamond fluted bow shoulders, £55



Three deep-blue sapphires, pillar-set with diamond fluted bow shoulders, £65



COUNTRY CUSTOMERS!

Thinking of becoming engaged? The ring's no problem if you send for Angus & Coote's special Mail Order Catalogue! Inside you'll find a wonderful choosing range of beautiful rings and a clever Selection Service that tells you how to gauge your correct ring-size! Clip out this coupon, add your name and address, and post it to Angus & Coote, 500 George Street, Sydney.

Name  
Address



Brilliant-cut diamonds and exquisite blue sapphires are a specialty at Angus & Coote.

**Angus & Coote**

Nearly 60 years at 500 George Street, Sydney. MA 6791



FELLOW PUBLIC SERVANTS Harry Bayliss and Heather Free in the roles of the overbearing Prussian Lieutenant von Eyrick and patriotic Frenchwoman Rachel have a violent quarrel in the play presented by the Public Works Department dramatic society.

## Lunchtime theatre



LEADING LADY Heather Free is a clerk in the department's dredge service branch.

MEMBERS of the N.S.W. Public Works Department dramatic society have just had a great success with their first lunchtime play.

By popular request, it ran for three days to full houses. Apart from royalties, the production cost the society just £2, including £1/18/- for hired costumes and 2/- for transparent paper for the stage fireplace.

Authentic furnishings for the play, "The Defeated," an adaptation of a Guy de Maupassant story set in the time of the Franco-Prussian War, were found in the Public Works building, which was built in the same period.



LEADING MAN Harry Bayliss is second officer in charge of the records branch.



ACTRESS Norma Finn makes up actor-producer Wal Turner's moustache. Both are clerks in the staff branch.



CLIMAX as Rachel stabs Lieutenant von Eyrick. brought gasps from audiences who packed the theatre at three lunch-hour performances.



DEPARTMENTAL HEADS Mr. R. A. Johnson (left), the Hon. J. B. Renshaw (Minister for Works), and Mr. J. M. Main watch.



INTEREST shown by these three girls was a typical audience reaction. Many ate lunch as they watched the play.



# Europe, Asia by borrowed motorbike

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Drinking hot camel's milk, picking bluebells on Omar Khayyam's tomb, and meeting the famous Glubb Pasha were among the experiences of two adventurous Australian bank clerks who recently toured Asia and Europe on a motorbike.

On the borrowed, 12-year-old bike they rode through 25 countries, the trip taking 16 months and costing £500 each.

As A.I.F. men Brian Chaseling and Maunly, N.S.W., and Bob Chambers of Ammandale, N.S.W., are now back home. The bike has been returned to its owner, but they have a myriad of memories and a suitcase of photographs.

On the first leg of the trip they shipped their bike to Ceylon and rode through India to the Himalayas, over the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan, to Persia, the Middle East, Turkey, and Greece, on to Italy, Switzerland, France, and England—taking eight months.

After six weeks' rest in England, they spent another six months touring Europe and caught the ship at Gibraltar for home.

Travelling 1000 miles in India on Bob and Brian only £1 each for food, lodging, fuel, and water.

In the Himalayas they left their bike behind, and, taking

rucksacks, went climbing for two weeks.

On the way up the Himalayas Brian and Bob met Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark, who was returning from the mountains, where he had been studying the marriage habits of the Tibetan women.

These lucky women, it seems, usually take at least 16 husbands.

The jovial Prince not only shared his supper with the hungry Australians but also left them his spare stores and gear and gave them an invitation to visit him and the Princess in Persia.

The boys found that although the Afghans look fierce and forbidding they are unusually kind.

When the boys' bike broke down in a wild part of Afghanistan, some tribesmen swooped down from the hills, flung themselves on the bike, repaired it, and, after shaking hands all round, went off again.

The bad condition of the roads in Afghanistan forced Brian and Bob to travel 1700 miles in low gear over deso-

late country, through dried-up rivers in extremely hot weather, with the petrol in their tank practically boiling.

At Nishapur, in Persia, they visited the beautiful oasis where the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, is buried.

When they set out for Baghdad, across the border of Persia, it grew really hot. At Khanaqin they met a chemist who assured them the temperature was 155 degrees.

Although up to then they had worn peaked baseball caps, they took to formal Arab headgear and found it cool and very comfortable.

A wartime interest in Arab countries was revived when they met the famous Glubb Pasha, English leader of the Arab Legion in Transjordan. He arranged for them to spend two weeks with tribes in the desert.

Brian and Bob said they overcame their initial revulsion and developed a taste for the hot, gritty milk taken from the camel while on the move by the women of the tribe.

But something they could never appreciate was the cus-



RETURNED TRAVELLERS Bob Chambers (left) and Brian Chaseling. They found that, despite terrible and sometimes non-existent roads, Asia was the most fascinating place in which to travel.

tom of eating a sheep's eye as honored guests of a sheik.

They spent every night of the two weeks' tour among the Arabs with a different tribe. Each time one of them had to eat this delicacy. They solved the problem by gulping it whole.

They were both dismayed at missing meeting King Abdullah of Transjordan. He was assassinated half an hour before their arranged interview, and they arrived at the airport just in time to see his bullet-riddled body carried away.

And great was their disappointment when they arrived



LEAVING TEHRAN for Bagdad are Bob (left), Brian, and the bike, plus interested villagers.

He then let out the fowls and threw some corn on the carriage floor for them to peck.

Finally the boys experienced the wonderful warm feeling of coming home, accompanied by the urgent desire, to save up and go again.

And their warning to others who would do likewise: TAKE A SPECIAL RUBBER SEAT BECAUSE THAT IS THE WORST PROBLEM OF ALL.

**MOST Beautiful OF ALL**

## BEAUTY IN PLASTIC

Dux electric bath heater in pink, blue, black, cream or green. Fits flat against wall.

BATH/SHOWER MODEL C14/17/19



BATH/SHOWER MODEL C14/17/19

## BEAUTY IN PORCELAIN

Dux electric bath heater and Dux sink heater in cream or white.

**MOST EFFICIENT OF ALL**

**EFFICIENT** . . . Patented, Shrouded Element ensures quicker, economical heating.

**EFFICIENT** . . . Patented, Anti-Corrosion Discs protect element wires from water impurities. Ensure long service.

Every home with mains electricity supply should have this modern comfort. WRITE NOW for full particulars—no cost or obligation.



**ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS**

DUX HEATERS PTY. LTD., 15 HAMILTON ST., SYDNEY  
Please send me full details of Dux instantaneous and storage water heaters.

NAME  
ADDRESS

## Native king given Queen's picture



KING JINGALOL (above) and some subjects with the presentation picture. He dressed in his "kingly clothes" for the occasion.

PICTURE of the Queen (right) is presented to King Jingalol by camp foreman Jack Coastick, of Wiluna, Western Australia.



King Jingalol of the Wessel Island Group, north of Arnhem Land, was horrified when he learned that the Great White King (George VI) had been succeeded by his daughter.

BUT now that he has seen a photograph of Queen Elizabeth II, he is happy. "She is very pretty," he murmured as he studied the picture.

The picture was sent to him by The Australian Women's Weekly in response to a request from a party of mining engineers who had told him of the death of the King.

The engineers, who are surveying a hauxite field on the island, met the king when they arrived there by motor

Skirting the coast of the main island, they noticed a black figure running along the narrow strip of sandy shore.

Although they were doing seven knots and proceeded along the shore for some eight miles, the figure on the sand ran on effortlessly.

On landing, they were greeted by the native, who did not seem at all out of breath.

"Greetings, white men. I am Jingalol, king of the Wessel Island tribes—me king like Great White King George," he assured them.

The engineers told King Jingalol that the Great White King was dead.

His face fell.

"Dead, you say? He all along finished?" He shook his head sadly.

"His son now King?" he asked brightly.

They told him of the accession of King George's daughter, Elizabeth.

King Jingalol was not impressed.

"My daughter not good enough to be king after me," he said proudly. "Women," and he grimaced, "not kings."

Then he asked if he could have a picture of this daughter to replace his tattered photograph of King George VI, which hung in the chief's hut.

When the engineers returned to Sydney they asked

The Australian Women's Weekly for a big photograph of Queen Elizabeth to take back to Jingalol.

"This King Jingalol is no ordinary fellow. He is very tough indeed, as well as being intelligent and helpful to us," they said.

And they related how, when one of his three wives was ill and was taken by plane to Darwin, the king could not go with her because there was no room for him.

So Jingalol set off for Darwin, 500 miles away, and arrived there ten days later.

On being told his wife had died and had been flown back to her home for burial, he thanked the hospital authorities and jogged back to his island kingdom in less than nine days to attend the funeral.



# Join this happy family



What crisp little snacks they are, all golden-brown and lightly crunchy! Grown-ups like friendly "Tea-snacks" with a nice hot cup of "a...kiddies simply love them with a mug of creamy milk. In fact, everybody votes them "something special"! It's their captivating flavour, and that wonderful Peek Frean baking. Money-savers too: you get a positive small mountain to a pound!

## Peek Frean's TEA SNACK

OTHER  
HAPPY FAMILY  
FAVOURITES BY  
*Peek Frean's*

### Bourn-Vita



You'll lose your heart to these brunettes... so beautifully baked and wonderfully enriched with Cadbury's chocolate-tasting Bourn-Vita.

about 94 to the pound

### HONEY SNAPS



The bees are pleased to make honey for these... so thin as a whisper, crisp as toffee. Do try some, they're just gay golden rounds of goodness!

about 72 to the pound

### Wee Scottie



The most "biscuity" biscuit that ever was... with a truly wonderful texture. Full of farm-fresh goodness: you can taste rich milk, fresh eggs!

about 42 to the pound

### PAT A CAKE



Delectably short and crunchy sweet, and specially made as "good-for-the-children". But grown-ups like them, too—the men of the family particularly!

about 60 to the pound

First favourites for  
delicious flavour  
satisfying nourishment  
and perfect baking





REGENCY PAVILION bar and lounge designed by Norman Hartnell at the Fashion Industries Club in London.

## London's Regency Fashion Club

• The Fashion Industries Club has been set up in the heart of Mayfair at a cost of £35,000 as a meeting place for buyers from all over the world and members of the British fashion trade. Norman Hartnell, top-flight English designer, who creates many of Queen Elizabeth's gowns, was responsible for the decor of the club.



THE COFFEE-ROOM. Captain George Michison, of Norman Hartnell's, and the club receptionist, Miss Joan Dyke-Meek, at the Fashion Industries Club. The decor is a modern version of the Brighton Pavilion—royal holiday resort of the gay Regency days.



LUNCHING beneath a Russell Drysdale painting, Mr. A. H. Miller (left) with the Rev. Richard Blake-Brown and a visiting buyer. Mr. Miller is an Australian.



ENTRANCE HALL and reception-room has a draped ceiling and beautiful 1820 chandelier. Chinese yellow and green are the dominating colors. Ceiling is draped in glass silk, which is fireproof.



NORMAN HARTNELL with his leading model Delores in the Regency Pavilion bar at the Fashion Industries Club, 70 Brook Street, London.





AUSTRALIAN SOLICITOR Bob Walls, of Wagga, and his bride, who was formerly Joan de Berigni Wall, daughter of Dr. J. A. Wall, of Leeton, leave Brompton Oratory, London, after their wedding. Joan's hat of white lilac matched her frock of white broderie anglaise.

## Social Gittings

TEN thousand guests will attend the wedding of Zeenat Haroon, daughter of the late Sir Abdoala Haroon and of Lady Haroon, and Sajdar Rashrid, son of the Chief Justice of Pakistan, Sir Abdul Rashrid, and Lady Rashrid, in Karachi on September 9.

Many Australians will remember the vivacious Zeenat when she stayed a year in Sydney with her brother, Yusuf, who is High Commissioner for Pakistan, and his wife. She announced her engagement shortly after returning to Pakistan last April and received an eighteen-diamond ring from her fiancé.

The Haroons hope to fly to Karachi at the end of this month for the wedding festivities, which go on for four days. This is shorter than the usual time, however, as the bridal couple had planned to leave on September 12 for two months' honeymoon on the Continent.

The palatial Haroon home, "Seaford," will be the setting for the ceremony, and the reception will be held in marquees on the lawns. Zeenat will wear a white sari embroidered in beaten silver and will be attended by nine bridesmaids.

Guests will include the Governor-General of Pakistan, Ghulam Muhammad, and the Prime Minister, Al-haj Khawaja Nazimuddin. Zeenat and Sajdar will live at Chittagong, in East Pakistan, where Sajdar is with the Burma Oil Company.

ON September 10 at St. Stephen's, Macquarie St., Prue Thomas, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thomas, of Wollstonecraft, will marry Stuart Pearson, elder son of Mrs. W. Pearson, of "Merrigal," Bundarra, and the late Mr. Pearson. Matron-of-honor will be Prue's sister, Mrs. Alan Mitchell, of "Strathroy," Armidale, and bridesmaid Judith Luft, of Pymble.

IN Los Angeles in September, Dorothy Hutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hutton, of "Fern Hill," Black Mountain, Armidale, will marry Bill Thomson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomson, of "Shara Brae," Morwell, Victoria. Dorothy, who trained at Sydney Day Nurseries' Association nursery school, met Bill when she sailed for England two years ago. They hope to return to Australia later this year.



ENGAGED. Robin McEwan, of Lockley, Bathurst, and Beryl Harley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Harley, Gordon, who have announced their engagement.



A.N.Z.A.A.S. PARTY. Lady Copland (left), wife of Sir Douglas Copland, Vice-Chancellor of the Australian National University, and her daughter Rosemarie with Mrs. A. Denning, whose husband is Director of the N.S.W. University of Technology, at an afternoon tea party given by the College for wives of visiting A.N.Z.A.A.S. delegates.



IN WOLLONGONG. Jock Scott, son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, of Wagga, leaves St. Michael's with his bride, formerly Rosemary Lance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Lance, of Wollongong.



WED IN LONDON. Lieut. Gerald Selous, R.V., who is 6ft. 3in. tall, and his bride, formerly Miranda Casey, 6ft. tall, niece of Australian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Richard Casey, leave St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London.



AT WARWICK FARM. Mrs. Tom Wall (left), Mrs. Denis Rowe, and Mrs. John Yeldham were among the race enthusiasts at Warwick Farm spring meeting. Mrs. Wall's cinnamon-brown coat had a matching velvet collar. Mrs. Yeldham wore a cherry coat.

A GAY housewarming party in their brand-new clubrooms in Margaret Street is planned by members of the Young Victoria League on September 10. One of the club's duties is to entertain the officers and crew of Empire ships visiting Sydney, and the freshly painted banana-yellow walls of the new rooms are decorated with ships' plaques which have been given in return for hospitality.

"KUNDIAWA," a New Guinea highland native word meaning "House on the Hill", is the name of Bill and Trish Hosking's property at Duncodoo. Bill and Trish, who is the daughter of Mrs. E. M. Moffat, of Hamilton, Brisbane, were married in Brisbane recently. Bill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Hosking, of Balgowah, formerly of "Boogadah," Binnaway.

JUST missing out on their goddaughter's wedding were Captain and Mrs. G. I. D. Hutcheson, who returned from three months abroad last week. Their goddaughter is Antoinette Gurr, daughter of Mrs. A. G. Gurr, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. Gurr. She married Sub-Lieutenant Cedric Steward, R.N.Z.N., of Auckland, at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

VERY upset because she was away from her son, Micky, on his sixth birthday was glamorous American contralto Madame Elena Nikolaidi, who attended a gala party in her honor at the Hotel Canberra after one of her concerts in the Albert Hall, Canberra. Madame hopes to be with Micky soon, however, at their home in Rochester, just out of New York. She leaves for America on September 17. The party in Canberra was given by Greek nationals from Queanbeyan, Goulburn, Yass, and Canberra.

LATEST news of Olympic swimmer Denise Norton is that she is on three weeks' yachting tour with Finnish friends of her family aboard their 60ft. yacht. Before returning home, Denise, who is an Adelaide girl, will tour the Continent with Victorian Judy Joy Davies and Queensland Nancy Lyons, who have flown back to England from Helsinki.

NEWLY engaged Nan Gracie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Gracie, of Murwillumbah, and Dick Hagon, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Hagon, of "Greendale," Canowindra, plan to be married early next year. Nan is in her final year of nursing at Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. She and Dick will live at "Greendale."



PAGEANT. Mrs. Roy McKerihan (right) and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, who will be ladies-in-waiting, and Philip Lamb, who will be page boy in the historical pageant at the Royal Empire Society's ball at the Town Hall on September 3.



CATHEDRAL WEDDING. Alan Treloar, of Newport, and his bride, formerly Janet Young, of Beauty Point, leave St. Andrew's Cathedral after their wedding.

SPRING flowers and gaily painted butterflies will decorate the A.G.I. Ballroom on Monday, September 15, when a Spring Ball will be held in aid of The Diagnostic Clinic for Atypical Children. The committee, headed by the president, Mrs. Walter Bunning, is also planning to hold a spring hat competition during the night.

Anne



# SKIRTS AHoy!

Filmed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Centre in Illinois, U.S.A., "Skirts Ahoy!" is a lighthearted technicolor musical-comedy about girls who become sailors and the boys who still love them. Esther Williams portrays a rich society girl. She sings, dances, and romances, and also does two swimming routines, one of them with child swim stars.



**1 DINING** in Chicago, trainee Waves Mary Kate Yarborough (Joan Evans), left, Una Yancy (Vivien Chase), and Whitney Young (Esther Williams) wait for escorts, sigh about their romantic troubles.



**2 UNORTHODOX** Whitney meets a handsome man (Barry Sullivan) and invites him to dinner, unaware that he is Paul Elcott, new doctor at the Naval Station. He is attracted, but thinks she is a spoilt heiress.



**3 VISIT** from childhood sweetheart Dick (Keefe Braselle) makes Mary Kate feel happier. He jilted her at the altar, but now wants to marry her. Mary Kate decides she will stay with the Navy for the full term.



**4 CRESTFALLEN**, Una finds she is to leave the station on the day her long-sought sailor, Archie (Dean Miller), is posted there. Una had joined up in the hope of seeing Archie after three years of separation.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 3, 1952



**7 A BRIDE'S DREAM** is the wedding ensemble worn by Esther Williams in M.G.M.'s technicolor "Skirts Ahoy!" Fashioned of pale pink silk chiffon, the sheath gown is appliqued in jewel-embroidered white lace. A pink soufflé skull-cap repeating the jewel motif holds the veil, and a lavender orchid decorates the pink mink muff carried by the star. Esther plays a society belle who joins the Waves because she is so bored with life.



**5 INVOLVED** in a fight over Paul, Whitney is clapped into the brig, but he appears at her trial and reverses the case in her favor. Paul tells Whitney that he dislikes managing women, but says that he loves her.



**6 AFFECTIONATE** farewells are said by the three couples when the girls have finished their training and leave the station to take up their new posts. All romantic troubles are ironed out, girls depart happily.





Give

For the man  
in your life

**ENSIGN TIES**  
(THE BEST)

**THIS FATHER'S DAY**

The world's smartest designs  
as worn in London, Paris, New York,  
- exclusive to ENSIGN  
in Australia.



ENSIGN — the largest tie manufacturers in Australia

**"TAXI, SIR?"**



Mrs. I. E. Roach is one woman who's used to being whistled at. She's Sydney's best-known feminine taxi driver. Every week, Mrs. Roach adds another 700 miles to her 11-years' safe-driving record.

"Rain, hail, or traffic jams, I've got to be on the road," says Mrs. Roach. "But with long hours and all sorts of weather, it's no busman's holiday. I depend on good hot Bonox to keep me on the go. It warms me up, drives out cold weather ills! Whatever your job—whether

you work indoors or out—get the Bonox habit this winter. A steaming cup of delicious Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream — helps keep your head above the "flu line. Bonox is the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef — plus peptones, to pep up your appetite. Cafeterias, hotels, cafes and milk bars all serve hot Bonox, so at home and at work, anytime, enjoy cheery, beneficial Bonox for a lift! Made by Kraft in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., 16 oz., and the specially low-priced 28 oz. bottle.

KR25

**THE VIKING**

Edison Marshall.

The thrilling adventures of a young sea-hawk who pursues love and glory.

17/6

At all Booksellers.

17/6

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

★★★ The Marrying Kind

JUDY ("Born Yesterday") Holliday, of Columbia's new film "The Marrying Kind," is more than a comedienne. She is an actress with a wide range of expression.

The picture is good fun.

The Garson Kanin-Ruth Gordon screenplay is not without flaws, but the story is told with ready wit, director George Cukor's presentation is honest, and there is a core of genuineness about the film that is hard to resist.

Miss Holliday and newcomer Aldo Ray appear as typical American husband and wife, Chet and Florence Keefer. As the film opens they are about to bring an action for divorce.

Encouraged by an understanding judge in divorce (Madge Kennedy) to talk matters over, Florence and Chet tell separate stories of happenings and crises during their marriage, but the audience sees what actually happened instead of what the couple now think occurred.

On being asked, "What makes you incompatible?" Judy replies, "Because we're married."

That is the point of the story. Out of it come the knowledge that they really want to be married and their final decision to drop the action.

The gravel voice of tall, sandy-haired Aldo Ray is a shock at first, but the new actor has tons of personality and portrays a brash New Yorker to perfection.

In Sydney—State.

★★★ Outcast of the Islands

ENGLISH producer-director Carol Reed's "Outcast of the Islands" is an imaginative and sometimes thrilling adventure with wonderful photography.

There is a quality of remoteness about the picture

**Talking of Films**

By M. J. McMAHON

that is in keeping with the style and spirit of author Joseph Conrad.

Cameras capture the steaming atmosphere of teeming native life somewhere in the tropics during what appears to be the late 1880's (this is never stated), when British, Dutch, and Arabs were all bidding fiercely for rich East Indies trade.

The main story depicts with ironic side-glances successive stages of degradation which culminate in self-loathing of a congenital renegade named Willems.

Several minor intrigues parallel this sordid central theme.

In the difficult role of the outcast, Trevor Howard is master of the double-double-cross.

Among other characters who step right out of print are Sir Ralph Richardson's redoubtable Captain Lingard and Robert Morley's pompous trader Almayer.

OUR FILM GRADING

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed

Almayer's down-trodden wife is played by Wendy Hiller.

Kerima, the Arab girl chosen by Reed to portray Aisa, the native girl with whom Willems forms a liaison, has no lines to speak but is strikingly in character.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

BLONDE Hollywood beauty shell Barbara Payton, who filming in Britain, wears a heavy, jangling golden chain bracelet. A cameraman, posing her for a news picture and wanting to include the bracelet in the shot, asks: "Can you show your charms a bit more, Miss Payton?" "Sure," said Miss Payton smoothly. "But can you polish them?"

**CITY FILM GUIDE**

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "So Dear To My Heart," technicolor Walt Disney fantasy, starring Bobby Driscoll, Burl Ives. Plus "Valley of the Sun," Western, starring James Craig, Lucille Ball. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "Happy Go Lovely," British technicolor musical, starring Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY and ST. JAMES.—★ "Ivanhoe," technicolor romantic drama, starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Bright Victory," war drama, starring Arthur Kennedy, Peggy Dow. Plus "Comin' Round the Mountain," comedy, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Dorothy Shay.

LYRIC.—★ "Submarine Command," war drama, starring William Holden, Nancy Olson. Plus ★ "Atomic City," pseudo-scientific drama, starring Gene Barry.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Outcast of the Islands," adventure, starring Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, Kerima. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PALACE and PARK.—★ "Red Skies of Montana," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Richard Widmark, Constance Smith, Jeff Hunter. Plus "The Pace That Thrills," car-racing drama, starring Bill Williams, Carla Balenda.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Detective Story," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, William Bendix. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "With a Song in My Heart," technicolor biographical-musical, starring Susan Hayward, David Wayne, Rory Calhoun. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "The Marrying Kind," domestic comedy, starring Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray. (See review this page.) Plus "Sunny Side of the Street," cinecolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Terry Moore.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Belles On Their Toes," technicolor comedy, starring Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain, Debra Paget, Jeff Hunter. Plus "The First Legion," drama, starring Charles Boyer, William Demarest, Barbara Rush.

CIVIC.—"Mutiny," technicolor adventure, starring Mark Stevens, Angela Lansbury, Patric Knowles. Plus "Black Beauty," drama, starring Richard Denning, Mona Freeman. (Re-release.)

ESQUIRE.—"Saturday Island," technicolor romantic drama, starring Linda Darnell, Tab Hunter, Donald Gray. Plus "Seven Keys to Baldpate," thriller, starring William Lundigan, Jacqueline White. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—"Operation Pacific," war drama, starring John Wayne, Patricia Neal, Ward Bond. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—"Red Mountain," technicolor Western, starring Allan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott, Arthur Kennedy. Plus "Night at Earl Carroll's," musical, starring Lillian Cornell, J. Carol Naish.

VICTORY.—"The Sniper," psychological drama, starring Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz, Marie Winsor. Plus "Storm Over Tibet," drama, starring Rex Reason, Diana Douglas.

Be 'SAUCY' with Mustard!



**TANGY SAUCE FOR FRIED FISH**

Mustard, versatile Mustard, goes with all the good things of life!

Try this with fish! Melt 1 tablespoon butter, stir in 1 teaspoon Mustard and 1 dessert-spoon flour. Add 1 small cup boiling water, stirring to keep the sauce smooth. Then add 1 teaspoon malt vinegar. Season to taste. Delicious!

**FRENCH SALAD DRESSING: CREAM CHEESE DRESSING:**

Place in a glass jar ½ cup salad oil, ½ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon Mustard. Shake briskly before serving, and you'll be charmed with results.

Blend well 2/3 cup of condensed milk with ½ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon Mustard, and ½ teaspoon each of salt and paprika. Force a 3-oz. packet of cream cheese through a sieve, and add to mixture, beating until smooth.

**KEEN'S MUSTARD**  
.. of course



**Dramatic Relief and Long Immunity**

**CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS**

Mrs. M. L. says: "I have been a victim of Catarrh ever since I can remember. Am happy to testify that Lantigen B benefited me from about the first dose."

Don't put up with Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus or Antrum infection. Recurrent Colds. Many sufferers in Australia, and in many other parts of the world, say that after taking Lantigen B they have been freed from suffering in many cases, for years. Lantigen B gives such great benefit because it is an oral vaccine which stimulates the natural healing power of the system to produce what are called antibodies. These

antibodies are the natural antidotes to germ infection. They neutralize the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, ease congestion, and soothe headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages, and thereby counter sound sleep and good health generally. Lantigen B starts working with the first dose—needs only a few doses per day. Proved successful when all else has failed.

Ask your Chemist for

**Lantigen B**  
DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE



# Sydney girl's film success

Praised for spiritual quality of her acting

British film critics have just discovered young Sydney radio and stage actress Dorothy Alison, who managed to get herself noticed in Ealing's new film "Mandy."

Attracted by a spiritual quality in her looks and personality, they nominate her as Britain's best screen "find" in a long time, and predict that, given suitable parts, she will go to the top.

SLIM, dark, and intense, 27-year-old Dorothy was born at Broken Hill, N.S.W. She decided on a theatrical career at the age of 10.

When her family moved home to Sydney, dancing school led her to children's plays, radio, modelling, films, and parts at the Independent Theatre, Sydney.

Scouting round for a professional name, she did the obvious thing and used her Christian names.

Dorothy Alison is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dickson, of Vaucluse, Sydney; her father was recently elected President of the Legislative Council of N.S.W.

Dorothy's acting career in Britain seems assured.

After completing "Mandy," Dorothy starred on British television—as a uniformed policeman—in "Pilgrim Street," a documentary series about Scotland Yard.

Now she has won an important role in a group of three films entitled "Child's Play," which are scheduled for early shooting.

Getting into the cast of "Mandy" was a lucky chance which came after more than two years of working in odd jobs in London, and when she was on the point of returning to Australia.

During a visit to Ealing Studios she was recognised by associate-producer Leslie Nor-

man as the actress who played Mrs. Bentley in Harry Watt's Australian production, "Eureka Stockade." After a screen test, she was given the "Mandy" part.

"Mandy" tells the story of a man and wife divided over the problem of educating their deaf and dumb child. Dorothy Alison plays the girl's teacher. It is her first big film part.

Phyllis Calvert, Jack Hawkins, and Godfrey Tearle are the adult stars.

With Ealing's location unit, Dorothy went to Britain's most famous school for deaf children—the Royal Residential School for the Deaf, near Manchester, to study the technique of its teachers in coaching deaf youngsters to speak.

Much of "Mandy" was actually shot in the school itself, and most of the child players are pupils there.

Dorothy calls the filming "the most touching experience in my acting career." This is her story about it:

"The job in hand was to spend three weeks at the school and in the adjoining Clyne House, filming the engrossing process which shows how a child born deaf may be taught to speak.

"Producer Leslie Norman insisted that an actress who played a teacher of the deaf had to understand the job before the teaching scenes would seem real.

"So Patricia Plunkett and I (both of us playing teachers)



DOROTHY ALISON (left), Australian actress who plays the part of a teacher at an English school for deaf children in the film "Mandy," stands by while Mandy Miller says goodbye to her film mother, Phyllis Calvert. They are watched by co-star Jack Hawkins.

sat in classrooms watching the production of a voice.

"In the beginning a child must be made to feel his voice and want to use it; then come the difficult stages of formation of words, the building up of vocabulary, and the vital phases of inflection and tone.

"The quiet yet tremendous patience of these teachers is one of the most inspiring things I have ever encountered. No question from a child ever goes unanswered and no request unheeded.

"I have seen a teacher quietly encourage a child to repeat over and over again just one word until the sound produced is perfect.

"It is difficult for people who have lived in a world of sound all their lives to realise what a tremendous job it is to make a child want to speak when he can't know what sound is.

"The finding of his voice

can come in a week or it may take a year. The child can know his voice in one way—he must be made to feel it.

"In the film Mandy feels her voice when she screams in anger. She is encouraged to scream again and again, with her hand on her chest feeling the scream vibrate.

"It is for such outbursts as these that the teachers watch constantly. A child may be speechless for months, and then one day will unconsciously make a murmur; the teacher must be on guard to notice when he does, so that he can be prompted to repeat it with his hand on his chest, until he realises he has achieved what she wants. Thus a voice is born.

"That, of course, is only the beginning—and, with only sight and touch to aid them, these children set off on the long and difficult path to normal speech.

"A voice that is too loud must be made softer. But what is loud and soft to a boy of six who can't hear? It is the variation in vibration when he beats on a drum.

"How can a little deaf girl of eight know the meaning of inflection? She can know the difference between high and low if somebody will point out, for instance, a high tree and a low tree, and then relate it to her voice.

"And what of all the vowels and consonants? You and I first pronounced the sibilant 's' when we were tiny because we heard somebody else do it, but to six-year-old Michael and five-year-old Joan at Clyne House 's' is the tingling rush of breath hissed into the cupped palm of their hand; 'oo' is the circle formed by the meeting of their thumb and forefinger.

"If the children have now forgotten us, I doubt if any of us will forget those eager little faces watching so intently every word spoken to them or the magnificent achievement of children and teachers."



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Mandy Miller and young Australian actress Dorothy Alison are given some pointers for the film "Mandy" by Miss Goldsack (right), one of Europe's foremost teachers of deaf children. "Mandy" deals with the conflict between parents over the upbringing of their deaf and dumb daughter.

If a heavy foundation "stifles" your skin

Choose this sheerer, greaseless base!

Delicate, light as a feather on your skin—this sheerest of all foundations makes your complexion look naturally lovely! Smooth on just a touch of fluffy-white Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. No oily shine, no caking or streaking when you use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its smooth finish welcomes your make-up—keeps your complexion looking soft and flawless!



1-Minute Mask—instant glamour "re-styling"!

For a special evening, make your skin look clearer, smoother, brighter with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream! Lavish the snowy cream over your entire face, except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off dirt and dead skin flakes! After one minute, tissue off the soothing mask. Now admire the soft radiance of your skin—so glowingly ready for make-up!



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr.

"I'm a staunch devotee of the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's the perfect complexion 'lift' for before make-up. In just one minute, the mask brightens and freshens my skin—gives it a new smoothness that takes make-up wonderfully!" PV 21

"It's grand to eat what I please again"



Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the modern treatment for digestive disorders, brings instant relief to indigestion sufferers.



None genuine without this design and signature.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder instantly neutralises excess acids, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, protects it, enabling it to heal. Pain after meals, flatulence, heartburn and biliousness become things of the past. You can eat anything you like and feel as good as new!

ONE DOSE relieves that pain after meals! Start treatment today! Obtainable from all chemists.

## OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 2888, G.P.O., Sydney.

- Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
- Plant shrubs and save time, labor, and money.
  - Springtime in the Rockeries.
  - How to Plant, Prune, and Spray Roses.
  - Planting, Pruning, and Spraying Fruit Trees.

Name of leaflet (one only) .....

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.





**RADIANT BRIDE.** Mrs. Roy White, formerly June Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Alexander, of East St. Kilda, Melbourne, reads congratulatory telegrams with her attendants, Pat Beyer (left), Mrs. Bruce Macgregor, and Betty Alexander, sister of the bride.

# Wedding DAY

● These pictures capture treasured moments from the happiest day of pretty brides. For every bride there is the last-minute flurry of fixing the veil, the ordeal by photography, the greetings of old friends at the reception, the formal cutting of the cake, and the happy waves of farewell.



**ARRANGING THE VEIL.** Matrons of honor, Mrs. John Bodella (kneeling) and Mrs. Peter Bateman, arrange Winsome Haining's veil before she leaves for the Ross Memorial Church, West Perth, for her wedding to Harry Stone.



**CONFETTI** is showered on Bob Sanders and his bride, formerly Lenore Travers, as they leave St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide, with the bride's sister, Claire Travers, who was bridesmaid. The bride departed from tradition by wearing a blue gown. Couple will live in Perth.



**WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHS.** John Pauley and his bride, formerly Mollie Diamond, being photographed in a studio with Norah Shepherd and Bill Pauley after their marriage at the Sacred Heart Church, Sandgate, Queensland.





**CUTTING THE CAKE.** Raymond Kirby helps his bride, formerly Patty Cohen, as she cuts the cake. Watching them are Raymond's father, Mr. J. N. Kirby, of Vaucluse, his brother, Kevin, and Patty's sister, Mrs. Dick Scandrett.



**A KISS** for the bride. Mrs. Raymond Kirby, from her sister, Mrs. Dick Scandrett (above), at the reception at the Australian Golf Club, Sydney. Raymond looks on.

**SIGNING** the register. Patty and Raymond Kirby and the only bridesmaid, Ann Conaidine, at Shore Chapel. Patty is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Cohen, of Sydney.

**HONEYMOON.** Patty wore a coat of scarlet velvet and an ocelot hat and muff when she and Raymond left for their honeymoon at Orange, N.S.W.

The Australian Woman's Weekly  
September 3, 1952 — Page 37







choose carefully . . . use faithfully

Yardley make the right preparation for your type of skin.

Wash with one of their luxurious Soaps. For deep-down cleanliness use a Yardley Cleansing Cream. For the nightly massage which keeps your skin soft and supple choose rich Yardley Night Cream.

And for the radiance of a skin that's firm and fine-textured tone up with Yardley Astringent or Toning Lotion. This gentle discipline each night—and you're a beauty all your days.

## Skin Care by YARDLEY



Liquefying Cleansing Cream  
Dry Skin Cleansing Cream  
Night Cream  
Astringent Lotion  
Toning Lotion

YARDLEY · LONDON NEW YORK PARIS TORONTO SYDNEY

## DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● Here is fashion news for spring and summer brides, for bridal attendants, for "going away," and for wedding guests.

TO begin at the beginning, crisp, airy material will be high fashion for spring and summer brides.

This season the fashionable bride will dress in lace, plain and embroidered organdie, chiffon, mousseline de soie, and sheer cotton.

Cotton is always the coolest and prettiest thing in mid-summer.

Particularly new is the combination of two materials handled in new ways—lace with tulle detail, net with lace appliques, organdie with satin bands, and taffeta appliques on chiffon.

ALL white continues to be the bride's favorite, and the two-material idea gives subtle tonings.

There are some brides who might consider a pastel, and they will be accommodated with the new fashion for delicate pastels—blush-pink, pastel blue, and even pale orchid.

A touch of pale color may also be introduced by a bouquet of pastel flowers or by the new fashion of carrying three long-stemmed roses in pink or yellow.

ON her head the bride will wear a bonnet brim, a tulle cap, a coronet of flowers, or a tiny cap of orange blossom.

Both long and short veils are in fashion.

Two points to remember: a short veil is less troublesome in the not-so-perfect weather and it is unwise for a bride to change her hair style after ordering the wedding veil.



SPRING BRIDAL GOWN combining lace and tulle. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 11 7/8 yds. 36in. lace and 4 yds. 36in. tulle, plus 7 yds. 36in. tulle. Price, 6/6. Address order to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

IT is usual for a bride-maid's dress to follow the bride's in type and material, but the rule can be broken.

The ballerina-length bride-maid's dress is an incoming fashion.

However, when it is necessary to fit a group of various sizes and figure types the ballerina-length frock will look more uniform and it will be easier to cope with the styling.

A shell silhouette made of flowers, ribbons, or painted straw is popular headgear. So is a large-brimmed hat or a circle of pastel tulle flanned to the head with a circle of flowers.

POPULAR again is the coat-and-dress ensemble, and what could be more perfect for the bride's departure whether by car, train, or plane?

The alternative is a suit.

For an ensemble, I suggest a white sleeveless dress flowered in raspberry and blue and worn under a blue coat buttoning up to a new standing collar.

Accessories could be blue with the exception of red gloves.

The suit would be perfect in pale blond tie-dye, with a black velvet collar on the jacket.

The suit should be slim, jacket middy in cut, and accessories a mixture of white and red.

MISCELLANEOUS details to jot on a bride's list.

For a wedding guest—a flower-printed coat worn over a sleeveless, solid-colored sheer one-piece.

Wedding bouquets have become smaller.

Remember always to wear the same undergarments at each fitting of the wedding gown.

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PHILIPPA"—Trousseau nightgown designed with a pretty neckline and a very full skirt. The material is a floral nylon printed on white, peach, and sky-blue grounds.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. £5/2/3; 36in. and 38in. bust. £5/7/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. £9/3/3; 36in. and 38in. bust. £11/9.

"FRANCINE"—Attractively styled housecoat obtainable in moire taf-

feta; the color choice includes burgundy, aqua, sky-blue, magnolia, coral-pink, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. £5/15/3; 36in. and 38in. bust. £5/18/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. £2/3/3; 36in. and 38in. bust. £5/9/6.



\* NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 41. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stodart's Building, 21 Pier St., Sydney.



only **KAYSER** gives the luxury of Lace  
to the girl-on-a-budget

**LACE**

is luxurious at hemline and smooth  
bra-top, in slim-fitting, four gore  
slip in Kayser Kaydream. T.Rose  
and White 32" to 40" - - - 23/11

**LACE**

gives added loveliness to high-  
styled nightgown with flattering  
line, full hip drapes. T.Rose and  
Blue. SW to OS - - - - 38/6

Be wiser - buy  
**KAYSER**  
**KAYDREAM** Lingerie

**LACE**

outlines bra-top in tailored vest.  
SW to OS. T.Rose, White - 10/11  
All Kayser Lingerie has adjustable  
shoulder straps. Matching tailored  
short pantees 38/40/43. T.Rose,  
and White - - - - - 8/6



# "I like CREST best"

says *Betty Boland*

attractive Ansett Air Hostess

CHARMING blonde Betty Boland, prefers clothes that are tailored, simple in design. A keen outdoor girl, she divides her spare time between car driving, and golf. Lives in Melbourne; gave up a promising secretarial career to become an Air Hostess. Enjoys meeting new people, seeing new places. Her main ambition . . . to travel extensively overseas.



CREST HOME PERMANENT  
LEAVES MY HAIR SOFT AND  
SHINY AND IT LOOKS JUST LIKE  
NATURALLY WAVY HAIR!

## WHY MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE TURNING TO Crest

Crest has an exclusive waving lotion which is kinder to the hair than other waving lotions. Its gentle action leaves hair soft, shining and conditioned . . . never dry and frizzy. Crest Home Permanent was specially developed for Australian conditions. Days spent out of doors won't spoil the natural beauty of your Crest. Crest gives you a self-setting perm. You can forget about the tiresome bobby-pin routine at bedtime. Crest is so easy to use that success is assured.

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Should your Crest Home Permanent Wave Kit not live up to the claims made for it in this advertisement, the purchase price will be readily refunded. Simply write, supplying details and enclosing the empty box, to Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

CREST FULL KIT, including curlers 24/9  
REFILL (for any make of curlers) 15/-  
JUNIOR KIT for end curls 10/9



REFILL  
For your  
next home  
perm.

At all Chemists and leading Departmental Stores

CREST THE CHOICE OF ANSETT AIR HOSTESSES

C 30.WW.143g

## YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



### Some arguments for and against a splash wedding

"I'd like a big splash," said the pretty, fair teenager. "I've always dreamt of being a bride in a beautiful dress with millions of people at a huge reception. 'After all, your wedding day is the biggest day in your life.'"

And this is what most girls said in reply to the question: What sort of wedding would you like?

There was one notable exception, but no one—not even the boys who also gave their opinions—wanted a registry-office wedding. All agreed that the only place to get married was a church.

The fair girl has no particular boy in view, unlike Pat, who is wearing her soldier fiancé's ring. Although the date is not yet set, Pat knows exactly the sort of wedding she's after.

"I want the works," she said, "with a guard of honor in scarlet mess-jackets."

"I like brides to be classical, with a long veil and heavy white satin frock—the really and truly traditional bride."

"Two or three bridesmaids—three at the most, because a bridal party of more than eight looks too much. Besides, too many bridesmaids detract from the bride."

"After all, no bride ever wants anyone to look at the bridesmaids first."

"Lemon or champagne would be nice for them, but very fluffy and youthful so that they look like young maids and not like old women."

"I'd like to be married in September, when the flowers are out and you have the chance of lovely weather. These winter weddings with the bridesmaids in olive-green velvet are not my idea."

"All the bouquets should be small, not these great sheaves you have to lug along on one arm. As for horseshoes dangling by satin ribbon—they're the end."

"I'm rather partial to the little boys you see in English wedding groups dressed in quaint outfits with long haircuts. But you can't get the effect with our kids. And I can't bear little flower girls tripping up the aisle and saying, 'Hello, Mummy!' halfway down."

"So children are out. Anyway, they're too unpredictable and they steal the show."

"Take the pictures of the Royal wedding. One of the Gloucester children scratched his leg and no one had eyes for anyone else."

Joy is still at school, but she fervently hopes that when she's about 22 she'll get married. So does her friend Daphne, who is 18.

Joy wants three bridesmaids. "Everyone seems to have three," she explained.

"For my bouquet I'd like mostly white hyacinths, and other sweet-smelling white flowers," she added dreamily. "And a choir of little boys singing—oh, what's the name of it?—'The King of Love,' isn't it?"

"The bridegroom? Oh, he just gets left out at weddings."

Daphne would like someone to sing "Jerusalem" when she is being married.

"I'd like a creamy white magnolia brocade with a veil, and the bridesmaids in pink-and-white striped organza," she said.

Daphne didn't agree with her friend's choice of an interstate city for a honeymoon. "I'd like to go away to somewhere quiet with the two of us more or less alone," she said.

"It wouldn't be a honeymoon with a terrific lot of other people around."

But Phyl objects to splash weddings because they tend to be routs instead of religious ceremonies.

"A veil and a wedding frock and perhaps

one bridesmaid are fine if you can afford it," she said, "but nothing elaborate."

Two other girls would rather have quiet weddings—but with someone singing 'Panis Angelicus'—because they'd be embarrassed at being the centre of a big show.

Then there is Leonie, who also wants a quiet wedding. It's her fiancé who's insisting on a splash.

"He's been a guest at so many weddings that he's horrified at not being able to return the hospitality," she said.

"And his mother was horror-struck, too, when I said I wasn't going to be a bride and all that. She went out and got me some material for a wedding frock and she's going to make it for me, so I guess I just have to have a big wedding."

"But the worst part of all is my fiancé's boy-friends' girl-friends—if you get what I mean."

"They've all got masses of trousseau things. When I go to their places their mothers have dozens of different d'oyleys for all purposes and all occasions round the table."

"They ask me what I've got in my box and I have to say I've got only one hand-embroidered guest towel I worked five years ago."

"Still," she added reflectively, "most of those girls aren't even engaged yet."

And what's a man's view?

This one hadn't given much thought to the question and looked, when asked, as though he found it a bit tough.

"A man doesn't come into it at all," he said.

"He's only there to make up the number."

"Still, he's got his back to the whole show when they're coming down the aisle, so he doesn't see much of it. Father-in-law pays for it, too."

However, another boy had weighed the pros and cons thoroughly. He said:

"It's a girl's big day, and they're usually anxious to have their heads about it, so what can a man do?"

"And, besides, you don't have to foot the bill, except for the flowers and cars and the bridesmaids' presents—oh, and you buy the blankets. I know, because my brother got caught on that one."

"But, for myself, I've never been keen on big social gatherings of any sort."

"These splash weddings are just a competition between various families of a locality, and you're bound to offend someone. You forget to invite them and they say you think they're not good enough, and so on."

"A girl and a man might want to have a quiet honeymoon at some modest place, but the girl's mother, say, will have a flea in her ear about where Mrs. Somebody's daughter went, so she pushes the girl and the girl pushes the man into going somewhere that's got snob appeal."

He instanced a couple who married recently and whose families gave them money to buy a house.

"But the girl's mother is a social butterfly," he added, "and she pushed them into

buying a huge house and having an enormous reception and a lavish honeymoon."

"Instead of being able to buy outright a fair-sized house and furnishing it properly and putting in a hot-water service and things like that with the balance, they've got an enormous place, half-furnished, that's too big for them."

"Now they've got to turn round and pay it off."

"That's one case. There are plenty like it."

"If and when I get married I'd like a quiet church wedding. But that's never what the girl wants, and I guess a man just has to give in."





# Glorious gems in million-pound show



A SOLID GOLD bracelet set with pearls and diamonds, a jewel-encrusted watch, and a gold cigarette case set with diamonds and rubies, all made in England, are also among the exhibits.

MADE IN PARIS, this £13,000 bracelet, to be shown in the jewellers' exhibition, consists of 375 diamonds set in platinum. Ellen Rice, 17-year-old Melbourne salesgirl, is displaying it. (Right.)



## Big trade exhibition in Sydney cost £10,000 to stage

For six days, from September 1 to 5, Sydney people will be able to inspect the most valuable collection of jewellery ever shown here.

Called the Million Pound Jewellers' Exhibition, the total value of the gems shown will probably exceed that sum.

JEWELLERS and private collectors from all over the Commonwealth and abroad have sent exhibits, which will be arranged in the re-decorated lower Town Hall.

More than 20,000 pieces, each exquisite in its own fashion, will be shown. The exhibition has cost £10,000 to stage.

The exhibition will be open from 10.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day from September 1 to 5 inclusive. For a 2/- entrance fee, members of the public will be able to window-shop among displays of diamond jewellery, precious stones, rare clocks and silverware, and fine china.

A Royal exhibit will be a solid silver bowl owned by Queen Mary.

It was designed by English artist Omar Ramsden and is overlaid with a silver network.

A diamond bracelet sent from Melbourne is valued at £15,000.

Of some of the exhibits, I went down into the strong-room of a Sydney jeweller's store—the first woman, apart from employees, ever to go in there, they told me.

One ring I saw and touched will draw the wistful eye of every woman. It was a 3-stone solitaire diamond set in pure platinum, with double-cut shoulder diamonds in the shape of straps supporting a hand-made platinum coronet. For a few seconds I had on my finger a 25-carat star sap-

phire ring worth £1500. The stone is so rare that it is doubtful if it could be replaced.

It was a deep mauve shade, and as I turned it in the light the star, which was unusually distinct, moved liquidly from side to side of the stone.

In the dress-jewellery class I saw a brooch of double brilliant cut and baguette diamonds. The brooch could be broken into two dress clips.

In the novelties there was a donkey and cart made of diamonds, emeralds, coral, and pearls.

In the exhibition will be a tremendous collection of Australian opals, worth more than £70,000, contributed by Australian gemmologists.

There will also be a comprehensive collection of sapphires.

The Gemmological Association of Australia will show £56,000 worth of loose gems, both real and synthetic.

### Antique pieces

THEY will also show instruments used in all stages of testing gems. An opal-cutting machine will also be demonstrated.

Old-fashioned gold brooches with glass fronts protecting curls and locks of human hair will be among the antique pieces on show.

An old watch with an intricately carved case inlaid with dainty blue enamel flowers will represent the lost art of enamel work.

"It's not always the thing that's worth thousands that

has the greatest sentimental value," the president of the Federated Jewellers' Association, Mr. F. J. Kirkby, told me. "Most jewellers cling to old pieces which represent a way of life that has long vanished."

"Everybody associated with jewellery is sentimental, otherwise we couldn't make beautiful things. Our businesses are built on sentiment." Alongside modern English silverware will be some made in the past century.

It is the communion-set in silver and gold presented to St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, in 1832 by William Charles Wentworth.

One item at the exhibition will make smokers finger their boxes of matches and plain cigarette-lighters rather self-consciously.

It is a 14-carat gold cigarette-lighter studded with 88 double-cut diamonds forming a curtain pattern on the top and bottom rims and the initials of the owner, Alexander Harris, the principal of a famous firm of lighter manufacturers.

The only one of its kind, it was made specially for Mr. Harris 20 years ago. He wears it on a chain.

Flown out here from Newark, New Jersey, it will be sent back—no doubt with a sigh of relief—as soon as the exhibition is over.

It is worth £2000, but experts say it couldn't be made for that these days.

Another smokers' exhibit is a gold cigarette case studded

By  
MARGARET BINGHAM,  
staff reporter

with lines of diamonds and rubies—36 of each. It was lent to the exhibition by the Sydney woman who owns it.

The public will be shown the number of trades associated with jewellery and watch-making.

Mr. Kirkby explained to me the high standard of craftsmanship which goes into each branch.

"When a diamond ring is made there are three trades associated with it—the ring-maker's or mounter's; the setter's; and the jewellery finisher's—all completely separate."

"In the manufacture of fine silver there are four types of tradesmen involved—the maker-up, who makes the parts; the spinner, who spins the round bits and pieces; the rough polisher; and the finisher."

"We want to show the public the beautiful gems and jewellery available in Australia and the way in which Australians have advanced in the art of fine jewellery," he said.

On arrival at the Town Hall, all exhibits will be placed in display cases that are secretly screwed and locked.

The units, all numbered and ticketed in order, will be moved in by lorries early on August 30. Carpenters will erect them and do the final dressing of the sets on the spot.

Exhibits arriving from overseas have been safely housed in a special vault provided by the Commonwealth Bank and will be transported to the exhibition by armored car.

From the time the exhibits are arranged until they are dismantled, the lower Town Hall will be heavily guarded inside and out, night and day, by a special squad of armed police, including plainclothes men.

Having taken all possible precautions, jewellers say they will then relax.

Mr. Kirkby told me that

jewellers are renowned for not worrying about their valuable stocks.

"Jewellers are apparently nonchalant and notorious for their lack of worry about jewels in their possession," he said.

When the Lord Mayor, Ald. E. C. O'Dea, opens the exhibition on Monday, September 1, a bell will be rung, but it will be no ordinary bell.

It is of sterling silver and was made to commemorate the millenary of the goldsmiths' art.

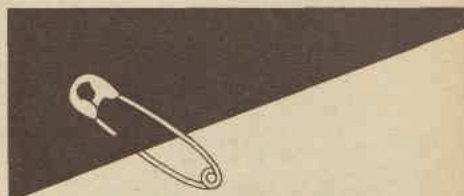
It was shown during the

1951 Festival Year in Great Britain, and is one of several solid silver pieces sent out specially for the Sydney exhibition by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

Other exhibits will include Lionel Cox's Olympic medals and the Melbourne Cup.

This is the association's fourth annual exhibition, but it is the first time it has been held in Sydney. Similar collections of jewellery have previously been shown in Perth, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

Proceeds will be given to the Red Cross.



## top-secret for ladies in waiting

and why not? We know how to keep a mother-to-be's secret . . . and keep her in high fashion, too. Our styles are designed in the U.S.A. You'll like our compact, quiet little shop . . . no fuss . . . no bother, with everything planned for your shopping comfort. Our store is called the Alan Maternity Shop in the Elizabeth Street level of the T. & G. Building, just near Park Street. You'll like our maternity fashions . . . also the low prices. Send to-day for our latest catalogue, Alan Maternity Shop, 203 Elizabeth St., Sydney. MA5503.



"Smartest thing that ever  
happened to my budget!"

"I can make new  
spring dresses for less than  
forty shillings with

# *Super Merriespun*

and cut out all dry cleaning bills!"



"Even a ready-made SUPER MERRIESPUN dress  
will cost me less than £3!"

You can save precious shillings for your piggy-bank by buying "Super Merriespun". This wonderful delustrated rayon from England is dressier than cotton, yet just as washable—dries swiftly—is fadeless and crease-resisting, too.

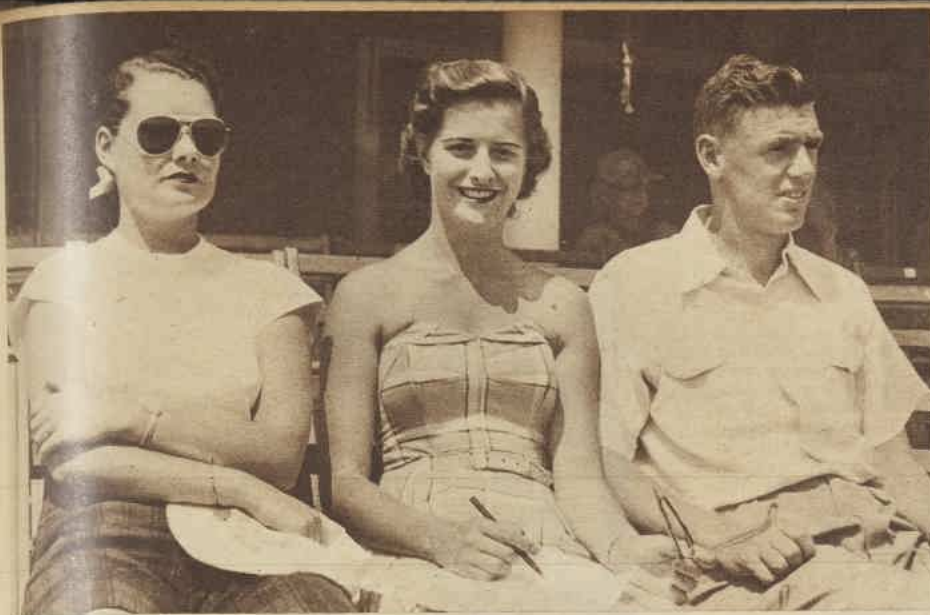
In piece-goods by the yard and in women's, teen-age and children's frocks and house coats. All on sale at Australia's leading stores. Look for the labels on all garments.



"Super Merriespun" is cooler  
— because it's delustrated by a  
special process to stay smooth and  
"fuzz" free even after washing.  
(It's the "fuzz" which feels so hot  
against your skin.)







**WATCHING THE PLAY** on the terrace of the Meadow Club at Southampton, Long Island, are Jean and Frank Sedgman with (left) Mrs. Vic Seixas. Jean Sedgman says she felt "positively overdressed" in a sunrock at a luncheon party at Southampton because the other women wore shorts.

## Sedgmans enjoy summer at luxury resort

By JEAN SEDGMAN

Contrary to what I have been told all my life about "staid and proper Boston," I found it just as friendly as can be.

Bostonian enthusiasm for tennis reminded me of home.

THE Boston tournament has two features I would like to see copied in Australia. One is the veterans' championship for players over 45 and the other is the fathers and sons' doubles.

In the latter I was most amused to see the meek manner in which fathers took a ribbing from their sons over bad shots.

We stayed in an attractive Boston hotel and went by car daily to the Longwood Cricket Club, which has 20 beautiful green grass courts and a lovely swimming-pool, where I took a daily dip.

Before going to Boston we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. William Wood Prince in their 50-room seaside mansion at Newport.

Newport, one of the oldest American cities and a leading summer resort for wealthy families, is probably the most luxurious tennis centre I've seen during our world tour.

The Prince home would be a showplace anywhere else, but at Newport it is just one of many such residences.

Mr. Prince told us he used to give dinner or lunch parties every day for 200 guests.

"That is no longer possible because of high taxes," he explained.

The former Vanderbilt mansion, "The Breakers," which is designed on the lines of an Italian castle, is now open to the public as a museum.

Though Newport residents complain that the current "austerity" conditions force them to restrict party-giving,

I was impressed by the great number of social gatherings held there.

It was the same at Southampton, Long Island, and South Orange, New Jersey, where the Australians played in tournaments.

The bathing at Southampton was the finest I've struck since leaving Australia, and Frank and I spent hours surfing every morning before the tennis matches.

At Orange, which is in the mountains, we swam in the tennis club's delightful outdoor swimming-pool.

But the swimming at Newport's famous Bailey's Beach is so poor that most people spend all the time sunbathing on the beach.

As a result, many women wear beautiful swim-suits which would be highly impractical for swimming.

Our bedroom in the Prince home was as big as a ballroom.

Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad also stayed there, but they were so far away from us that we rarely saw them.

Once Frank and I met the two youngsters in a small passageway.

"This place reminds me of home," Ken remarked. "At least, this hall does."

Mr. Prince put one of his three cars at our disposal to facilitate travel from his home to the Newport Casino, in the centre of town, where the matches are held.

The Casino, where the American national championships started in 1881, is a charming old wooden structure in the heart of the best shopping district in Newport.

Smart clothing and jewellery shops occupy space in the

rambling old Victorian building on the Newport Avenue side. However, behind this modern facade is a huge tennis ground of a dozen or more grass courts in a lovely setting of old maple and oak trees.

We travelled to Newport from Orange in a Pullman sleeping-car, which was a revelation.

Men, women, and children sleep in the same carriage, which is not compartmented but has a long, narrow passageway running down the middle. Each person has a tiny cabin or berth to himself.

All seven of us in the Australian party had berths near each other. Lew Hoad was the last to retire. He was climbing the ladder to the upper berth and was about to pull the curtain aside when he looked round with a sudden start.

"Where's Jean's berth?" he shouted in mock alarm.

I poked my head out of my berth across the aisle and assured him it was safe to climb into his bunk.

Frank and Ken had received portable wirelesses as tournament prizes at Orange, and they kept them going until all hours, making sleep difficult for the rest of the carriage.

Everywhere I've gone in America I have been asked questions about Australia. Americans, particularly young people, seem fascinated by our country, but their knowledge of it is very limited.

They seem to think it is a big desert inhabited solely by tennis players and kangaroos.

This enables the boys of the team to have a lot of fun.

The other day I overheard one of them telling a girl at a party that his mother always takes a kangaroo with her when she goes shopping and uses its pouch to carry the parcels home.

One of the most pleasant aspects of travelling in America is that many Australians living or visiting here come up and introduce themselves.

At Newport, Mr. Ted Smith, a former Melbourne golf pro, spoke to me. He has lived in the United States for the past 21 years, but recalled that he had met me on a visit back home when I was 11.

He is an old friend of my father, Arthur Spence, who is a golf pro. in Melbourne, and of my uncle, Don Spence, a former pro, who now runs a sporting goods shop in Sydney.



**TENNIS WIVES** Jean Sedgman and Dolly Ann Seixas relax in the sun while watching their husbands on a court at Southampton. Jean regrets she "hasn't touched a racquet" for three months.

Your bedroom reflects your taste...



LET THE CHARM of a Vantona Bedcover make your bedroom beautiful... give it an atmosphere that guests will admire! Vantona Bedcovers are made in thrilling designs and colours, and a soft, fine texture delightful to touch! Woven entirely in one piece, Vantona Bedcovers drape perfectly, and do not crease. They're

so easy to launder, too. Choose one of these Australian-inspired colours to harmonise with your own colour scheme: Pacific Blue, Coral Pink, Lime Green and Honey. Remember, an extra Vantona Bedcover will make attractive curtains to match your bedcover and complete your decor.

VANTONA

Court BEDCOVERS

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

VA20A.WW.B12

How old is a sheet?



Some sheets begin to look old when they're quite new. Others go on looking new for many years. It all depends on the care they get—and that goes for all your household linens, blankets, curtains, clothing. So if you want your things to live to a young old age, leave them to the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt

along with the surplus water... while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



**ACME**  
the cleanser-wringer

Used in millions of homes throughout the world

Factory Representatives: J. CHALEY & COMPANY

Pioneer House, 353 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, C.1

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LTD. DAVID ST. GLASGOW S E SCOTLAND



● Tailored bodice-top and extravagant pleated skirt, for the bridesmaid's dress, left. The material is rosebud-pink organdie made over a matching silk foundation. The ensemble is worn with a large-brimmed picture hat.

● Ivory slipper satin makes the regal bridal gown, below. The heart-shaped bodice-yoke and floor-length pleated underskirt are in matching tulle. The bonnet head-dress is worn with a floor-length tulle veil.





# Romantic bridal fashions

● Italian designer Carosa designed the superb model, left. The gown is in featherweight white wool gabardine and is embroidered with deep sweeping bands of beads and wool. The veil, with its nun-like simplicity, is of matching chiffon. Photograph by International Wool Secretariat.

● Crisp lace and organdie are handled in a new way for the bride-maid's dress, right. The dress is topless and is worn with a brief matching bolero that takes off to convert the ensemble into a ball gown. The bonnet brim is lace-trimmed. Wrist-length gloves complete the outfit.



● Wedding gown of ice-blue satin, left, is floor-length and sweepingly full with a folded skirt-drape. The lace veil, gloves, and unusual artificial satin lilies are the exact blue of the dress. Jean Desses model.

● Summertime bridal gown, above, is made in chalk-white organdie and is designed with tiny sleeves and an open neckline. The belled-out skirt is caught with posies of pink blossoms and falls into a short train.



# As I read the Stars

By EYE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Should September 3 be one of those days when everything burns you up, including bad temper from the boss, September 5 will come good.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Speculation is a poor risk on September 5 and social life a wash-out, but hard work is tops. On September 8 advertise yourself, make requests.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Don't hammer your thumb or climb up on a chair on September 2; accidents round the home can be expensive. September 7 beams on home decorators.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Rush off to town or visit friends in the country on September 3. At the end of a short journey, discover the person or article you're seeking. Stay home on September 4.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): September 4 inclines to successful business operations, especially after previous delays. Look for a new job, residence, or domestic appliance on September 8.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Keep personal plans to yourself until ripe, or you'll face disapproval, criticism, and unwelcome advice. By September 8 you'll be ready to broadcast.

**LIBRA** (September 24-November 23): Super-sensitive feelings could imagine a slight on September 5 where none was meant. September 8 starts a new, happy chapter.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): A tiff with a pal or loved one could make September 3 miserable. Refuse to quarrel and September 5 and 6 could be romantic.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): You'll be wasting your time if you attempt to conclude a satisfactory business deal on September 2. Both September 4 and 8 are ace-high.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Promotion to a more agreeable job or a slight increase in pay may be in the offing. September 6 may find you among uncongenial people.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): A week of Aquarian ups and downs. High hopes on September 4 may be knocked back on September 6, only to soar again on September 8.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Good news affecting your own interests or those of a partner—business, matrimonial, or social—may brighten the week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

**Z**LINTER smiled, "In my country we do not eat a cooked breakfast."

"But you eat a proper breakfast here, don't you, before going out in the woods?"

Jane said, laughing, "Go on, Carl, sit down and let her cook you bacon and eggs. She wants to do it."

He laughed with her. "All right."

"That's better," said Jennifer, breaking a couple of eggs into the pan. "I wouldn't like you to faint by the way."

Carl proved himself quite a reasonable driver when they started off in the utility half an hour later.

The track wound up through the forest, utterly deserted except for the animals that occasionally scurried at their approach.

"You have seen a koala?" Carl asked Jennifer.

"Never," she said. "They're little creatures, aren't they?"

He did not answer, but drove on for a few yards, stopped the car, got out quickly, and ran into the bush. He was in time to catch the koala under the arm-pits as it clambered unhurried up a tree to get away from him; he disengaged it gently and carried it to her on the track, a tubby little brown animal with tattered fur; it struggled feebly, but did not seem particularly distressed by capture.

"Oh, Carl!" she said, "what a lovely little beast. He's just like a teddy bear."

He held the bear from behind, gently controlling it while she stroked it. "It's a wild one, isn't it?" she asked, puzzled.

"He is a wild bear," he told her. "He lives here in the forest."

"But he seems so tame. He doesn't mind being handled or stroked a bit!"

"He has no enemies in the woods," he said. "No animal hunts koalas to kill them, only men, and now that is forbidden very strongly. Because he has no enemies he has no fear."

"What will happen if you let him go, Carl? Let him go, and see."

He released the bear and they crouched beside him; he looked from one to the other, looked around, then walked deliberately to a tree and began to climb up it, holding on with the great claws upon each foot. Jennifer walked after him and stroked him as he went till he was out of reach; he paid no attention to her. They stood watching him as he slowly made his way up the trunk above their heads.

"He is going up there for his dinner," Carl said. "He eats only the fresh shoots of the gum-trees, and he needs several different sorts of gum-tree for good health. That is why you cannot keep them in a cage as captives."

They got back into the utility and went on up the track. Presently they came out on top of the ridge. Zlinter stopped the car. "This is Jack McDougall's paddock," he said. "Here we must leave the car and walk for the rest of the way, down to the Howqua."

He got the lunch basket from the utility and Jennifer saw that he had put a flabby newspaper parcel on top of it, and that he had brought a grill with him. "What's that?" she asked. "Meat?"

He said, "I brought some steaks with me, to make a fire and grill them in the way of this country. Have you done that? They are very good."

She said, "I've never done

# The Far Country

Continued from page 5

that, Carl. Can we make a fire in the open here?"

"It is necessary to be very careful," he said. "At the Howqua, by the river, there are stones built up to make a fire-place, and there Billy Slim allows a fire to be made. The fishermen cook steaks there sometimes; I have done that myself."

They set off down the track through the woods into the valley. As they went he told her Billy Slim's story of the match that had burned blue down in the open paddock in the valley and of the fire that jumped. "I have not seen that in the two summers I have been here," he said.

"That was the fire that burned the town that was here?" she asked.

He nodded. "One of them. I will show you where the town was."

Presently through the green aisles ahead of them, and below, they saw a turn of the river, and then another. They dropped down into the valley flat and came out on an open sward beside the river, where no trees were growing, a meadow of perhaps five acres along the river bank. On the other side of the river, in among the trees, there was the iron roof of a weatherboard house. "That is where Billy Slim lives," he told her, "the forest ranger."

He put the basket and the grill down under a tree that stood alone in the meadow not far from the river. "This is where the town was," he said.

She looked round, startled. "Where? Here?"

"Here where we are standing, in this flat," he said. "There were many houses here fifty

years ago, and in the trees up the hill, where we have come."

"It seems incredible that it has gone so completely," she said, "and so soon. How many houses were there here?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "A hundred—perhaps more. There were three hotels." He moved a little way from the tree. "Can you see the line here, the rectangle? And here, another room, and here, three bricks? This was the Buller Arms Hotel that Billy Slim's father kept. Here come the girls to serve as barmaids to the miners, the naughty girls, if that old Irishman was right." He paused. "Only fifty years ago, and now all is gone."

She had great difficulty in believing it. She said, "Can you have the trees recovered so quickly? These trees are very big, some of them. Have they all grown up since the last fire?"

"Fire does not kill the trees," he told her. "All other trees die in the forest fire, but not the eucalypts. After the fire, when everything is burned to blackened stumps, you think the forest will be spoiled forever. But next spring the gum-trees shoot again, and in a very few years all is as it was before."

"Where is the cemetery?" she asked.

"It is a mile down the river, perhaps a mile and a half," he said. "There is a path that leads to it, but it is very overgrown. Also, it crosses the river three or four times, and it is necessary to walk through the water. Would you like for me to ask Billy Slim if he can lend a horse for you? It will be easier for you so."

Please turn to page 39

# A CLEAR, SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN WINS FRIENDS and HAPPINESS

**Scientific Discovery Stops Skin Itch in 7 Minutes—Quickly Cures Pimples, Eczema, Psoriasis, Impetigo, Blemishes and Foot Itch.**

If you or any of your loved ones are embarrassed and feel inferior because of ugly, disfiguring skin blemishes, such as pimples, eczema, ringworm, psoriasis, impetigo, blackheads, acne or fiery itching, you are missing a lot of the good things of life.

Fortunately, millions of Australian men, women, boys and girls have discovered that it is no longer necessary to suffer from skin troubles because of the wonderful help brought by the scientific remedy called NIXODERM. You, too, can prove in just a few short days how much NIXODERM can help you to have a clear, soft, smooth, attractive skin that wins friends and admiration and will bring you happiness.

## A Scientific Discovery

The basic NIXODERM formula was originally discovered by a leading scientist in England over 20 years ago. Since that time it has been scientifically developed and perfected until today it is

undoubtedly one of the greatest skin remedies in the world, and is so considered not only in Australia, but in 70 other countries, such as United States, England, Canada, South Africa, Siam, India, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, Uruguay, etc.

## Helps Skin 4 Ways

NIXODERM is a scientific compound of seven ingredients that fights skin trouble in four ways: (1) It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 minutes. At the same time, it is cooling and soothing to the skin. (2) It is antiseptic and thus kills many germs that may be the cause of pimples and other disfiguring skin blemishes. (3) It eradicates parasites and fungi which are the cause of many itching and disfiguring skin conditions. (4) Its emollient action lubricates excessively dry skin and helps nature remove dead, scaly surface skin, such as found in Psoriasis, which makes the skin look red, cloudy or blotchy.

## PRaised BY Millions

NIXODERM is known and praised throughout the world in over 20 languages and users write praising letters of the happiness it has brought them. For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Walerius, Bremen, Saskatchewan, Canada, recently wrote: "Skin blemishes embarrassed me and my husband also. Previous to knowing NIXODERM our faces were all blemished. It wasn't only irritating, we tried to stay home as much as possible, we felt so embarrassed among our friends. We tried many remedies but nothing helped. One day a lady told us about NIXODERM, your wonderful medicine. That day my husband got some from the chemist. We put NIXODERM on that very night and in a very short time the irritation ceased. I must say that in a couple of weeks our faces were as clear as ever—a new skin we both said. No more blackheads, no blemishes, no itching. Shaving,

I must say, was no longer painful to him. We both must say that we are so much to the miraculous work of NIXODERM. We would both give anything for NIXODERM."

Mr. Bob Weeden, Fremantle, W.A., writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13 and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without results. I tried NIXODERM with astonishing effect. The pimples seemed to fade away and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

Mr. R.K. also writes: "I suffered from terribly itching, burning and smarting Eczema for 12 years. Tried everything. At last I heard of NIXODERM. It stopped the itching in 10 minutes. I could see my skin clearing up on the second day. All the red, disfiguring blotches and scaly skin disappeared in ten days. My friends were amazed at the improvement in my appearance."

## FIGHT FOOT ITCH WHILE YOU SLEEP

Athlete's Foot, also known as Surfer's Foot, Hongkong Foot, Waikiki Itch, Dobbie Itch, etc., is quickly attacked by



NIXODERM. In fact, just rub it on your feet, in between your toes, before going to bed and it works while you sleep and you can see a terrific improvement after the first night. NIXODERM has a special ingredient that baines it to cling tightly to the affected parts of the skin like an invisible glove. In other words, it doesn't melt or run off, and thus the medical properties have a chance to do their very best work for a long time.

A Clear Soft Skin attracts both Men and Women.



## Guaranteed—No Benefit, No Pay

For your own happiness and peace of mind, you should go to your chemist or store today and get NIXODERM. Take this opportunity to prove how much NIXODERM can mean to your appearance and prove an asset in social and business life. See for yourself how quickly NIXODERM begins to bring you a clear, soft, smooth skin. Get NIXODERM what you consider to be a fair trial and if for any reason at all you are not completely satisfied, simply return the empty jar and all your money will be refunded immediately. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in letting NIXODERM heal your skin.

**NIXODERM**  
The Skin Ointment With A Guarantee



# Father's Day



**Pelaco**

*"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"*

PASTEL TONES  
SPORTMASTER  
WHITES





FOR FATHERS' DAY (Sept. 7th)

# "Let's give him **ZEALONS** those wonderful new sox you won't have to darn!"

What great money savers! Sox that will wear more than two, three and six times longer than ordinary sox! You have the choice of various types, and prices, in this new range of amazing Holeproof 'Zealons'. What is the secret? Wonderful new man-made fibres . . . as soft as silk yet as strong as steel . . . used in combination with wool and other fibres . . . and a new scientific process called 'Zealoning'! The result: amazing long-wearing sox that are soft and comfortable . . . shrinkproof and moisture absorbent . . . sox that always remain true to size and almost banish the darning needle!



'Zealons' for men and women! Yes, there are Wool-Zealon and Lisle-Zealon sox for the ladies, too . . . Guaranteed to outwear THREE pairs of ordinary sox! What a boon to all feminine sock wearers . . . to tennis players . . . to golfers . . . and a blessing to every Mother who has children at school.

Ask to see Holeproof 'Zealons' at your favourite store to-day — they're from

## HOLEPROOF

AN ORGANISATION OF 2,000 PEOPLE  
BY FAR THE LARGEST MAKERS OF SOX AND STOCKINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

### APOLOGY

The great public demand for 'Zealons' in those States where they have so far been released has delayed the widest distribution to our thousands of retail stores throughout Australia. We apologize to those stores who have not yet received stocks of 'Zealons', and will do everything possible to speed up delivery.

The entire Holeproof Sox Plant is now over to the production of 'Zealons' to cope with the demand.

OTHER HOLEPROOF GIFT SUGGESTIONS . . . SHIRTS — TIES — P.T.U. UNDERSHORTS — RAINWEAR AND "VON" JACKETS



## JENNIFER

laughed. "I'd fall off a horse, Carl. I can't ride. How deep is the water that we've got to walk through?"

"I do not think it will be deeper than your knees." "Well, that's all right. I don't mind getting these shoes wet. I'll be rather nice to paddle on a day like this."

They left the basket of food hanging up on a branch of the tree and started off along the side of the river. Presently the path led them down to the water, and was seen emerging from the river on the far side, among the bushes. "Here is the ford," Zlinter said. "I will go first; I do not think I will be deep."

He walked into the water and turned to look back at her; she followed him gingerly. The water was cool and refreshing about her ankles, plucking at her slacks; she stooped and pulled them up above the knee.

She followed him across the river, as it grew deep she reached out and took his hand, and he guided her across. In the thicket on the other side he said, "It would be better to put down your trousers now, so you will get your legs scratched."

He went ahead of her on the narrow path, forcing the bushes aside where they grew thickly and holding them back for her to pass. Presently they crossed the river again, and then a third time, and a fourth, as the path changed from side to side to avoid spurs and rocky outcrops.

They went on till they came to a red stone bluff on the north side of the river; the path wound round this, and Carl Zlinter stopped. "It is somewhere here," he said. "There must have been a road here at one time, from the town, but there is nothing to see now. I think the stones are over there somewhere."

Jennifer said, "What's that—over there by the white one?"

"That is right. That is one of them." He guided her through the undergrowth and they came to the three stones that were still standing. He stepped beside the furthest one and rubbed the surface of it. "This is the one."

She stooped beside him and read the inscription. She had never doubted his story, but it was a satisfaction to her to see the carved letters with her own eyes. "Charlie Zlinter and his

Warning Extra Blood Flow  
Brings Quick relief from

**STRAINED  
ACHING BACK**

The persistent dull ache of a strained back and the jabbing, agonising pains of lumbago are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Just put it on. No rubbing, no massaging. Sloan's liniment is a comforting, pain-relieving remedy by stimulating the circulation. That is done away in a few minutes.

Take a bottle of Sloan's Liniment. It's always handy. It's valuable for stopping the pain also of rheumatism, sprains, joint aches and fibrositis. Never use without Sloan's—the greatest protection against pain and relief in muscles and joints.

Just put on  
**SLOAN'S**  
FAMILY LINIMENT  
ONLY 2/9  
BOTTLE

## The Far Country

Continued from page 36

dog," she said quietly. "It was nice of them to bury the dog with him."

He looked at her and smiled. "That old Irishman, he said the priest would not have allowed it, but he did not know."

"Do you think he was a relation of yours, Carl?"

"Perhaps," he said. "I would like to think he was. I would like to think that someone of my family had been here before me and had liked this place as I like it. I think he must have liked it here, because he had his cabin here somewhere, not in Banbury. You would think a bullock-team driver who drove every day between this place and Banbury would have had his home in Banbury where there was a railway and more life, but it was not so. He had his home here."

She looked up at him, smiling. "Would you like to have a home here?"

He nodded soberly. "I would like that very much. For many years I have now lived in camps, always with other men, and for at least another nine months I must still live so. I would like very much to have a little cabin in the woods by a trout river, like this one, where I could come and live at the week-end and keep some books and be alone a little."

"You won't want a cabin in the woods in nine months' time," she said. "You'll be off somewhere qualifying to be a doctor."

He shook his head. "I do not think that I shall be a doctor again. It costs too much, and three years of study is too long. I do not think that I shall be a doctor."

"What will you do when you leave the camp, then, Carl?"

He smiled. "Perhaps I shall not leave the camp. Perhaps I shall go on as a lumberman." "That'd be an awful waste," she said. "You ought to do something better than that."

"It is a good life," he replied. "I like living in the woods. I like that very much. If I had a cabin on the Howqua here, as Charlie Zlinter had, that I could come to at the week-ends, I could be very happy as a lumberman."

"Until the lumber camp moved on and it was too far for you to come here for the week-ends," she said.

"That is the danger," he said. "I have already thought about that. I think we shall be at Lamirra for another two years, but after that the camp may move. I got to his feet and helped her up. 'I have shown you what we came to see,' he said. 'Charlie Zlinter and his dog, who fell into the water and got drowned. Only fifty years ago, and practically forgotten now.'"

They walked back by the way they had come. At the meadow by the river he showed her the rough fireplace of a few stones heaped together, remote from any inflammable scrub. He gathered a few dry fallen branches from the gum trees and a handful of bark, and laid the fire and put a match to it. He laid the grill across the stones, sprinkled the steaks with a little salt and laid them over the fire; in ten minutes from the time that the fire was lit they were ready to be eaten.

"It's awfully quick this way," she said. "And they're delicious."

"It is the best way to cook meat," he said.

They ate in silence, sitting in the grass in the shade of the big tree where Billy Slim's father had kept his hotel, and later, when having a cigarette, Jennifer said, "Carl, you promised last night that you'd tell me about your strange idea."

"I have nearly told you that already."

"What have you nearly told me?"

"That I want to build a cabin for myself here in the Howqua Valley."

"I know that. But what's the strange idea?"

He raised his head, laughing a little in embarrassment. "I would like if I can to find where Charlie Zlinter had his house and build mine there on the same place."

"I think that's rather nice, Carl."

"You do not think it stupid?"

She shook her head. "Not a bit. How would you find out where Charlie Zlinter lived?"

"I would like to go and have a talk with Billy Slim presently," he said. "But I do not think that he will know, because he was not born at that time. I think it is more likely that I would learn something from Mary Nolan."

She smiled. "One of the naughty girls?"

He laughed with her. "Yes, one of the naughty girls. But she will not be naughty now. She must be over seventy years old."

"She wouldn't talk about that time, would she?" Jennifer hesitated, trying to choose her words. "I mean, Carl, if she was a naughty girl when she knew Charlie Zlinter, she wouldn't want to tell people about it when she's seventy years old."

## PERPLEXED,

Carl stared at her. "I had not thought of that. You mean she might know things about him, but she would not say, because of what they did when she was young?"

She nodded. "I should think you'd have an awful job to get anything out of her. She'd have to know you very well before she'd talk, especially to a man."

He turned to her. "Would you come with me to see her? Perhaps she might talk to you."

"I don't mind going to see her with you," Jennifer said. It would mean another of these delightful days, if nothing else. "It's just possible she might open up with me, but I don't think it's likely. What exactly is it that you want to know?"

"About any papers that would tell us who he was," he replied. "If there was a passport, or identity document, or letters, or photographs of home—anything that would say who he was. What happened to those things after he was dead. And where the cabin was."

They got up presently and went to see Billy Slim.

They found him asleep that hot summer afternoon; there was a stir from the bedroom as they stepped on to the verandah, and presently he looked out at them, clad only in a pair of khaki shorts. "Aw, look," he said. "I won't be more 'n a minute." He came out presently with a shirt on. "Just having a bit of shuteye," he said. "I saw you, Splinter, earlier on to-day, going down the river somewhere."

Zlinter said, "This is Miss Jenny, who is staying with Jack Dorman."

"This is the young lady who helped you do those operations at Lamirra?"

"This is the one. How did you get to know about that?"

"Aw, everybody knows about that. I heard about it at the Jig." To Jennifer he said, "How do you do, Miss? I'll just put on the kettle for a pot of tea."

They sat down at his table. "We have just been to see the gravestones at the cemetery," Zlinter said. "To see the one that has my name upon it."

Slim paused, teapot in hand. "I went and had a look at it myself the other day. Charlie Zlinter and his dog, just like you said."

"I have found out a little more about Charlie Zlinter. He drove a bullock team." He started in and told the forest ranger most of the information that he had collected from Pat Halloran, omitting the information that Mary Nolan was still alive. "Now I would like to find out where he lived in Howqua," he said at last.

Billy Slim set the cups before them and poured out the tea.

"I never saw the town myself," he said. "I came here first as just a little nipper sometime in the first war, but that was some years after it was burnt through for the first time. The fire went through here in 1909—or was it 1910? There were some stumps of brick chimneys and iron roofing. I picked up all the iron there was and used it as walls for sheds, with new iron on the roof. I had a stable built of it, before the second fire came through. The chimney stumps, well, they just went away in time. Fell down."

Jennifer said, "I suppose you don't know where Charlie Zlinter lived?"

The ranger shook his head. "I don't. I don't think anyone could tell you that after all these years. What do you want to know that for?"

Carl Zlinter said, "It was just a fancy. I would like to build a little hut here, a place where I could sleep when I come fishing and not always trouble you."

The forest ranger nodded. "Sure," he said, "you could do that. You'd have to buy an allotment from the Lands Department."

"What is that?"

"The Lands Department, in Melbourne, they own all the land, and they've got it all mapped out as town lots in the valley here. They sell these lots, see? Like in any town you buy a vacant lot for a house. Well, if you've got a lot and you don't pay the rates, after a while you lose your allotment and it goes back to the Lands Department, and they can sell it to someone else." He paused. "That's happened with every one of the township allotments here."

Jennifer asked, "You mean, if you wanted to put up a hut down on the river you'd have to buy a town site?"

"That's right. You'd get so many yards frontage on the street and so much depth."

They laughed, and the girl said, "No. 12, Jubilee Parade?"

"That's right."

He could not tell them any more, and presently they left him to his lonely life and went back across the wire bridge to the meadow by the river. "It's a lovely, lovely place," the girl said. "Whether you find out about Charlie Zlinter or not, Carl, it's a lovely place to build a little hut."

Jack Dorman met them in the yard, glancing critically at the utility when they got back to Leonora. "Brought it home all in one piece?"

"I have not hit it against anything," said Zlinter. "It was very, very kind of you to lend it to us."

Jennifer left him talking to Jack Dorman by the car, leading up to a suggestion that they should borrow it again on Saturday, and went into the house. She found Jane in the kitchen, ironing.

"There was a telegram for you from England, Jenny," she said. "It came over the telephone; I wrote it down. Not too good news, I'm afraid."

The girl took the paper from her. It read:

"Think you should know Mummy very ill bronchitis and asthma sends you all her love with mine. Writing airmail."

"Daddy."

Please turn to page 47

Beauty in brief:

## Water for beauty

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Unless she is impelled by natural thirst, the average woman is apt to forget to drink a glass of water here and there during the day; yet plentiful intake of water is one of the cheapest tonics and beauty aids available.

AT least six to eight glasses of water a day are the minimum; some people can take more, others have to cultivate the water-imbibing habit.

One way in which you may work up a natural thirst is to eat for one meal a day some food that tends to induce thirst, such as a seasoned dish or fish with a salty tang.

At the same time, if you're on a slimming regime and cutting down on calories, it's a good idea to use as little table-salt as possible for the time being.

Salt increases the desire for liquid, and, although water itself is non-fattening, it will temporarily increase weight. Salt also stimulates appetite sometimes.

If you have to cut down on salt, the next best idea is to put a sign—WATER—in a conspicuous place where you are bound to see it and be reminded to drink a glassful from time to time.

**HAVE DAILY  
REGULARITY  
WITHIN  
10 DAYS  
(without purgatives)**

"I'D BEEN  
TROUBLED FOR YEARS.  
THEN YOUR ALL-BRAN  
PUT ME RIGHT  
IN A WEEK!"

Mr. J. G. SHELPER, 12 Rutland Av., Castlecrag.

**Complete Satisfaction  
or Double Your Money Back**

This is all you need do . . . enjoy tasty, tasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

**BULK IS THE ANSWER!**

Your daily health and regularity depend on what you eat. Kellogg's All Bran is not a purgative. It contains the bulk your system needs to end constipation. The vital bulk in this rich, nut-sweet health-food helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle elimination . . . no purgatives needed this natural way.

Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran

right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose that wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

**YOU BENEFIT  
3 WAYS**

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health-food and blood tonic all in one! Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran builds up your health. It gives you vitality as it brings regularity instead of purging the energy out of you.

**Kellogg's  
ALL-BRAN**  
Registered Trade Mark

**END IRREGULARITY—the way  
NATURE intended**



A952-4



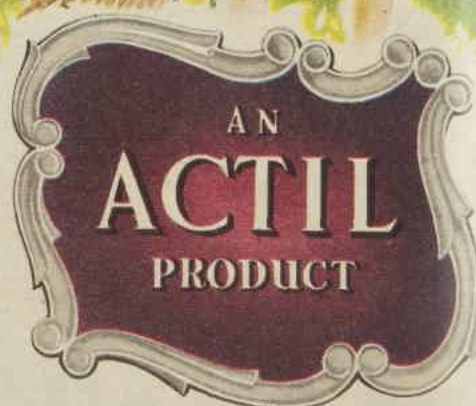
**FASCO**  
ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

**CAPABLE COTTONS**  
*so bright... so right...*  
**inside the home and out**



Here's the new All Purpose Fabric for family wear...  
FASCO... durable, tubbable, colourful, and  
every inch Australian. Easy to sew, Fasco makes  
long-lasting house-frocks, sunsuits, uniforms, aprons, hats,  
children's wear, and sports shirts for men. There's a  
wide range of captivating colours—all guaranteed fast—and  
the width is 35/36 inches.

Makers of ACTIL SHEETS (Linen Finish & Super Twill)  
PILLOW CASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES



**BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL**

**AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED** - ACTIL AVENUE - WOODVILLE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA



# Pattern for beginners

F2081—Beginners' pattern for a frock and bolero. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for the frock and 1yd. 36in. material for the bolero. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 2/6.

# Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Collins, Sydney (postal address Box 4668, G.P.O., Sydney), and from the city depot, Stodart's Building, 125a York St., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland. Postage is included in prices quoted.



F2080—Summer floral designed on softly feminine lines. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 3/6.

F2079—Small girl's frock suitable for a bridal attendant. Requires 3yds. 36in. tulle, 2yds. 36in. plain organza, and 2yds. 36in. taffeta, with 2yds. 3in. satin ribbon and 1yd. 3in. satin ribbon. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price, 3/6.

F2082—Dramatic and unusual wedding gown. Requires 6yds. 108in. width tulle and 7yds. 36in. taffeta. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 6/6.

F2083—A neat and comfortable house-gown for the summer. Requires 7yds. 36in. material with 1yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 4/9.

F2084—A simple style with contrasting cuffs. Requires 5yds. 36in. material with 1yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 3/6.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 302—BIB APRON  
Pretty style available cut out ready to make in floral cotton in blue, pink, mauve, and lemon. Size medium. Price, 10/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 299—WAIST APRON  
Available cut out traced ready to embroider in good quality organdie. Color choice includes white, pastel pink, sky-blue, pale green, and lemon. Size, medium. Price, 11/9. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 300—FROCK AND BOLERO  
A smart twosome cut out ready to make. The frock is obtainable in check cotton zephyr. Color choice includes blue and white, green and white, and red and white. The bolero is obtainable in white pique only. Frock, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra. Bolero, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 16/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 17/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 301—SUPPER-CLOTH WITH MATCHING SERVIETTES  
Available traced ready to embroider on good quality cream Irish linen in size 36in. x 36in. and in white Irish linen in size 54in. x 54in. The serviettes measure 11in. x 11in. Price, cloth, 36in. x 36in., 23/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra each. Cloth, 54in. x 54in., 42/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage 3d. extra each.



That clear, smooth

# Pears skin

can be yours!

Babies have it . . . Brides have it  
You can have it too!

No matter what your mirror tells you now, you can begin to see improvement in your skin in just a few days. Gentle Pears Soap, preferred by generations of beautiful women, can help you discover your greatest natural asset—the appeal of a clear, smooth skin.



From clear, pure PEARS Soap—a clear smooth PEARS Skin.

Ps. 50s. W122g

## IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

Can't sleep after supper? Try

# KWIC BRU

Delicious! Easy prepared! All grocers!



# New Rooms for Old!

with

# DYNAMEL



It's so quick and easy to bring sparkling, colorful personality to every room in your home with Brilliant Gloss DYNAMEL. On furniture, cabinets, interior woodwork, doors, walls—on all surfaces, large or small—Dynamel flows on with never a streak or brushmark. **Dynamel is better than enamel!** Dries mirror-smooth! Hard! Scrubbable!



Dynamel made me so proud of my kitchen. It's so fresh and bright, a brand new kitchen couldn't be smarter. And—I did it all myself for practically nothing!



Dynamel is so easy to use, it gave me confidence to wage war on my special hate—the bathroom. Now I thrill anew each time my friends admire it!



Our sun verandah looked shabby and gloomy, too, till Jim got busy. He's completely sold on Dynamel—it's a joy to use and spells real economy, so



**Buy a Tin! To-Day!**

## TAUBMANS Color Service

Have you a decorating problem—are you in doubt about what color to use where—or what is the best finish? Whether painting a new home or redecorating an old one bring your worries, large or small, to Taubmans Color Service. Experienced decorators are at your service to advise on all painting and decorating problems.

Address your queries to Taubmans Color Service in your State

SYDNEY, 65 York Street.

MELBOURNE, Box 1632M, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE, Box 366D, G.P.O.

BRISBANE, Box 1451T, G.P.O.  
PERTH, P.O. Box 51541.

TAUBMANS INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Sydney Newcastle Melbourne Brisbane Adelaide Perth



# Cooking for TWO

## By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

The dinner for two suggested on this page will prove very simple if the working plan given below is followed carefully.

THE art of being a good housekeeper is not one that can be acquired overnight. It takes time and experience to present a good, appetising dinner without undue fuss and anxiety.

The following menu has been planned especially for the new homemaker, and a cooking guide has been included to make the preparation of the dinner as easy as possible.

If the shopping has been done well in advance, the complete meal should be prepared and served in approximately 2½ hours. Of course, an experienced housewife would not take so long.

First read the recipes through carefully, so that you have a clear idea of what you are going to do.

Then proceed with the preparation of the dishes in the following order:

Prepare seasoning for meat, then put meat on to cook and prepare vegetables.

Make apricot shortcake. (Apricots should be cooked earlier in the day, or even the day before. If tinned fruit pulp is used, it needs to be sweetened with sugar to sweeten.)

While shortcake cooks, make sauce

for asparagus mornay, hard-boil egg, and open asparagus. Set aside half the asparagus and all the asparagus liquid to use for soup next day.

Remove shortcake from oven and put pumpkin, potatoes, and onions into baking-dish. Dry all vegetables before putting into hot fat, and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Make breadcrumbs, grate cheese, and finish preparing asparagus mornay, leaving it to go in oven about 20 minutes before serving time. Cut brown bread and butter.

Put broccoli (or any other green vegetable) on to cook. Place asparagus mornay in oven. Assemble sweets, first whipping the cream.

Prepare coffee; set table. Lift meat and vegetables on to heated serving-dishes and keep hot in oven while making gravy and draining broccoli.

### ASPARAGUS MORNAV

Half a tin asparagus cuts (use balance for soup next day), ½ cup white sauce, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 4 or 5 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs mixed with the same quantity of grated cheese, butter, parsley, brown bread and butter.

Mix well-drained asparagus cuts with freshly made white sauce, reserving a few tips for garnishing. Season with salt and cayenne, then fold in chopped hard-boiled egg. Fill into greased scallop-shells, top with crumbs and grated cheese. Dot with butter, bake in hot oven until top is bubbly and brown. Garnish with parsley and asparagus tips. Serve with thin brown bread and butter.

### MENU

Asparagus Mornay  
Roast Seasoned Veal  
Baked Potatoes Pumpkin  
Baked Onions Broccoli  
Apricot Shortcake  
Coffee

### VEAL ROAST FOR TWO

Approximately 2½lb. rolled fillet of veal or 2lb. veal chops, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, good pinch grated lemon rind, pinch herbs and nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon milk, garlic.

Remove wooden skewers from veal, unroll. Wipe with dampened kitchen paper. Combine breadcrumbs, parsley, lemon rind, nutmeg, herbs, butter, salt, pepper, and milk. Mix well together, spread over meat. Re-roll and fasten with kitchen or silver skewers. With a small, sharp-

pointed knife cut 4 or 5 small slits in surface of meat and insert a small piece of a clove of garlic. If chops are used, pack seasoning between chops arranged one on top of another. Slit surface and insert garlic as for rolled veal. Place on rack in baking-dish or directly into hot fat about 3-8in. deep. Bake in moderate oven, basting frequently, for approximately 1½ to 2 hours. Add potatoes, pumpkin pieces, and small whole onions 40 to 50 minutes before serving time. Serve with brown gravy.

### BROCCOLI

Thoroughly wash young broccoli (a dark green vegetable similar in flavor to cauliflower). Remove large leaves and tough portions of stalk. Cover with boiling salted water and cook very gently until barely tender, about 10 minutes. Drain carefully and serve sprinkled with a little lemon juice and melted butter.

### APRICOT SHORTCAKE

Three-quarters to 1 cup cooked dried apricot pulp, ½ cup self-raising flour, ¼ cup plain flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, chopped nuts, whipped cream.

Sift flours with salt, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly on floured board, press or roll to

1-8in. thickness. Cut with plain or fluted cutter about 3in. to 3½in. size. Bake on greased tray in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Place one round in each serving-dish, top with apricot pulp. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, add a swirl of whipped cream (or a scoop of ice-cream).

### CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

(May be served in place of asparagus mornay.)

One quarter of a medium-sized cauliflower, 1 cup white sauce, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 rasher cooked bacon, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs mixed with the same quantity of grated cheese, butter, parsley, brown bread and butter.

Break cauliflower into flowerets, wash well. Drop into boiling salted water, simmer 6 to 8 minutes, drain very carefully. Divide between 2 greased ovenware ramekin dishes. Shell and chop egg, mix into sauce with bacon, salt, and cayenne pepper. Pour over cauliflower. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese, dot generously with butter. Bake in hot oven until top is bubbly and brown. Garnish with parsley, serve with thin brown bread and butter.

Note: If desired, bacon may be omitted from the sauce and 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese and 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley added instead.

DELICIOUS DINNER FOR TWO. A light, hot savory, asparagus mornay, is followed by roast seasoned veal, baked vegetables, and broccoli, and easy-to-make apricot shortcake. See recipes on this page.



# WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



Only Pepsodent contains Irium  
to get rid of **FILM**

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel the film? Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, the special film removing ingredient. And Pepsodent does not contain harsh abrasives — its extra cleaning power is gentle cleaning power.

BUY THE BIG, NEW ECONOMY TUBE  
— plenty for all the family



The Neal family of 8  
vote for **RINSO**

WITH ITS  
THICKER, RICHER  
SUDS



The Neals of 139 Hillcrest Avenue, East Bankstown, N.S.W., are typical of the thousands of families who have proved that ordinary suds just can't compete with the magic of Rinsol's thicker, richer suds.

A FINE  
LEVER  
PRODUCT



NOW IN 2 SIZES Standard and big Economy Size

## Orange flavor in prize recipes

The tangy flavor of orange is used in the three recipes which win prizes this week.

**ORANGE** wafer gateau, which wins £5, is a delicious sweet made of thin layers of shortcake joined with a smooth orange filling. Some of the filling is spread over the top and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.

Braised oxtail, a consolation prize-winner, is served with spiced orange slices, some of which may be bottled and kept for future use.

In the golden orange dessert, sago may be replaced by tapioca, ground rice, or whole rice.

All spoon measurements are level.

### ORANGE WAFER GATEAU

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 6 tablespoons cornflour, ½ cup milk, ½ cup orange juice.

Filling: One cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon shortening.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, and cornflour, fold in alternately with milk and orange juice. Spread ½ in. thickness over base of inverted tin, sandwich-tins, greased and lightly floured, taking mixture to within ½ in. of edge. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes, loosen with spatula or flexible knife blade,



**ORANGE WAFER GATEAU**, which wins the main prize of £5 this week, is a dual-purpose recipe. It may be served as a dinner sweet with cream or ice-cream or as a cake for afternoon tea.

cool on cake-cooler. Make five or six wafers. Spread orange filling between layers, adding a sprinkling of chopped walnuts if desired. Decorate top with meringue made with remaining egg-white and 3 tablespoons sugar.

**Orange Filling:** Blend cornflour with a little of the water. Heat fruit juices, balance of water and sugar, add blended cornflour, stir until boiling. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes, add shortening and beaten egg-yolk, mix well, cool.

**First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Dunlop, Room 2, Ground Floor, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.**

### BRAISED OXTAIL WITH SPICED ORANGE SLICES

One oxtail, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup water, 3 tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ teaspoon celery salt, 3 cloves, 1 bay leaf, 4 small carrots, 2 small onions, ½ cup sherry or juice of 1 lemon.

Wash and dry oxtail, cut into joints. Coat with flour, brown in hot fat. Add water, skinned and sliced tomato, and seasonings. Cover, simmer 3 hours. Saute diced carrots and chopped onions in extra fat until lightly browned, drain. Add to meat 40 minutes before serving time. Just before serving, add sherry or lemon juice.

**Spiced Orange Slices:** Use some with the oxtail—reserve balance for future use. Cut 3 oranges into ½ in. slices. Cover with water, simmer until tender—about 1½ hours. Boil 1 lb. sugar, ½ pint vinegar, 1 teaspoon celery salt, small stick cinnamon, 3 cloves, 2 peppercorns, and small blade mace for five minutes. Add oranges, cover, and cook ½ hour. Stand overnight, drain off syrup, and cook until thickened. Pack orange slices in clean hot jars, pour in syrup, seal.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to M. Cunningham, 167 Fernberg Rd., Rosalie, Brisbane.**

### GOLDEN ORANGE DESSERT

Two oranges, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sago, ½ pint custard, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Peel and pith oranges, slice. Sprinkle with icing sugar, place in serving-dish. Heat milk and sugar, add sago, cook gently until sago is clear and jelly-like, stirring frequently. Pour over fruit, cool. Add golden syrup to custard, pour over dessert, leave to set. Top with sprinkling of coconut and nutmeg before serving.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Small, "Uralla," 42 River Avenue, Chastown, N.S.W.**

### Basic recipe No. 17

## KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

### OMELETS

Plain or savory omelets are a popular dish when eggs are reasonably priced and plentiful.

Allow 3 eggs for 2 servings.

### FLUFFY OMELET

For each 3 eggs allow 3 dessertspoons cold water, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, butter for cooking.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites and salt until stiff. Beat yolks lightly with the water. Fold lightly into stiffly beaten whites, season with pepper. Heat 1 teaspoon butter in omelet pan, or sufficient to make a thin covering over base. Carefully pour in egg mixture. Cook over gentle, steady heat until omelet is set and lightly browned on the bottom and well puffed on top. Remove pan from top of stove and place under grill or in moderate oven to set and brown top. When set, omelet should be elastic to the touch. Fold over, serve on hot plate immediately.

### VARIATIONS

**Economy Omelet:** A three-egg omelet which serves 3 or 4. Blend 1 level tablespoon flour to a smooth cream with ½ cup milk. Stir over heat until mixture thickens and

boils. Simmer 2, or 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Cool slightly, fold in 3 beaten egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper. Lastly fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg-whites. Cook same way as plain omelet.

**Cheese Omelet:** Fold in ½ cup grated cheese before cooking. A teaspoon of grated or scraped onion may be added if desired.

**Savory Omelet:** Combine ½ cup cooked tomato, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, pepper, and, if desired, 1 teaspoon or more of chopped green pepper. Spoon on to omelet before folding over.

**Bacon or Ham Omelet:** Sprinkle one or two tablespoons chopped, cooked bacon or ham over omelet before folding over.

**Prawn Omelet:** Mix ½ cup shelled, chopped prawns with sufficient white sauce to bind. Season with lemon juice and cayenne pepper. Spoon on to omelet before folding over.

**Corn and Bacon Omelet:** Combine ½ cup sweet corn, 1 tablespoon chopped, cooked bacon, and 2 tablespoons cooked green peas. Spoon on to omelet before folding over.

**Parsley Omelet:** Add 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped parsley to the omelet before cooking.



## Versatile sun sweater

**K**NITTED in lightweight wool, this adaptable sweater, which can be worn as a daytime sun-top or as an informal evening blouse, will be an ideal addition for holiday or week-end wear.

**Materials:** 5 (6) skeins "Twin-Prufe" mothproof and shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12.

**Measurements:** Length 24in. (20in.); bust, 32-34in. (28in.).  
**Tension:** 7 sts. 1in.; 9 rows in.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 (102) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, increasing 8 (10) sts., 34 (112) sts. Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 118 (126) sts. When work measures 10 1/2 in. (11in.), work as follows:

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 7 (8), k 104 (110), moss-st. 7 (8).

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 7 (8), k 104 (110), moss-st. 7 (8).

Repeat these 2 rows 3 times.

**Next Row:** Cast off 4 (5), moss-st. 3, k 104 (110), moss-st. 7 (8).

**Next Row:** Cast off 4 (5), moss-st. 3, p 104 (110), moss-st. 3.

Continue to keep 3 sts. each end to moss-st. and decrease 1 st. inside each moss-st. border every row 4 (5) times, then every 2nd row until decreased to 94 (96) sts. Continue without shaping until armholes measure 4in. (4 1/2 in.).

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, k 24 (25), moss-st. 40, k 24 (25), moss-st. 3.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, p 24 (25), moss-st. 40, p 24 (25), moss-st. 3.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, k 24 (25), moss-st. 3 (leave on a spare needle), cast off loosely

**WIDE** shoulder-straps attractively trimmed with large bows add smartness to this simply styled sun sweater which is knitted in stocking-stitch and moss-stitch. Instructions for making it in two sizes are given on this page.

34 sts., moss-st. 3, k 24 (25), moss-st. 3.

Continue on last 30 (31) sts., keeping 3 sts. each end in moss-st. for 9in. Cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

### FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 3in. (3 1/2 in.).

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, k 24 (25), moss-st. 40, k 24 (25), moss-st. 3.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, p 24 (25), moss-st. 40, p 24 (25), moss-st. 3.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, k 24 (25), moss-st. 3 (leave on a spare needle), cast off loosely

34 sts., moss-st. 3, k 24 (25), moss-st. 3.

Continue on last 30 (31) sts., keeping 3 sts. each end in moss-st. for 1in. Cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

## Cotton bath mitt and face cloth

**C**ROCHETED in hard-wearing cotton, these bathroom accessories make a pleasing and useful gift.

**Materials:** 3oz. Astor "Duchess" white cotton, 1oz. Astor "Duchess" blue cotton, No. 8 or equivalent size Stratton crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Bath mitt, 7in. by 4 1/2 in.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to 1in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain, d.c., double crochet; rep., repeat, in., inches. Use the running double throughout.

**Work 51 ch.**

**1st Row:** 1 d.c. into second ch. from hook, then 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, turn with 1 ch.

**2nd Row:** Insert hook under

the lower part of 2nd d.c. of previous row, not working into the loops at the top at all, then work 1 d.c., \* insert hook into lower part of next d.c. and work 1 d.c., rep. from \* to end, working 1 d.c. into last d.c., turn with 1 ch. Repeat last row until 20 rib rows have been worked. Now, working rather tightly, work 2 rows of d.c. Fasten off.

Press work with a warm iron and damp cloth. Fold in half widthwise, then join lower edge and side-seam. With blue cotton work 1 row of d.c. around top edge, followed by a row of slip-stitch. Now work 12 ch., then slip-stitch back to edging. Fold in half and sew down end to form loop.

**Materials:** 2oz. Astor



**ROUND** cotton face cloth and bath mitt can be crocheted in a few hours. White with a colored border is suggested in the instructions given on this page, but there are many pretty colors available in cotton.

## THE BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN OF ALL!

# LIVELY FLAVOUR!

So crisp they rustle out of the packet! So alive with the sweet, full flavour of choicest corn, Kellogg's Corn Flakes disappear like magic!



## deep-down-GOODNESS



Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you **one third** of your daily food needs. And!—compare the cost of Kellogg's Corn Flakes per serve with that of other foods!



**Breakfast need NOT be hot to warm you!** Human beings take their fuel from energy-giving foods (chiefly carbohydrates) that are burned up in the body. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are extremely rich in carbohydrates—so they give you energy and keep you warm.



## 24 BIG BREAKFASTS - in every 16oz. Packet!

Kellogg's

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

CX52-2



THEY'RE SO MUCH SMARTER . . . COST SO MUCH LESS!

LACE-LOVELY

**Glorowin**

LINGERIE

Undies, too, don't forget, are prettiest when they're styled by Glorowin. In easy-to-laundry sunproof loomknit, and the daintiest of pastel shades, for kiddies as well as grown-ups. And glamorous printed house-gowns, becoming as they're beautiful.

Fabrics New as the Styles . . .  
Styles New as the Season . . .

Waffle-cloth, with rippled, flattering surface! Intricately lovely Bali-Batque prints! Sophisticated Shartex — sunbright Riviera stripes, colour-proud bird's-eye checks! We've space to show only five of more than fifty vividly-beautiful styles, all vying for pride of place in the smartest showing to date — yet look at the modest prices. NOW is the time to order — we foresee a rush ahead!

**Glorowin**  
FROCKS & LINGERIE

529  
ABOUT  
99/-



505  
ABOUT  
99/-

Interstate  
Distributors:

Queensland: W. McKinnon, Room 207a,  
228 Flinders St., Melbourne - MU 7701;  
New South Wales: J. J. Geary Pty. Ltd.,  
207a Castlereagh St., Sydney - MA 3803.  
South Australia: H. Lord, 2nd Floor,  
Teutonic House, Adelaide - CV 7844.  
Western Australia: John O'Hagan Pty.,  
142 St. George's Terrace, Perth - SA 3557.  
Tasmania: M. J. Radford,  
Room 5, 97 Collins St., Hobart.  
Victoria: Gloria Balling Mills,  
279 Spring St., Melbourne - FB 2608, Cant. 5872.

539  
ABOUT  
75/-

518  
ABOUT  
110/-

531  
ABOUT  
85/-

All styles also available in XW to OS fittings

GL3

505: Gracefully-draping waffle-cloth with soft unpressed pleats. Oyster/white, hawthorn-berry/oyster, honey-suckle/brown, Raphael-blue/oyster, brown/shell beige, April green/Spring leaf. XSSW-W. About 99/-.

529: Dramatic Sun-Suit in Shartex. Contrast piping on sleeveless bolero repeated on the full-skirted, cuff-top frock. Powder blue, hydrangea pink, English lilac, oyster, ice-green, honey-suckle. Sizes XSSW-W. About 99/-.

539: Brave Riviera stripes for sun-time smartness. Trim buttons, two jaunty pockets, and a skirt with a care-free swing! Striped in burgundy, blue, red, green or Cuban tan on white ground. XSSW-W. About 75/-.

518: Newer-than-tomorrow Bali-Batque prints in breathtaking blends of subtle colour. Every imaginable toning including peacock blue, royal, green, tawny, and glorious multi-colours. Sizes XSSW-W. About 110/-.

531: Plunging neckline style with rows of frosty-white picot trim on bodice and around the triangular pockets. Burgundy, blue, green, red, Cuban tan bird's-eye checks on white grounds. Sizes XSSW-W. About 85/-.

CREATIONS OF GLORIA MILLS, MELBOURNE . . . NATIONALLY ADVERTISED AND SOLD BY ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



At once, this faded Jennifer back into the bleak winter of England that in the heat and ease and beauty of the Australian summer she had almost forgotten.

At Jane's suggestion she wrote her mother a telegram that they telephoned through to the post office, a telegram of sympathetic, conventional words of love. She felt as she dictated it that it was totally inadequate, and for the first time she felt real regret that she had returned so far from her home, but there was nothing to be done about that now, and no other words but the hackneyed ones to express what she would have liked to convey to her mother.

She went into Banbury next morning with Jane and Jack Dorman. The inquest was held in the police court next to the police station. The coroner was an elderly grayer, a Mr. Herbert Richardson, who had been a Justice of the Peace in Banbury for many years and took the infrequent inquests that arose as deputy coroner for the district. Jim Forrest was there with Carl Zlinter, and Dr. Jennings, and a fair number of onlookers. Inquests did not happen very often in Banbury.

Mr. Richardson was rather cool; he needed a good deal of prompting by the police, but finally he opened the proceedings by inviting Sergeant Russell to tell the story of the death of Albert Hanson, which the police sergeant did with commendable detachment.

On the suggestion of the police sergeant, the coroner asked Mr. Forrest to give evidence; he took the oath and started in to tell the story, the coroner laboriously writing down his evidence in longhand. He was asked:

"So you authorised the man

Zlinter to take off the foot of the deceased man, did you?"

"Too right," said Mr. Forrest. "I couldn't do anything else. Zlinter said the foot would have to come off, anyway, and I could see that for myself."

"Did you know at the time that he had no medical licence to practise in Australia?"

"I knew that."

"But you authorised him to do this operation?"

"Aw, look," the manager said, "what would you have done? We couldn't get a doctor, 'n' we couldn't leave him there all night. If we'd tried to shift the sticks and bulldozer quick, we'd have dropped one on top of him, like as not. I reckoned I was lucky to have a doctor of any sort there, even if he was a crook one."

The old man wrote all that down slowly. "I see. And then when you got him to the camp, what happened then?"

The tale went on. "And then some silly fool went 'n' gave him a bottle of whisky," the manager said at last. "He got fighting drunk 'n' it was all that we could do to keep him in the bed. My word. And then, after an hour or two of that, the doctor gave him something, 'n' soon after that he died."

"When you say the doctor, you mean Mr. Zlinter?"

"That's right. Mr. Zlinter."

"Who was in charge of this man when he got the whisky?"

There was an awkward pause.

"Well, we was all in charge of him, you might say. I'd got the doctor and the nurse there, 'n' I was round about myself most of the night."

"By the nurse you mean Miss Morton?"

## The Far Country

Continued from page 39

"That's right."

The coroner whispered for a moment with the police sergeant. "That will do, Mr. Forrest. Call Miss . . ." He peered at a paper before him. "Miss Jennifer Morton."

Jennifer went to the witness stand and took the oath in a low voice. The coroner said, "Are you a registered nurse?"

She shook her head and said "No."

"Were you in charge of the deceased man at the camp before he died?"

JENNIFER thought a moment before answering. She said slowly, "I—I don't think so."

"But you were acting as a nurse?"

"Yes. I was helping Dr. Zlinter."

The coroner said testily, "Will you please stop talking about Dr. Zlinter. As I understand it, he is not a doctor at all."

The girl flushed and said nothing. There was a pause. At last the old man said, "Were you supposed to be looking after this man before he died?"

"I don't think so, sir. I couldn't have been. I was helping Mr. Zlinter in the next room with the other operation."

"That was the head injury?"

"Yes. We must have been in that room for over two hours. It was in that time that he must have got the whisky."

"And in that time you were not looking after him?"

"No, sir."

The coroner whispered to Sergeant Russell, who shook his head. "That will do, Miss Morton," he said, and Jennifer went back to her seat tired with the brief strain. The coroner said, "Call Dr. Jennings."

The doctor took the oath. "I understand that you examined this man shortly after death."

"That's right."

"What was the cause of death?"

The doctor said, "Operational shock, aggravated by an excessive amount of alcohol. I understand that the man drank a whole bottle of whisky."

"Yes. You conducted a post-mortem?"

"I did."

"Did you find whisky in the body?"

"I did. I found a very large amount."

"In your opinion, if this man had not taken this unfortunate dose of whisky, would he have recovered from the operation?"

The doctor said carefully, "I think he would have recovered. He had an enlarged liver, somewhat diseased; I have preserved a sample of that. That condition is usually due to habitual excessive drinking. Such a man would not be a good subject for an operation of any sort, and so it is a possibility that he might have died after the operation in any case. But the operation was skillfully and properly performed, and so I should say that he would have had a good chance of recovery—apart from the whisky."

It took some time to write that down. The old man thought for a minute and then said, "I understand that this man Zlinter did another operation on the same evening. Can

## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

JIG-SAW puzzles are an old pastime which is still a favorite with children. Even a three-year-old enjoys putting together a three or four piece picture puzzle.

It is easy to make the puzzles. Take a favorite picture from a magazine or a picture book, or use a photograph and glue it smoothly to a piece of plywood or stout cardboard.

After the glue is dry cut the picture into a few simple pieces with a fret-saw.

As the child grows older, the youngster will find very simple puzzles too easy.

And here's where Dad's fret-saw can come into the picture again. The larger pieces can be cut into smaller and more



Expanding puzzle.

intricate ones and the old puzzle takes on a new interest.

As the children get older they can be taught to make the puzzles for each other and thus take a first interest in design and woodwork.

you tell us anything about that one—how that is going on?"

"That was a much more difficult operation than the amputation," Dr. Jennings said, and went on to give details of it. He concluded, "That operation also seems to have been very well done, particularly well in the circumstances. The patient is now conscious, and likely to recover."

There was a long pause while this was written down. "I see. Am I to take it that these men received satisfactory medical attention, then?"

The doctor thought deeply for a minute. "So far as the operations are concerned," he said, "I think they were well done."

The coroner whispered again to Sergeant Russell. Then he said, "Have you ever known this man Zlinter to do an operation before?"

"No, sir. I have known him to do dressings and first aid for minor injuries, which have sometimes come to me for treatment later on at the hospital."

"And you have been quite happy that he should do that sort of work up at Lamirra?"

"Yes, sir. I understand that he is qualified as a medical practitioner in his own country, but not in Australia. He is quite competent to do that sort of first-aid work."

Please turn to page 48

FOR SILKIER, SOFTER, MORE

# Natural Looking Curls

that defy dampness, sun, heat, dryness, cold.

## Richard Hudnut home permanent

What makes the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent so famous, so popular? It's the 22% more effective **Creme Waving Lotion** that gives you silky-soft, more natural-looking waves. And it's **Neutraliser Booster**, the amazing secret Hudnut ingredient, that gives you a more permanent home wave . . . that actually **weatherproofs** your hair—so that it looks wonderful (and stays in!) in all kinds of weather! No more nightly pin-ups . . . no more "off days," when you can't do a thing with your hair . . . but a wave that's stronger longer, comes back with a "bounce" after each shampoo . . . a wave you can set and forget!

Buy the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent REFILL. You can use it with any plastic curlers—it has everything else you need. At all chemists and selected department stores.

and now for an EASIER, QUICKER home perm.

## Richard Hudnut whirl-a-wave curlers



The new, improved spinning-type Whirl-a-Wave Curlers make all other curlers old-fashioned. **Flexible:** made of a new kind of flexible plastic that won't break as easily as ordinary plastic . . . work perfectly with various-sized curls, from small to plump—lock closer to the head than any other curler. **Sure-grip, non-slip tongue:** prevents end-papers from slipping, holds hair secure while winding. Each box contains 40 Whirl-a-Wave flexible, spinning curlers with the non-slip tongue, and 10 special short-strand curlers for awkward, wispy neckline hairs.

## Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO

IT'S Concentrated — 32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR with the adorable lustrous sheen of



Who likes  
freshly  
roasted  
peanuts?



Does your family like the flavour of freshly-roasted peanuts? Then serve sandwiches and savouries spread with delicious, golden-brown SANITARIUM\* Peanut Butter! Made from the pick of the peanut crop... and specially milled to a creamy smoothness that makes it spread more easily and go further... it's out on its own for school, picnic, work and all cut lunches! Contains all the flavour and food value of plump rich peanuts! Abounds in high quality vegetable protein... plus important fats, vitamins and essential minerals! Easily digested, too! Ask for this famous SANITARIUM product to-day!



Sanitarium

Peanut Butter

\*Known as SANITARIUM Peanut Paste in some states.

## MR. RICHARDSON

SON went on: "Do you consider him competent to do the sort of operations that he did on this occasion, Dr. Jennings?"

The doctor said carefully: "In this particular emergency both these men would probably have died but for his care. The operations that he performed should have saved both lives, but unfortunately one man has died through his own intemperance." He paused. "I should like to make it clear that I have quite a high opinion of Mr. Zlinter's capabilities as a surgeon."

The old man blinked at him. "You have a high opinion of him?"

"Certainly, sir. If he were properly qualified in this country I should be glad to have him as a partner."

A further bout of whispering with the police sergeant. "That will do, Doctor, thank you. Call Mr. Zlinter."

Carl Zlinter stepped to the witness stand and took the oath. "What is your nationality, Mr. Zlinter?"

"I am a Czechoslovakian, sir."

"And have you any medical qualifications?"

"I am a licentiate of the University of Pilsen and a Doctor of Medicine, sir." He pulled some papers from the breast pocket of his coat. "I have here my diploma."

He passed it to the police sergeant and the coroner, who looked at it with interest, unable to read one single word. "Very good."

The coroner leaned back in his chair. "You have heard all the evidence, Mr. Zlinter," he said.

"I think we have heard enough evidence now to determine the cause of this man's death, and I do not propose to ask you any questions. I have called you because I have some things to say to you."

He paused, and went on slowly and deliberately. "You heard the evidence, and from the evidence it is fairly clear that in an emergency you performed two operations competently and well, one of which was a very serious and delicate operation. I have to thank you on behalf of the community, and at the same time I have to give you a warning. You are not licensed as a doctor in this State or in Australia at all, and if you should do any further operations, and if they should turn out badly, you should be open to a charge of manslaughter, because in this country you are not a doctor. I do not want to seem ungrateful to you, but that is the law. Before doing any further operations you must get yourself qualified or you may find yourself in trouble. Do you understand that?"

Carl Zlinter said, "Yes, sir. I have always understood that ver' well."

Carl Zlinter went back to his seat, and the coroner whispered again with the police sergeant. At last he raised his head, shuffled his papers, and said:

"This inquest has been called to ascertain the cause of the death of Albert Hanson. The evidence that we have heard shows that the man died of operational shock following upon an accident with a bulldozer, and that the operational shock was aggravated and intensified by a great quantity of alcohol which the man got hold of in some way that cannot be ascertained, and drank. I do not think the fact that the operation was performed by an unregistered surgeon had any particular bearing on the cause of death, but the fact that whisky was supplied to him after the operation was certainly a factor in his death. For this the management of the Lamirra Timber Company were responsible. I cannot close this inquest without expressing my opinion that some negligence occurred on the part of Mr. Forrest in the after care of these men. It appears that no organ-

## The Far Country

Continued from page 43

isation for the treatment of serious injuries exists at Lamirra. I think that there should be such an organisation, a small hospital or dressing station where such injuries can be properly treated and isolated. If that had existed, the life of this man might have been saved. I find a verdict of accidental death, with a strong recommendation that the company should consider what I have said. I shall not be so lenient with them if this should happen again."

He shuffled his papers together, rose from his seat, and went out of the court; the people on the public benches began to stream out the door. Jack Dorman unostentatiously got out early and fell into step with Dr. Jennings as he walked towards his car.

"All went off very well, Doctor," he said.

The doctor nodded. "I was sorry Jim Forrest got a rap, but I suppose somebody had to have it."

"Aye," said the grazier, "but I don't suppose Jim'll lose much sleep."

"He should put up a dressing station of some sort."

"Maybe he'll do that." He hesitated. "It was good of you to say what you did about Splinter," he said. "It could have gone crook for him."

**N**ODDING, the doctor said, "I know. He did a good job, as good as anybody could have done in the conditions. I thought it was only fair to make that clear."

"When you said you'd be glad to have him as a partner," Jack Dorman remarked, "I suppose that was just a manner of speaking, for the police and old Bert Richardson?"

The doctor stopped and glanced at him. "I don't know that I meant it to be taken very seriously," he said. "We could do with two more doctors in this district, but we're not likely to get them so long as any young chap just qualified can put his plate up in a suburb of the city and make a go of it. If Zlinter was qualified I wouldn't mind having him; he's probably quite a good doctor. However, he's not qualified, so there's an end of it."

"He might be one day," the grazier said.

"Are you thinking of financing him?"

Jack Dorman laughed. "Not on your life. I was just wondering how you'd feel about it if he ever turned up in this district as a proper doctor."

"I wouldn't mind a bit," the doctor said. "He certainly did those two operations very skilfully."

Outside the court-house Jane Dorman stopped Carl Zlinter as he was about to get into the utility with Mr. Forrest. "Carl," she said, "what's the best way to get hold of this man Shulkin? What would be the best time to go and talk to him about pictures?"

"I think the week-end," Zlinter said. "In the week he will be working always, on the railway somewhere."

Jim Forrest said, "He won't be working to-day, Mrs. Dorman. The rail men are on strike."

"You think I'd find Shulkin at home then, Carl?" Mrs. Dorman said.

"I think that you will find him in his garden or perhaps painting," Carl answered.

Mr. Shulkin was painting, but not in the style that Zlinter had visualised; Jane and Jennifer found him distemper-painting a bedroom of the little weatherboard house beside the railway coach. He got down off a chair to greet them, brush in hand. Jane said, "Are you Mr. Shulkin?"

He smiled. "I am Stanislaus Shulkin."

"Mr. Zlinter was telling me that you paint pictures."

He beamed at her, pulled forward the chair, and chatted. "Please—I am so sorry you must find me like this. Carl Zlinter, he was telling me that there is—there is a lady who was wanting beautiful pictures. So?"

Jane said: "I do want a very, very nice oil painting, Mr. Shulkin. The trouble is, I don't want just anything. I don't even know what I do want until I see it."

He smiled. "Also, you do not know if I can paint such a picture that you will want." She laughed with him. "That's right."

"I can paint any kind of picture," he said. "Just like the carpenter, he can make any wood—a chair, a table, a bed, a cupboard. The good carpenter, he can make all things in all woods. So the good artist, he can paint all kinds of pictures. But the good carpenter, he makes some things in some ways, ver' well, and the others, just like any one could make. So the good artist. Some things I can do ver', ver' well, and others just as any artist, so-so." He glanced at her. "You understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"So. Now we will go and I shall show you some pictures."

Stanislaus Shulkin took Jennifer and Jane to the railway coach and showed them his pictures. For half an hour he pulled canvas after canvas out of untidy piles, set them up upon the easel, and showed them. Of the ten or fifteen canvases displayed, Jane set aside three, all landscapes, one of them the Delatite river picture with the wattles that Zlinter had admired.

"These are something like it," she said slowly, "but not just what I want. I'm sure they're good enough in the technique, but they are not pictures. Do you understand what I mean?"

He nodded. "I understand ver' well."

She said slowly, "Let me tell you something, Mr. Shulkin. I grew up with pictures, and I never thought about them much. I was born in England and my people were well off, and there were lots of pictures in the house. I think some of them must have been very good, I never thought about them at the time. It's only now that I'm getting old that I'm beginning to realise what a lot you miss by not having good paintings. When I couldn't have them because we hadn't enough money I was worried about them or thought about them much. But now we've got a bit more and I want a good picture almost more than anything."

He nodded slowly. "Mr. Zlinter, ask a little question of me?"

"Of course."

"What is it that you do?" he asked. "What interests you?"

"I don't do anything except the housework," she said. "It's a full-time job upon a station. You can't get any help."

"Are you interested more in flowers or in people?" he asked.

She thought for a moment. "I think, really, I like flowers more than people. They never disappoint you."

"Do you like the high mountains and the rivers better, or the bright lights in shop windows in the coming darkness of a winter night?" he asked.

"I like the high mountains and the rivers better," she said. "I don't really like the city."

To be continued

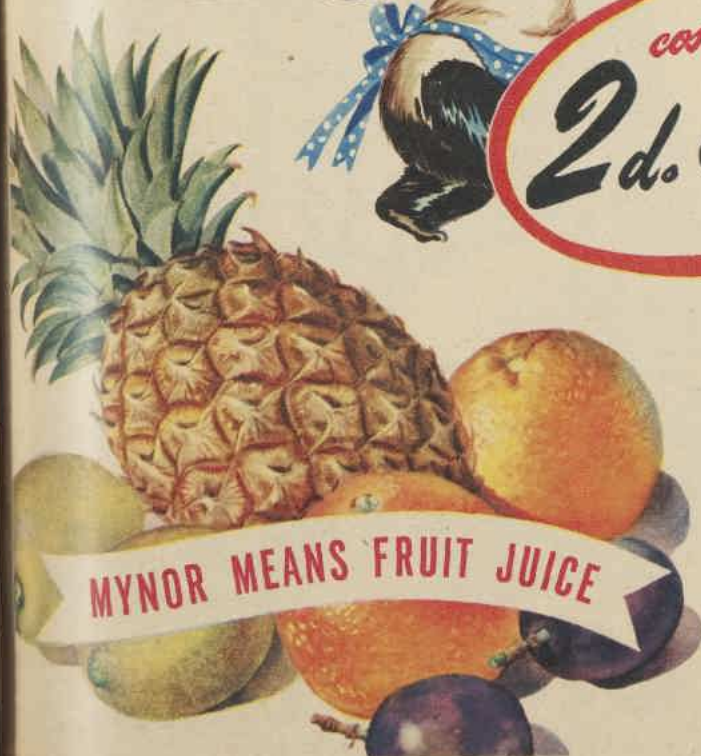


# Save Money!

*This bottle makes more than  
2 dozen  
brimming glasses  
of Mynor Fruit Cup!*



*...it  
costs you less than  
2d. a glass*

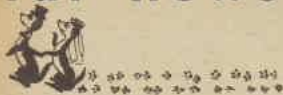


MOTHERS! Here's the most healthy drink you can give those thirsty children of yours! Pure, delicious Mynor, rich in all those essential vitamins A, B, C and D contained in the fresh juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples and passionfruit. And, just imagine what these would cost you to buy at present-day prices! Pour a little Mynor Fruit Cup into a glass, fill it with pure, wholesome water, (which, as you well know, is so much better for children than anything else) and let the children drink as much as they want. Just think... all this costs less than 2d. a glass!

## MYNOR FRUIT CUP



## fur news



### A Gift for the Bridesmaid...

What could be more wonderful than a real Cornelius fur... something she will treasure in the years to come. This exquisite little cape is of silky white lapin that looks like expensive ermine. Priced to fit the bridesmaid's pocket, it's only 8 gns. Remarkably low, isn't it? By the way, it would be a charming idea for your bridesmaids to wear a little white fur cape and carry a nosegay of white flowers as depicted.



### "My dear, the Bride's Mother looked magnificent!"

A tailored suit, a tiny hat and an elegant touch of fur is fashion's wisest advice for the bride's mother. So glamorous for the great day—no practical afterthoughts! We suggest this classic fur wrap at 40 gns. Deep fluffy pelts of the finest imported silver fox modelled in the lavish Cornelius manner. Do come in and see our magnificent 40-gn. Fox Collection. Customers tell us such furs are never the price anywhere else! And remember you can lay-by for only 12 gns.



### FREE Servicing for your fur!

Every Cornelius fur carries a metal guarantee tag that assures you to have your fur serviced free of charge after 6 months!



It's true! you can wear as you pay! Just go along to the new Cornelius Salon in Carsons, browse through the huge collection of lovely furs and choose your favourite. Then open a Fur Nite... it's just like the wonderful Carsons Budget A/c you're used to before. No extra cost! Such small payments! It makes a luxurious fur so easy to own. Come in and talk it over.



### This wedding present is a gilt-edged investment...

Good furs never lose their value... in fact these days many furs actually become more valuable as the years go by. What could be a lovelier wedding gift than this "Going Away" Bolero Cape of sleek Russian Persian? Its end-of-season price is only 35 gns—far below the real value! If the handsome groom wants to give his bride a present she'll treasure all her life—here it is! Or perhaps Aunt and Uncle may like to do what our family did last month. They scrapped the idea of many small presents and cladded together for one really worthwhile gift. It's a charming idea... why not ask the bride which she'd prefer?



### The Wedding of the Two Crowns

The Houses of Cornelius and Carsons united—swearing to give you value—honouring a pledge to bring Sydney women the very latest fashions at the very lowest prices. Browse round the Cornelius Salon in Carsons and you'll find some of the loveliest furs in Sydney at the lowest prices you've ever seen. Pop in and look around to-day.



### Bride on a Budget!

If you are one of the pretty, practical girls who will walk down the aisle in a suit, we suggest the fun-way wedding-day glamour of that 12-gn. Fox Collar in the photograph. For the wedding ceremony wear it as a scarf pinned with a sprig of orange blossom! For "Going Away" wear this magnificent fur fox to frame your face... to top your tailored suit. Remember, there's nothing quite so luxurious—quite so flattering as fox!



Mail Orders and Lay-bys accepted on every fur advertised. By the way, if your present fur is looking shabby, send it along to be re-conditioned and re-treated! You'll have it look like new in time for the wedding.



Two glamorous furs at

# 12 gns

## Special Bargain Offer to Readers

These two glorious fur pieces have been lavishly designed and specially priced for "Australian Women's Weekly" Readers. Never were fur prices so low! Hundreds to choose from. Lay-bys and Mail Orders accepted. Country clients receive special attention. Hurry! Don't miss this amazing offer!

### Luxurious Fox Collar 12 gns.

For the discriminating woman who wants a really precious fur—this is a small, but valuable, collector's piece of rich-pelted imported fox. Exclusively fashioned with deep, fluting folds of fur. Colours: Pearl-blue Fox, Arctic-Fox in beige or cocoa, Cross and Scandinavian Fox in deep-brown and beige. A remarkable offer at 12 gns.!

### Hip-length Lapin Cape 12 gns.

An extravagant fur with all the markings of a cape twice the price! In soft, silky lapin specially treated to make it look like rich, lustrous squirrel or fabulous striped mink. Colours: beige, light brown, dark brown, light grey or dark grey. All available in a velvety-squirrel or striped-mink finish, as photographed. Sizes: 32" to 40", only 12 gns. 42" and over, 2 gns. extra.



# Cornelius

FUR SALON AT 38 MARTIN PLACE and Carsons



# Kitchen guide for the young housewife

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

● Accurate measuring is essential for success in cooking, and beginners should use scales, standard measuring cups, or standard spoons.

If you have no scales, place the following list in your recipe book or mount it on cardboard and keep it in a handy drawer.

Graduated measuring cups, holding 8 fluid ounces, are best for measuring dry ingredients or liquids.

Tablespoons and teaspoons may be used for small amounts of either dry or liquid ingredients.

When measuring liquid with a spoon pour the liquid into the spoon, do not dip the spoon into the liquid.

### CUP MEASUREMENTS

One graduated measuring cup flour, measured before sifting	4oz.
One graduated measuring cup sugar, crystal or castor	8oz.
One graduated measuring cup sifted icing sugar	5oz.
One graduated measuring cup brown sugar	5oz.
One graduated measuring cup fat or butter or margarine	8oz.
One graduated measuring cup soft breadcrumbs	4oz.
Two and a half graduated measuring cups liquid	1pt.

### SPOON MEASUREMENTS

Two level tablespoons flour	1oz.
Two level tablespoons cornflour	1oz.
Two level tablespoons cocoa	1oz.
Two level tablespoons custard powder	1oz.
Two level tablespoons rice flour or ground rice	1oz.
One level tablespoon fat	1oz.
One and a half level tablespoons crystal sugar	1oz.
Two level tablespoons icing sugar, free from lumps	1oz.
One and a half level tablespoons castor sugar	1oz.
Five tablespoons liquid	1 pint or 1 gill

## COOKING DICTIONARY

● Following are explanations of some terms used in recipes which will help those keeping house for the first time.

If your cookery book does not contain a glossary of these terms, cut this section out and include it in your recipe file.

**Aspic:** A jelly made from meat stock boiled down sufficiently to become firm when cold. Also fish or vegetable stock or tomato juice which has been thickened with gelatine.

**Au gratin:** Food combined with white sauce or moistened with other ingredients such as eggs, milk, or stock, then covered with breadcrumbs and cheese and baked or grilled.

**Blanch:** Has two meanings. (1) To remove skins from nuts by standing two or three minutes in boiling water, rinsing in cold water, then slipping skins off. (2) To whiten and reduce strong flavor of such foods as tripe by covering with cold water, bringing to the boil, draining, then covering with fresh cold water for cooking.

**Baste:** To moisten roasting meat or other food with liquid or fat from the dish while baking.

**Broil:** Means the same as grill.

**Blend:** To mix a dry ingredient to a thin, smooth paste with liquid. Best done with a wooden spoon.

**Cream:** To make soft, smooth, and creamy by beating with a wooden spoon; usually applied to creaming shortening and sugar.

**Dice or Cube:** To cut into small, even-sized squares.

**Fold In:** To add one ingre-

dient to another, using a down-up-and-over movement.

**Glaze:** To brush with liquid before cooking or to coat after cooking with a thin sugar syrup.

**Marinate:** To stand food in an oil-acid mixture (usually olive or salad oil and lemon juice or vinegar) for some time before cooking. This process improves flavor and increases tenderness. The oil-acid mixture is called the marinade.

**Fillet:** To remove bones from fish or meat; or, alternatively, a piece of fish or meat without bones.

**Macedoine:** A mixture of chopped fruits or vegetables.

**Mask:** To cover completely with a thick sauce.

**Mocha:** A flavor combination of coffee and chocolate.

**Parboil:** To boil until partly cooked.

**Purée:** Fruit or vegetables cooked until very soft, then pulped by rubbing through a strainer.

**Poach:** To cook just below boiling point in liquid which just covers the food.

**Saute:** To cook for a short while in a small quantity of butter or fat in an open pan, shaking or stirring constantly.

**Simmer:** To cook in liquid that is kept just below boiling point.

**Stock:** The liquid saved from the cooking of meat, fish, or vegetables.

**Shortening:** Any kind of solid fat suitable for deep or shallow frying, for pastries, cakes, biscuits, puddings, etc.

## LIFE-SAVERS

● When mishaps occur, the following hints will help the cook correct the error and prevent the total loss of the dish in question.

Paste this section on cardboard and hang it near the stove.

**CURDLED CUSTARD:** Caused by overheating eggs and milk. Remove custard from saucepan immediately, add a small quantity of cold water, and beat briskly with a rotary beater.

**BURNT PIE-CRUST OR TARTLETS:** Caused by over-hot oven. With a thin, flexible-bladed knife, scrape off burnt portion. Brush with milk or white of egg if available and return to oven for a few minutes to crisp the pastry. For sweet pastry, add a sprinkling of sugar after brushing with the milk or egg-white.

**SAUCE TOO THIN:** Check quantity of thickening used. Three level tablespoons flour or two level tablespoons corn-flour should thicken one pint of milk. Stir in extra blended flour or cornflour and stir while sauce simmers two or three minutes to cook extra thickening.

**BURNT TOP ON EGGLESS MILK PUDDINGS:** Caused by oven being too hot or pudding having been too close to top of oven. Remove burnt skin carefully, stir a little extra milk into the pudding, and top with a few dabs of butter. Re-bake at a lower temperature until top is lightly browned.

**OVER-COOKED POTATOES:** Caused by too rapid boiling. Drain off all possible moisture. Cover saucepan with tightly fitting lid, shake 3 or 4 minutes over very low heat. Mash with a little powdered milk (instead of the usual milk) and a nut of butter. Beat until creamy with a wooden spoon.

**IF SHORT OF BROWNE BREADCRUMBS** for coating cutlets or fish, use crushed breakfast cereal or savory biscuits.

**WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE** or expensive, use a thin batter of flour and milk instead of egg-glazing for crumbed foods.

**BEFORE WEIGHING GOLDEN SYRUP OR HONEY** or measuring them with a spoon, flour the scales or the spoon lightly to prevent the syrup sticking.

**A LARGE PIECE OF STALE BREAD** put through the mincer after it has been used for meat makes the mincer easier to clean.

**EGG-WHITES** will not beat stiffly if the tiniest speck of yolk gets into the white when eggs are separated. If this happens, do not waste time trying to remove it with a spoon. Use a piece of egg-shell.

## "Home on the Pig's Back"



a  
certainty  
with

**ANDERSON'S  
FAMOUS  
SAUSAGES AND SMALLGOODS**

### ANDERSON'S FAMOUS PORK SAUSAGES

Only the choicest country-killed pork goes into Anderson's Famous Pork Sausages. That's why they're so nutritious and satisfying. Fried, grilled, curried or baked in batter, Anderson's Famous Pork Sausages are always popular, particularly in winter. Insist on Anderson's Famous Pork Sausages and accept no others.

### ANDERSON'S FAMOUS FRANKFURTS

They're smoked to a turn with that delicious melt-in-your-mouth flavor. Full of good country-killed pork, Anderson's Famous Frankfurts are an appetising Super-Snack or Meal-In-A-Moment. Be sure you get what you ask for—Anderson's Famous Frankfurts.





"You've never  
baked a better cake"



You'd vow it was home-made, for the freshest eggs, the finest cake flour, and a wealth of sun-ripe fruit enrich 'Big Sister' Fruit Cake. Every slice reflects the prize recipe! Just taste those tender citrus peels, the raisins, currants, and sultanas and rich red cherries, laced with fine old brandy and rum.

Home-baked in the ovens of

LILLIS & CO. LIMITED, SYDNEY, MAKERS OF BIG SISTER FRUIT MIX, COCKTAIL CHERRIES, FRUIT CHUTNEY, ETC.

'Big Sister' Fruit Cake keeps its home-baked freshness and is a luxury to eat, but not to buy!



**BIG SISTER PLUM PUDDING**

*The finest ever made!*

The proof of this pudding is in the eating! Vacuum-packed in 1-lb., Family Size and big 3-lb. tins.



**Big Sister**  
**RICH FRUIT CAKE**





IN THIS BEDROOM, several features, including the sloping ceiling, which may have been liabilities have become assets. Floral wallpaper could be substituted for the stripes.

## Combining OLD AND NEW

**Sometimes the most attractive decoration schemes are a combination of old and new styles. Joan Martin this week shows a reader how she can modernise a bedroom and also answers queries from other people.**

By JOAN MARTIN

I AM sending you a rough sketch of a bedroom. The ceiling slopes at one end and I am not sure whether I should paint the sloping section the same color as the wall or have it matching the ceiling.

The few pieces of furniture are shabby and I was wondering if they should be painted.

There is also an old-fashioned iron bedstead I would like to modernise. It is always exciting to redecorate a room which is outdated, giving it a new "face," and creating much out of little.

To do this, without spending a great deal of money, it is best to aim for a fresh, gay look. The unpretentious charm of crisp white curtains and washable cotton covers never fails to please, and the illustration at the top of the page shows you how to achieve that effect with very little effort.

The curtains are made of plain white organdie, and the frills are edged with blue bias binding. This material is ideal for bedroom curtains, as it never loses its crispness no matter how often it is laundered.

The bedspread is plain blue cotton with large squares of plaid gingham appliqued to give a patchwork effect. The flounce is attached to a sheet of unbleached calico and remains permanently on the bed — between the wire and the upper mattress.

The old iron bedstead has been given a coat of white paint, and the

foot has been removed, giving it a newer, if not exactly modern, appearance, but quite in keeping with the room.

The chair is slip-covered in plain material with a plaid flounce. The stool is the ordinary bathroom or kitchen variety, but with a padded seat and cover, and looks as attractive as a more expensive one would.

The sloping ceiling becomes an asset when it is made a decorative feature of the room.

By papering it with a charming blue-and-white-striped paper you can call attention to what may have been thought an architectural blunder. In fact, this sloping ceiling forms a very attractive frame for the bed.

An equally effective scheme could be achieved by using a floral instead of a striped paper, painting the walls a soft pastel color, and using plain material for the bedspread.

The bed flounce and the chair cover would then look pretty if made of a striped material.

The color scheme would be determined by the colors in the paper.

For instance, we will suppose that the paper has a pink-and-green floral design on a white background—the walls would then be pink, the spread pink, and the flounce and chair could contrast attractively with green and white stripes.

The furniture, no matter how shabby, can always be improved with a coat of paint.



### Waste space

IN my kitchen there are cupboards on each side of the window, leaving a recessed effect that looks ugly and is waste space. We can't afford to spend much, but hoped that you would be able to suggest something which would be useful as well as decorative.

The illustration, which is self-explanatory, will show you how easily and inexpensively you can convert your waste space into a most useful spot for eating meals, preparing food, etc.

I find the idea a welcome change from the modern idea of cramming all available space with built-in cupboards and labor-saving devices.

This rather more homely effect is especially good where the kitchen is virtually the living-room, where the children eat, and quite often do their homework, where the mending is done, and informal meals are the order of the day.

### A man's desk

WHAT can I do with two dark green steel filing cabinets which my husband insists on having in the living-room?

Fortunately, they are not very high—could I perhaps use them as tables for ornaments or vases of flowers?

You could use them as you suggest, but why not convert them into a desk?

With the addition of a painted board top you have the perfect desk for a man.

In this way you will have a new and useful article of furniture instead of two objects which subconsciously worry you.

You may like to paint the cabinets a color that would be more in keeping with your room — or white, perhaps, with a colored top.





## "Nurse says they're good



—and so do we!"



## Everyone likes LAXETTES

the chocolate laxative

What a sensible way to take a laxative—just a nibble of tasty chocolate! No spoons, no spilling, no fuss, no waste! Laxettes bring a soft, easy motion. They never gripe—are harmless—can't overdose—can't form a habit. Laxettes are simply exact doses of the tasteless medicine phenolphthalein, in squares of the finest chocolate. And they're economical—only 2/6 a box. Get some today and—"when nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE



—but one makes you feel better in the morning!

THE buzzer interrupted. Brodderson wanted to see me pronto. This would be the bawl-out, I reckoned, but when I got in who should be sitting opposite Four-Eyes but Augustus Yates. Brodderson jumped up and introduced us. I couldn't make it out. He said, "You know something, Sanders? I'm about to sign the funniest show on earth."

Yates coughed deprecatingly. "I venture to think my comedy lends itself to unusual publicity, Mr. Sanders," he said. "I was anxious to meet the man who might be handling it."

Brodderson oozed geniality. "Sanders is an ingenious fellow. Always a jump ahead."

It was nice news to hear, but I ignored his dig in the ribs. "I can handle anything," I told Yates modestly. "What's it called?"

"Ah, there you have me, Mr. Sanders," the Englishman smiled. "I haven't yet hit on a satisfactory title." He began to tell me about the comedy. It revolved round a Yank who's come back from the war obsessed with the doctrine of reincarnation and had got it into his head that his pet aunt, lately deceased, was in the zoo as a camel.

"Why not a yak?" I asked. Brodderson's eyes popped and Yates said, "I beg your pardon?"

"Camels are supercilious and bad-tempered," I said. "People associate them with smells. Now, a yak is cleansed by mountain snows. A yak you can handle." I grinned at Brodderson. "Besides, everyone likes yaks."

Four-eyes was beetroot to the brows, but, to my surprise, Yates was saying, "This is extraordinary. I can't think how it escaped me." He began to trek up and down, reconstruct-

ing his opus. "Yaks, Tibet, Tibet, reincarnation. Of course!"

"Moreover, it gives you your title," I called to his back. "Yak-a-Doodle-Do."

Yates swung about. "Why, that's sheer inspiration," he cried. "Congratulations, Mr. Sanders."

Brodderson said, unctuously, "My staff can usually be relied upon."

"Don't credit me," I said. "A temporary help in my office got wind of Mr. Yates' plot and I've been working on it with her. She suggested it."

"Indeed? Then, when the contract is signed, I hope I may meet and personally congratulate her," Yates said.

When he'd gone, Brodderson said, "You're a dark horse, Sanders." He was still puzzled, but not game to admit it. He went on, "And this temporary girl of yours? She should be permanent."

I let him go on thinking I was in his team and reached my office in time to see the kid whip a sheet from the typewriter and screw it into a ball. "Ah, hah," I grinned. "Love letters in office hours!"

She looked confused, so I didn't press it, but set down on her desk the contract I'd drawn. "Read it carefully," I said. "If you agree, sign it."

"Do you want me to sign it?" she asked.

"Well, yes, I do," I said. "It will mean a lot to me."

"All right, I'll sign," she said promptly, and handed me the paper without looking at it. It was a bit like taking candy from a kid, but I figured she owed me something; besides, the dollars she'd earn while I was building McQuade's business would be handy to her.

## Sweet As Sugar Candy

Continued from page 4

I told her we would have a cosy chat about it later and went out to gab with Dick Fraser. "What do you know about yaks?" I asked him.

He thought a long while. "Y for yak," he said at last.

I explained that I was wishing him on to Brodderson, who, bad as he was, was better than Bronsky and would presently find himself needing a publicity man. "I'm going into big business," I said. "I've lit on the world's loveliest candy-box model." I flipped the page of the contract to show her signature and sat up, jolted. The kid had signed Sue-Ellen Sanders.

"Why, she's Endicott," I said stupidly. "She's signed my name."

Dick grinned. "If she's half what you say there's an idea there."

Sue-Ellen was fingering on the typewriter when I got back and again she whipped the sheet from the machine. She held the paper behind her back. This time, somehow, it didn't seem amusing that she might be writing a love letter. I didn't want any dope coming between her career and mine.

The kid was saying, "I was just practising."

"Let me see how you're getting on," I said grimly, and took the paper from her. It wasn't a letter, and so I read it. It said, "Mrs. Barney Sanders." It said, "Mrs. Barney Sanders" over and over.

She said, "I meant it to say 'Mr.' but it kept coming out 'Mrs.'"

"I see," I said thoughtfully. "And you signed the contract 'Sue-Ellen Sanders,'" I reminded her.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I

couldn't have been thinking."

"Do you know what you've done?" I demanded sternly. "Under an old Scottish law that signature constitutes a marriage. You have become my wife in the sight of God!"

She looked radiant. "Trish and really?"

"And what was good enough for my Scottish forebears is good enough for me," I said. "But I've got to be sure on three points. Sue-Ellen, will you promise to love me always?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, yes," she said.

"And honor me?"

"Yes, yes."

"And obey?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

I tore up the contract she'd signed. "But, Barney," she cried. "You said it meant a lot to you!"

"It does," I said, "but there's no contract needed between you and me 'cept one we'll sign together before a registrar of marriages."

She was in my arms. She was in my arms a long time, because once I picked her up I found she was a difficult sort of girl to put down. She was still in my arms when the buzzer on my desk came to life. I let it buzz.

I whispered in Sue-Ellen's ear. "Get your hat," but, as she was streaking to obey, caught her wrist. "Wait," I said. "I'm going to kiss you, Sue-Ellen. Look like I'm going to kiss you."

She was to make hundreds of pictures, but this one was for me alone. I filled my eye with it till the buzzer went into hysterics and we had to leave the office. I pinned a note on the door.

"Gone to Shangri-la."

(Copyright)

## W

ITH a shrug, Lennie said: "I don't know. Maybe it's good for us."

I sat down and sipped my wine, and then picked up the letter once again.

Eleanor nodded. "Begin." "Does the pattern show through?" I read. "Has it become apparent yet? Have you now an idea of what you were, each of you, before I took hold of you?"

"Possibly not, so I will explain. First, let me bless you each with the name of artist. If that sounds like a surprising admission from me, let me say that I made you so."

"I did not give you your talents. You had them, in whatever degree you still have, before I met you. I gave you the ability to use them."

"The arts flourish on talent. Talent is of value only to the extent to which it can make itself felt. An artist of small talent who braves and becomes accustomed to the arena is more useful than one of great who hides in the bushes. Each of you, when you came to me, was in the bushes."

"Consider Lennie. In three years he learned everything I could teach him. On his own, for this you cannot teach, he made 'Chicago Style' into a play. I know, I read the original script. So he was ready to go out, to be his own man. But had I given him the per cent. I promised, he would have stayed with me forever, grateful and competent."

"And Eleanor. As good an actress as I ever had, but

handicapped. Handicapped by ease. Everything was given to her, a face, a body, a happy family, money, and worst, ability. She never had to straighten her nose, or learn to speak and walk, or starve. Even, she was given the handsome lawyer."

"She was on the edge of greatness when she was with me. But even I was easy on her, because she could give me what I wanted by trying only half. What she needed to develop was work, work, and more work."

"A season of luxury with the lawyer and she would have begun to atrophy, she would have slipped back, back, into the safe spot in the bushes. Ease was the enemy, for the artist does not live unless he fights. So violence was the saviour."

"The case of Frank Fister is the old one of the man who married a dumb wife. Betsy was a good enough girl for a newspaperman, but not for one of the half-dozen best playwrights of his time. He will now probably, if grudgingly, agree with me. She would at the least have hindered, at the worst wrecked, his career."

"He needed, at the point I knew him, time to be alone, to feel, to think, so he could write properly. Betsy's idea of living was high life, a fact I quite easily proved."

"Fister's was the chanciest case, the one most open to question. But I was right on

## Memorial To A Bad Man

Continued from page 10

two counts. One, those plays he brought back from France. Second, because after a year he did not really try very hard to win Betsy back. She could have been won if he had cared enough; he did not.

"So, I have been your guardian angel. Why? I am sure you will ask a bitter why. Because it gave me satisfaction and because—and some day you may understand this—it was my duty. Your judgment is of course clouded by thoughts of what you call your 'happiness.' An artist is by definition an unhappy man, I merely kept you so, and thus alive."

"Enough. I said in the beginning I had a proposal."

"You owe me something. I, who have given you so much, now ask of you these things: a play, a performance, a production, Lennie to direct, Eleanor to act, Frank to write. It is the least you can do."

"I beg it of you. For, oh, I will need something to improve upon in heaven, where I will surely go."

I will skip now an hour and a half's conversation, for it was what you would expect. Point by point they ripped Gil's arguments to shreds, sentence by sentence they proved him gross, cruel, lying. So I will pick up an hour and a half later, in the middle of a sentence of Frank Fister's:

"... and as I said, it's amazing, or at least peculiar, but I do have two acts of a play done. I haven't had an idea for a year, until just last month—"

"And naturally, it has a part in it for me?" Eleanor said.

"But perfect," Frank said.

"You'd be the first choice."

Lennie said, "I did mention didn't I, that I have just signed a contract that gives me twenty weeks a year off? Twenty weeks is time enough to put on a play."

"Come on, kids," Eleanor said, "let's relax. Fun's fun, but this is madness. I have just turned down three scripts."

"I know you'd like mine," Frank said.

"I'm sure I would," Eleanor said.

Lennie said, "When can you have it in shape?"

"In a month."

"We could go into rehearsal in August."

"No," Eleanor said, "please no. I can see Forty-fifth Street. I can feel the heat. I can smell the empty theatre. I can taste the drugstore coffee, oh, no—"

"Or maybe yes."

Eleanor put her hands over her face and gave a little moan. "Or maybe yes," she said. "A Gil Salway. Production of a play by Frank Fister, directed by Lennie Frost, starring Eleanor Tait. It will happen, and how he will laugh."

(Copyright)



## WEDDING BELLES

by Cashmere Bouquet

It was a floral wedding when Betty Nicholls married Norman Place. Roses patterned her lace truck, and hyacinths, stocks, camellias and orchids made her fragrant bouquet. And of course Betty relied on Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder to keep her complexion flower-fresh. She finds that no other face powder clings with the same smoothness as silk-sifted, exquisitely fine Cashmere Bouquet! And the Sungold shade is delightful with her warm colouring.



SUNGOLD • PRUNE  
SUNGOLD • HONEYGOLD  
HAWAIIAN TAN  
DREAM ROSE

## CASHMERE BOUQUET

FACE POWDER

with the fragrance men love CFS/1

Other Cashmere Bouquet beauty-makers include: Powder Base • Lipstick Rouge • Cream Make-up • Cream • Creams



More...

# DADDY DAZZLERS!

Year after year Bond's  
come up with the best  
for Father's Day!



The heels and toes are reinforced with genuine nylon...

Nylon is the magic yarn that gives Bond's socks double the life of ordinary socks. Bond's bring you the best in long socks, the best in short socks. The newest designs. Wonderful colors. Elastic tops that hug the legs s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y. Give them to Pappies of all ages on Sunday, September 7th.



**P.S.** Pop some Chesty  
Bond athletics, briefs and trunks  
into Dad's Father's Day  
parcel too.

Available everywhere - and no other  
sock can touch them for value

# BOND'S

**CHESTY  
BOND'S TIP  
TO  
HOUSEWIVES**





**"You should have  
wire screens, for baby's sake  
with Summer coming on..."**



## WIRE SCREENS ARE ESSENTIAL FOR YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH AND COMFORT

Wire screens and doors are your best safeguard against flies, and blow-flies, mosquitoes and other flying insects in the home. They keep these pests outside.

Flies cause summer diarrhoea and other digestive ailments in babies, and are responsible for many cases of eye infection. They breed in filth, and leave

the germs of disease wherever they alight—on food, eating utensils and on baby's hands, mouth and eyes. Mosquitoes spread malaria and dengue in northern districts and, like moths, beetles, and other night-flying insects, are an annoyance during the evening, and sleep disturbers at night.

Protect your whole family, and especially baby, from

these buzzing, crawling, biting insects by fitting fly-wire doors and window screens.

### ***Don't leave it 'til Summer***

The best time to screen your house is NOW, before the summer invasion of flying insects begins. Go to your hardware dealer and order flywire doors for back and front. Ask him, too, about screens for windows and chimney; casement, louver, and sash windows can all be screened efficiently. If your husband is handy with tools, you can buy the wire and have the screens made at home.

### ***You're protected against unwelcome visitors***

Wire doors, with handles which can be snibbed are the housewife's safeguard against unknown and unwelcome callers. They enable front or back doors to be left open to admit air, and provide a protective screen through which you can speak to these visitors with safety and confidence.

### ***Make an extra room at low cost***

It is simple and inexpensive to screen part of your verandah with flywire. This makes an ideal sleep-out, or it can be used as a summer retreat where the cool breezes can be enjoyed free from the irritation of flying insects.

### ***Isn't he worth it?***

He's a happier, healthier baby when he's protected from flying insects by flywire screens.



Your Hardware Dealer can supply ready-made flywire doors to fit any standard size opening. They are inexpensive and easy to hang. He will also advise you how to order window screens.



Any man handy with tools may buy flywire by the yard and make frames for doors and windows. Hints on how to do this are contained in various publications dealing with Home Carpentry.



Fit wire doors and window screens and enjoy fresh air without insect pests. No home is modern unless completely protected from flies, mosquitoes and other flying insects.



Imported by Cyclone Company of Australia Ltd.—Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane.





# GYPSY SIXPENCE



By **EDISON MARSHALL**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

**ROMULUS BROOK**, son of an Englishman and a gypsy girl, knows a life of daring and high adventure as an officer of a crack British regiment in India. It ends when, two weeks before his marriage to Sukey Webb, the Colonel's daughter, he is betrayed by his half-brother

Gerald and becomes a slave. Sukey marries Gerald and eventually Romulus meets them both. In this, the final instalment of the adventurous story, Romulus, with great strategy, plans to revenge himself for the long years of suffering and exile. **NOW READ ON:**

"Have you slain many of the foe, little soldier?" I asked.

I received two replies, both eloquent beyond the power of words. One was in the child's eyes. Their glance into mine was a fervid prayer for help. The other reply from beneath her face cloth was a faint wail, not only of terror and woe but somehow of blind faith in me.

"The boy is afraid of strangers," one of two watchers said, laughing loudly.

"But not of a vicious camel?" I turned and beckoned to Abu Melik, the chief of the Rindi.

"These great warriors have raided up the Kunar," I told him. "Allah be praised, they got the worst of it, to judge from their small baggage and the scars of battle, but they managed to snatch up one little girl, Abu Melik, they shame their turbans, and it comes to me that this day we should strike a blow for Allah, the great, the glorious, and the compassionate."

Abu gave his face a fierce tug. "You are not of our tribe, O Timur, but if that be the vision before your eyes, by Allah, we will cut every throat."

"Yea, if need be to deliver the helpless one, but it may be they will surrender her to save their dogs' lives. Will you draw your Rindi into battle line, to give weight to the words I shall speak?"

"Even so, O Sheik of horse-trader men, and be not too gentle of word or hand, for my sword has thirsted long."

As the Rindi were grouping, I spoke to the Pathan who had a knife in his hand.

"This small one is not the son of one of your number, but a fair-haired girl of Kafiristan, whom you are taking to sell in Kabul."

"Who shall question what we do with the spoils of war against the vile Unbelievers?" he answered loud and fierce.

"Draw the steel, if you can, before the quickest of the Rindi can shoot you off your camel!"

"What would she bring in the slave markets? A hundred rupees? Two hundred at the most? Is it for that we have fed her many days among her devil mountains? What is even two hundred rupees, divided among us all?" He was speaking loudly, for his companions to hear. "Truly we've been accursed by many devils ever since we rode forth on holy war. But I was the one who slew her parents, and it so chances that my eye is taken with her fair hair and blue eyes. If they will award her to me, I will give them certain other spoil I have, worth well over a hundred rupees, and take her to my bosom."

I turned and called to Abu Melik. "Will you look to your muskets?"

"Yes, Timur Sheik."

"It may be you'll have need to use them, but I think not. The child-stealers aren't spoiling for a fight. But the jackals would get their fangs into some of us ere they died, so whatever happens between this dog and me, I ask that you don't fire unless they attack you."

I turned again to the scowling Pathan.

"I would on no account buy her, to reward with silver your evil deeds, but I ask you to give her to me."

"What kind of a fool is this?" the man asked his companion.

"You say you slew her parents. Was it in a great fight?"

"If Omad says so, he lies," one of his clansmen answered angrily. "Then he would have spoil-right to her. He came upon her, with her parents and little brother, herding their sheep far from my village, but they had no weapons save their shepherd's crooks. Does that merit him more than his share of her market price, divided among us all?"

"I think it does." I turned to Omad. "I ask you for the last time. Will you give her to me?"

"Nay, and be glad I don't answer a fool in the way—"

My right hand was on the butt

of a pistol I sometimes used to kill poison snakes.

"I have something else than the maiden for you to take to your bosom," I interrupted him.

He saw death in my eyes and reached for his knife, but he was too late.

I lifted the child from the rude litter and put her on my own.

We were on the big caravan road to Ghazni, our protective tax paid, before our little charge stopped giving frightened glances over her shoulder. Travelling fast those two days, I could provide her only with creature comforts, not one word of reassurance that she could understand.

Not until the third night, when we rested at a walled town below the white peak of Shutangarden, did I get my first, long, good look at her. She was playing gravely with a wooden doll I had bought her at the bazaar, and speaking to it from time to time—quite likely the first breach of her dreadful stunned silence since her little world had been destroyed in horror and bloodshed. I was wondering that a blue-eyed child, whose hair, if washed, would probably be light brown, and whose skin might be rather fair under its coating of dirt, could look so unlike an English child.

Seeing her scratch, I was reminded of another purchase I had made for her—new raiment to take the place of her dirty, vermin-ridden Pathan dress. So I sent for a sari of chokidar in charge of the sari, and bade him bring me a charcoal brazier to heat the chill room, a kettle big enough for her to stand in, and two big jars of hot water.

The girl put her doll to bed and then watched me, big-eyed, as I got out towels and liquid soap. Evidently she had no inkling what this process was. Then I pointed to the water and made gestures to suggest swimming.

Please turn to page 58

**H**AMYD and I went back to trading at the horse fair. After two weeks I thought the watch of departing caravans must be growing slack, and the big police were becoming short-handed. Still our safest route would be in the peaceful South. Not half of our six months' leave had expired, and we need not, like old horse-dogs head straight for our helmets in Kalat.

So we joined a company of merchants and travellers making for the Rann of Cutch. A sepoy guard flanked our bales for stolen rifles, and his scanning of our faces was officious but half-hearted. At Badin in the desert we changed to a caravan making for Bakhar, and there we traded some all scrubs for shorter but better stock. We carried coals to Newcastle at Jodhpur, and at Bikaner all India became our market to open and search for pearls. This old, walled desert city was the home and headquarters of the Marwari, the great travelling traders who dealt from the Chai Hills to Persia. Hamyd and I planned a rambling ramble by way of Multan to Khyber.

It so chanced we went wide of the road also. With the sacred Marwari we made for Dera Ismail Khan on the Indus. Hamyd and I, falling in with a party of well-known Rindi, went through the bandit-infested Gomul Pass.

We thought to visit Kabul before crossing southward to Kalat. But we never reached the ancient capital, on account of guarding a tri-

ling prize which, I had been told, was not worth two hundred rupees.

We had crossed the Kabul River at Jalalabad, to trade in the horse markets northward, when on the caravan road from the Kunar we came suddenly on a band of Pathans who had every earmark of robbers. I had never seen a more villainous-looking crew, and except for knowing the stout hearts and the good aim of my companions, we would have showed them clean heels. Their number was almost the equal of ours, but they knew the Rindi of old, and I was not surprised when they gave us Allah's peace.

Noticing their ill-hidden eagerness to hasten on, I feigned interest in their camels, meanwhile wondering what they had been up to. Two or three had recent wounds, and two of the worst ruffians in the lot remained in the background, blocking my view of a third and its diminutive rider. The latter was dressed like an urchin of the tribe, but the little strip I could see between face cloth and wool cap looked lighter colored than the brown hides of the Pathans.

"Yonder is a very young soldier, to go harrying the Unbelievers," I remarked to the headman.

"He's the son of one of us, but don't go near his camel, for the brute is the most vicious-tempered of our drove. I bade my men keep his teeth out of reach of yours."

"Are all the grown men afraid to ride him?" I replied, approaching closer. Then I saw that the big, frightened eyes beneath the rift of the cloth were unmistakably blue.



She did not smile, but her eyes brightened, and she nodded to show that she understood. But she looked baffled when I pointed to her and again to the water, making the same motions.

To get her clean required a lavish use of soap, repeated rinsing, and brisk scrubbing with a woollen cloth, but my labors were being rewarded in a quite wonderful way. As layer after layer of dirt washed off, I could hardly believe my eyes. The drab little mountain wall was turning into a diminutive but perfect mountain nymph. Not until I had washed and re-washed and dried her hair was the transformation complete.

Every traveller in Afghanistan had heard of fair-haired people dwelling in the Hindu Kush. Indian legend was full of reference to "white Huns." But all the mountaineers on the border of Islam were of mixed blood with the hill tribes, and even in the heart of Kafiristan I had thought that people would be merely pale-colored, with brown hair and old-ivory-colored skins. Instead, my little charge was blond as a blond Swede. Her hair was the hue of new hemp, and her skin snow-white.

If the Pathans had sold her for two hundred rupees, they would have swindled themselves. In a few years she would be worth many thousands at Samarkand. In the same few years she might become the co-brother or even the wife of a noble Moslem or Hindu, but how could I protect her in the meantime?

In the morning I wakened her to find her blue eyes looking at me. She wore the white shirt I had given her to sleep in. She gave me another smile, then grew round-eyed when I signalled that the pile of new, gay-colored garments was for her. "Rajah!" she burst out, when she picked one of them up—the first word she had spoken to me. Then she laid the garment carefully down, and, pale with happiness, knelt at my feet.

I picked her up quickly, laughing in a way that she knew was not scorn, only a sign of friendship between us. "Not Rajah," I told her, pointing to myself and shaking my head. "Timur."

"Timur?" she echoed.

I nodded my head.

Once more I pointed to myself, said "Timur" and pointed to her. And again she answered, as before. It sounded like "Sith-ra."

"Cythera?" I said distinctly, pointing to her.

She nodded happily.

I put my hands together in prayer, raised them, looked high over my head, and said, on the wildest impulse, "Zeus?"

If I lived till every mystery of India was explored, I would never forget the expression on her face. I was suddenly more than her protector. I had bridged the awful chasm that had ended her old life, so that she could go on to a new. A high color glowed in her face and she became in one marvelous moment much more alive. I could see that she wanted to express this in some way—was bursting to, but did not know quite how. Creeping down, I held my arms out. With a gasp she ran to me and pressed her body against my chest.

I had her wear a face cloth through the Afridi villages and in sight of travellers, but she rode unveiled and bareheaded through the lonely mountains, and while she saw the big and thrilling wonders of the vast landscape, I looked at little, lovely ones in her small, strange face. But when steep cliffs overhung the road, I worried a little about her flowing, flaxen hair, which shone in the sun.

She remarked to me on many interesting things. I never understood what she was saying, no more than she my replies.

With no knowledge of Sith-ra's family history or her real birthplace I found difficulty in establishing a language that she would understand. I tried out various dialects and employed sign language, but we could not communicate satisfactorily by

any of these methods. I decided to teach her the Hindustani vernacular of the bazaars, bound to be useful to her, and the easiest to learn, at least in the way of fluent conversation.

Her mind was eager and quick, her tongue lively, and before we made Kandahar, she knew Hindustani very well. We parted with our Hindi fellows here, and then set out with some camel dealers for Kalat.

I left Sith-ra in my old quarters when I went to pay my obeisance to the Emir.

"We have missed you from our court," he told me graciously, "but if the time was well spent—"

"Truly it was, master."

"You learned the name and abode of the evil one of unspeakable beggery?"

"Praise be to Allah, I did."

"I'll receive you in closet shortly."

In the story I told him I managed to omit two pertinent facts—one that Gerald was my half-brother and the other that my co-brother was the daughter of the Colonel Sahib.

I got out of revealing Gerald's name and office by calling him Serdar Nalla—a literal translation of Captain Brook—and by saying he served the Governor Sahib. Licking his chops over the tale, Nazir Khan was satisfied to hear that my co-brother was a moon of beauty called Bachhiya. His black eyes glittered when I told of holding a knife within arm's length of my fallen enemy's throat.

"By Allah, Paulos, I wish now I'd given you leave to end your thrall then and there," he cried.

"To hear was to obey, great King."

"It was obedience deserving of Allah's taking you to Paradise, ghaour or no, when your cup of death is brought. But be of good heart, Paulos. It comes to me that Allah won't allow your enemy to die save under your hand. When the time comes, you shall again search him out, even across the black waters. After the fullness of your revenge, is it your purpose to take back your co-brother, despite your very enemy's drinking of that fountain?"

"If Allah wills."

"And on no account to cut her throat?"

"Lord, she didn't conspire against me, or know that her taker was my betrayer. Among the English, O King, widows are suffered to re-ved."

"That I've heard. Paulos, the time of waiting won't be long. It's my pleasure to give you tidings of great joy."

"Allah upon you, master."

"In your absence I bespoke the Ambassador of Sa'id ibn Sultan, ere he set out for Zanzibar. That speaking is now answered by letter. He accepted, with many expressions of pleasure, my gift of you to him along with your follower Hamyd, and above his hand and seal he declared that if you served him faithfully for five years, he would indeed assume the promise I had made you, and set both of you free."

**N**AZIR permitted me to kneel and kiss the hem of his garment.

"If the Destroyer of Delights comes to him ere then, he declared that his heirs will honor the contract. So after you have remained a month at my court, to take leave of me and your many friends, you shall take ship for Zanzibar."

I could hardly hope to find him in better fettle and fonder heart than now, so I held out my hands in token of petition.

"You have my leave to speak."

"Lord, isn't it the Law of the Prophet that no man shall be with a maiden ere nature betokens her of age to bear young, even though she be outside the Faith?"

"Verily it is."

"A Pathan murdered the parents and little brother of such a one, wantonly with his sword, and when he would lie with her I quarrelled with him, and in her defence slew him."

"By my beard, it was well done!"

"If so chanced I couldn't return her to her kinsmen, and I have

brought her here, into the shadow of your throne. Also, I'm seeking to learn from her all I can of her people and their land, whereby to transmit to the hakims of all the world a writing thereon, to increase their wisdom. Of you I entreat protection for her until she is of an age to marry, and then a pronouncement of her freedom, even as though she were a daughter, by a concubine, of a Moslem, so she may never be sold into slavery."

"I'll do better than that, Paulos. I'll put her in charge of my eunuchs, you to talk to her when you will, until you depart from my realm. Then I'll ask Mazad Serdar, who is old and kind and without children, to pass her through his wife's shift, in the rite of adoption. If the child be comely, and of pleasant manner, he will gladly agree. Then, when the time comes, she will be a lady of good estate, fit to marry a Son of the Prophet of good name."

Nazir Khan was as good as his word. The following day the venerable Mazad spoke to me, asking to see the child. I had her brought from the haremlik, and when she had knelt before him he kissed her between the eyes in token of his pleasure in her, and then confided to me he would adopt her as his daughter, and have a mullah teach her the Faith as soon as I departed for Zanzibar. I could think of no safer disposal of her, and indeed she would come to prosperity undreamed in the fastnesses of Kafiristan. But my preparing her for our parting was even harder going than I had expected.

She was not in the least afraid of the old soldier, and I painted a rosy picture of life in his palace. I did not tell her that I was soon to leave Kalat. Tirelessly and, it seemed, eagerly she kept to the tedious task of translating into the unknown language the Hindustani words I put to her, so I could write them down phonetically.

I toyed with the idea of asking Nazir Khan to postpone my departure a month or two more. Little Sith-ra was the best informant as to Kafiristan I could hope to find. Of more importance were my studies of this utterly unknown tongue. I could not trace the slightest relation between it and any other language, and its grammar and construction were bewilderingly complex and thrilling new.

When only one week remained of my stay, I broke the news as gently as I could, to my little schoolteacher. Not until then did I perceive the full strength of her spirit, as revealed in courage and in pride.

She spent most of the hours we had together sitting in my lap, listening to the fairy stories of my own childhood and tales from the Arabian Nights, patting my face, and teaching me nothing strange but the exceeding strangeness of her beauty and her pagan heart.

The Emir granted my request that Sith-ra be present when I attended the court to receive my farewell honors. She was provided with proper and beautiful attire and when I saw the child arrayed, her flaxen hair flowing, her fair skin in such striking contrast to that of the swarthy attendants, I was sure that the Emir would notice her.

Not knowing any better—or so I thought—she trailed me when I was called before the throne. The court caught its breath as one man, but Nazir Khan did not glance at her yet. He addressed me in classic Persian, in words to be recorded by the scribes, and for the whole court to hear.

Then he bade me rise and kissed me between the eyes.

"And who is the moon of beauty in your attendance?" he asked.

"She is Sithy, the pagan girl I took from the Pathan."

"She is a young moon yet, but so is the most beloved of all—even the Moon of Ramadan, new hung in the west, after the holy fast. Truly my good servant Mazad is blessed by Allah—" He turned and pointed his sceptre at the old serdar, who immediately came forward. Then and there the ceremony, that on the spur of the moment he intended to perform, was set awry.

With a pounce as fast as a terrier's Sithy sprang to the foot of the throne and flung her arms about the Emir's lower leg. It was almost an

unheard-of offence, lese majesty to the point of sacrilege, for even a noble to touch the royal person without his consent, and the whole court was stunned. But truly Nazir Khan rose to the occasion, like the deeply human yet illustrious prince he was. Without turning a hair he spoke gravely.

"Allah bear witness that this maiden has touched the hem of my garment, and hence, by the ancient law of the Sublime Throne of Osmanli, to which my forebears bowed, she is now under my protection." He threw over her a fold of his cloth-of-gold ihram according to a ceremony old in the days of Tamerlane. "Is there any here who can speak her language?"

"O King, she speaks Hindustani," I answered, "which several here understand."

"When a petitioner can't speak for himself, it's the law that one neutral to his interests speak for him. Nanda," the Emir went on, addressing a Hindu attendant, "bid the mercy-seeker rise and make her entreaty."

I was afraid Sithy might not understand Nanda's Hindustani, accented differently from mine, but I could not see that she missed a word. Not once did she break into his translation, and although quivering with fright, she looked the Emir in the face.

**V**ERY quietly she went on: "Master, Paulos Rajah promised me if you would let him, he'd take me with him to—the place he's going. Please, master, let him!"

"Why, it's a long journey across the black waters," the Emir answered, his eyes gleaming. "Wouldn't you be afraid?"

"No, master."

"He's going among strangers, and no one knows his kismet. If you stay here, you'll be as a free-born daughter of the Faith, but there you will be a slave."

"I want to be his slave, great master."

"True, I've heard of slaves who have slaves, although both are subject to the same master's will. Paulos, what say you to this?"

"Great King, I may soon die or be slain, or be sent away by the Sultan, and so be parted from her, friendless, and unable to speak to the people, in a strange, far-distant land. Your Highness knows the dangers that hang over a slave, and the weakness of his arm. But if you consent to her going with me, I'll keep my promise to her, for truly it was my heart's desire, although in conflict with my judgment."

"Mazad, I spoke with you of the adoption of the Kafir maiden, which gives you claim upon her. Will you renounce that claim, in case I give her leave to go with Paulos?"

"Yea, O Majesty."

"Then hear my decree. It's your heart's desire that the Kafir go with you, and she has made very plain to us it's likewise the desire of her stout, if small, heart. What claim I have upon her, from her being your captive, I now bestow upon you, subject to the will of your new master. Until this hour I'd heard but didn't believe that the pagans of the Hindu Kush had daughters such as these, not unlike the sahibs' daughters, save in countenance, which is strange even to us and most lovely. By my beard, I myself would like to visit Kafiristan."

"Lord, I aspire to the honor of sending you a draft of the paper I shall write on the strange land, when I'm more instructed in it." I said.

When Hamyd and I had said farewell to our fellow slaves, we set out bearing our chattels on a well-equipped caravan for Sonmiani on the Arabian Sea. At Sonmiani we boarded an Arab dhow en route to Muscat, and after five days arrived at the capital city of Oman.

We spent three days in the walled city before finding a ship to our liking bound for Zanzibar. For comfort I would have preferred a Yankee, but was afraid my little blond companion would attract too much attention from the crew, so I finally settled on one of the Sultan's own armed merchantmen. At dawn of the fourteenth day we

raised the island, blue from a distance, low-lying and dreamy-looking.

As soon as we had docked, Hamyd Sithy and I made straight for Bet el Sahel.

The city of Zanzibar was one of the meanest, dirtiest, and no doubt, wickedest I had ever visited. Its streets were tortuous dark alleys five yards wide; we had to press against damp-smelling walls, besmeared with red betel-nut juice spat by passers-by, to pass a file of naked Negroes, chained to one another, and each bearing on his shoulder a great, glimmering elephant tusk. The best houses, with dark, narrow entrances and yards littered with livestock in the way of slaves, donkeys, dogs, and poultry, and with wood and reeking hides, all looked like gauds, with heavy-timbered, padlocked doors, small, barred windows, or with plain plank shutters; all were of hodge-podge design.

At the beginning of the middle year of the nineteenth century, this was one of the most significant cities in the world. Actually it was the gateway to an undiscovered, unconquered half of a continent. It was the key to a treasure house that was the last great prize of history.

Bet el Sahel proved to be a considerable palace. I asked to be taken to the seneschal, who proved to be a small, alert Armenian named Kozern. He was expecting me, he said—he was glad to have another Christian at the court—and my orders were to set out at once for Mt. Mori, the Sultan's country palace, about five miles north of the city, and his favorite residence. Kozern spoke of Sithy as "the Circassian" and of Hamyd as "my servant," and did not seem to know that all three of us were slaves. I did not enlighten him and he provided donkeys with big Swahili sails for Sithy and me.

Mt. Mori was a much larger, finer palace than Bet el Sahel. We found the head eunuch called Hamid. An expert on women, he did not make Kozern's mistake in regard to Sithy.

"What is she?" he asked in elegant Arabic. "I've never seen anything quite like her."

"She's a Kafir from the Hindu Kush."

"We have Kafirs in Africa, recalled, but they are as black as she is white. Has the sun shone on her that she is of such snow? And is she a gift for the Sultan?"

"No, she's my own slave, and I pray that you quarter her with me."

He agreed without a second's hesitation, to my unutterable relief.

The Sultan received me in his chambers immediately after breakfast, and I was permitted to kiss the back of his hand. After a very brief inquiry into the health and prosperity of his "brother," Nazir Khan, and a short word of welcome, he went straight to business. My official office was to be the palace librarian. My first duties were to catalogue the books, with notes on their quality and the lives of their authors, after which I was to buy more, both old and new. I was to recommend, after careful perusal, important volumes for his own reading, as well as for his councillors, his serdars, and his Reis Effendi, the admiral of the Imperial Navy.

"But since you're some sort of a Greek, all of whom are famed for subtlety, and since, too, the durbat at Gwadar was doubtless your invention—by the way I saw through it from first to last, but gladly acquiesced in it, from despising Mohammed Shah—you're to have a confidential post under the Grand Vizier. He'll want to know all that you know of the political aims and power of the Western kings and their councillors. He's completely loyal and reasonably honest—which is a very great recommendation among my tribe—and if only showed not brilliant, he's broadminded enough to recognise the fact and not refuse counsel even from a Greek slave."

"To hear is to obey."

"Mark you, Paulos, I'm the last of the great Arab monarchs. My generations will do well to have rag-and-



tribal courts in the Arabian deserts. England has already put her vast net down on my slavery export, a business from which I derived £22,000 a year. I can see the writing on the wall, and so have but one policy. It is that in my old age I'm not made a bone for England and France to fight over. I must join the camp of one or the other."

So now I had one great policy myself—to help persuade him to join the English camp. England had set her face like flint against slavery. Her selfishness was usually intelligent, her rule over backward peoples, whom some European Power would control if she did not, was the most enlightened in the world. By that policy, any power I could wield would be to my pleasure and good conscience. In the years before my chains were loosed I might do worth-while service to the non-white races who were most in need, and a little for the off-whites, my own kind.

I went to work, and the rushing days began to be counted first in weeks, then in months, and then in turning seasons. I wanted no public limit, for it was dangerous here, but I could not entirely avoid it. It was no longer a secret that the Grand Vizier listened to me ere he advised the Sultan. There were great sheikhs in the court who opposed his policies, and had expert poisoners and back-sabers at their beck and call. I stayed out of palace intrigue, and took measures for my own and hence for an innocent bystander's defence. Happily, Hamyd had been immediately appointed to and quartered with the palace guard, and since only the Sultan, the Vizier, and a few other trusted officials knew that he was my intimate, he proved an invaluable spy.

Since Sithy had the run of the haremlik, she had playmates in plenty. Her "best friend" was the somewhat younger daughter of a mamluke who had been passed through the Sultan's shift, almost as blond as herself.

Late one night, I found her looking at one of my books of Arabian poetry. I laughed at her, saying that she could not understand a line, but our year and half in the Arabian court had schooled her more than I realised, and she read aloud, without much trouble, one of the verses.

That year I strove mightily to strengthen the throne, and became the Vizier's right-hand man. In the third quarter of the year he sent me as commander of a big safari up the old Swahili Road beyond the headwaters of the Umba River, there to deal with a black king who was raiding his caravans. When I had done the business, half appeasing, half scaring the huge savage, I established landmarks and blazed new trails in case I passed this way again on my own affairs. This was a wonderful surpassing my every expectation and wildest dream.

When I returned to Zanzibar, a great hour was about to strike.

Through Captain Hamerton, the British Consul, the Grand Vizier received a polite but strong protest against the continued export of slaves by runners to the coast towns. The Governor-General of India demanded a guarantee from the Sultan that the ban be enforced. On no account must the agreement leave a legal opening for the landing of English troops on that part of the mainland where the Sultan had established factories under the flag of Oman. To the Vizier I proposed that the business be no more sitting down with a consul who would have received instructions as to terms, and had "no authority to revise them." Instead it should be a full-dress affair, with a minor notable from India representing the East India Company and hence the Queen. I argued that the Sultan's Ismat demanded such formal procedure, and thereby, having demonstrated his self-respect, we would make a better deal.

Thus far I was working only for my master. Pointing out that the writing of the letter to India would be tricky business, too, I requested the Vizier to do a turn for me. It was a big turn, to say the least, to approach the Sultan now, and get his promise that if an agreement satisfactory to him was reached, on the very day it was signed he would see Hamyd and me—and of course

my Kafirri—free. After a leave of six months, I would serve him faithfully for two more years as a free man, if he desired.

The Sultan replied that he would give the petition his cordial consideration. I had every reason to believe he would grant it, and shaped my plans on the assumption that he would. On my next audience in his chambers, I proposed that he should request that the ambassador chosen should be known to him by reputation as one friendly to Islam and with sufficient experience in administration to understand the problem of law-enforcement over a wide border.

"You've kept a record of the great ones in Hind," the Sultan replied. "Name those who would deal with us justly and well."

"There are none more illustrious than Lord Gough and Sir Charles Napier." Actually the former was in England, and that the victor of Meeanee would come to Africa to negotiate a minor treaty was unthinkable. "Also there is one whom your kinsman Baidu-ibn-Jabala of Oman praised for his just dealings with the Faithful in the matter of transport from Karachi to Mecca."

The truth of that matter was that Baidu had mentioned to me some official supervision of the pilgrim ships from Sind, but had credited no particular administrator. He was now safe in Oman.

**I**N further explanation I said, "This sahib has had wide experience in the North-west. Also, he is a great nimrod, and if we promise him a lion hunt on the mainland with his memsahib—for he never goes anywhere without her—he will be in a good humor while making the treaty."

"I recall that I was in such humor in making a treaty with Nazir Khan of Baluchistan," the Sultan smiled faintly. "You may compose the letter which the Vizier will sign, naming him and the others as acceptable to me. And you, Paulus, have been a more than acceptable servant for three and a half years. On the day that the agreement is signed, whether or not it is all that I would wish, I will gladly manumit you to freedom, with your follower Hamyd and your cobah, the Kafirri. Then, after you've taken six months' leave to visit your country and kinsmen, I'll welcome you to my service as a free man."

The pertinent passages from the letter read as follows: "My master the Sultan requests that your Excellency send as your representative to his court a sahib whose honor and fame has reached his august ears. There is none more illustrious in his sight than Lord Gough, Victor at Gulkarat or Sir Charles Napier. Of another one less known he has recently heard, because of his just dealings with his brethren of the Faith, in the matter of their ship from Karachi to Mecca, as reported to him by his kinsman Baidu-ibn-Jabala of Oman. The personage is Brook Sahib by name, a man young in years but old in wisdom, and is your Excellency's Viceroy in Sind."

The letter concluded with the suggestion that after the treaty had been signed His Excellency's representative might enjoy a visit to the mainland, where in addition to seeing how law-abiding it was, he could enjoy big-game hunting.

The Sultan's nomination of a much lesser light should not astonish the Governor-General, because according to the workings of the sahib mind, any act befriending the Faithful was bound to loom large in the Mohammedan mind, obsessed by religion.

In barely two months the answer to the Vizier's letter arrived by dhow. The gist of it was, after amenities and platitudes that His Excellency Gerald Brook, Lieutenant-Governor of Sind, had been appointed to represent the Indian Government in the matter toward, and would sail from Karachi in four weeks.

I spent a fortnight making arrangements for the visitors' accommodation. Perhaps I was somewhat negligent in choosing for safari captain an Arab (ivory-factor named Bismilla, pompous, brave as a black-maned lion to hear him talk. He

was an able handler of Swahili slaves, and would no doubt provide comfortable camps along the route.

The Sultan could protect his caravans along the road to Kimbu, but in the mountainous region south of the river where the hunting was good the Sultan had no control. If the hunters ventured from under the Sultan's flag he could not be held responsible for any accidents.

When I returned to Zanzibar, I had quite a thrilling story to tell Sithy, of a rhinoceros that had chased me up a tree. But I got the impression that she was doing more watching than listening. She was wondering what I was covering up. I knew part, but not all.

"It was very lonely while you were gone," she told me gravely.

"It so chanced I must go again within a fortnight. Two great ones are coming from Hind to hunt in the mountains, and I must see they are well guarded and attended."

"Have you ever told me about them?"

"You've never heard their names. They are a Governor Sahib and his memsahib."

"Have you ever seen them?"

"Yes."

"Tell me how they look."

"From the rooftops you've seen the Yankees and the English. They look much the same."

"They are young?"

"The sahib is my age, the memsahib younger."

"Is she dark or fair?"

"Very fair, but not quite as fair as you. She's also quite tall."

I caught my breath. "But Sithy, don't say to anyone that I've seen them. I don't want anyone to know I was ever in Hind, because of trouble overtaking me there. And don't say that I'm going to help them with their hunt, as I may have to do. As far as you know I'm going only to Pangani."

"I won't tell a soul. Will you take me with you to the mainland, Paulus Rajah?"

The stream of my thought became divided in two. After my visit to the hunting grounds, what if I could not return to Zanzibar? What if I had to disappear into the wild interior, or work my way up the coast to find passage to Europe? I had to make some sort of arrangement to have Sithy join me. It would be very difficult unless . . .

"Yes, you may go. It's your right to go, and it's right that you should go. I want you with me," I replied finally.

My mind was greatly perplexed over what part Hamyd should have in the enterprise. It was a much weightier problem than it seemed. There were practical considerations and moral ones. Although boasting a fine beard, he could not come into the game too soon, lest he be recognised; his countenance had changed greatly in the past nine years, but had not been transformed. His voice had not acquired an entirely different timbre from his mind's immersion into Arabic as had mine; his mannerisms seemed different to me, but they could well remind Sukey of long ago. However, there would be plenty of work for him, if I could appoint him to do it.

He had, of course, heard the palace rumors of the soon arrival of the Governor of Sind and his memsahib, and had put two and two together. I got word to him to come to my parlor. We were alone, so we lighted pipes as of old.

I told him about Gerald's official errand and my programme, as far as it went, to meet him and Sukey in the interior. I explained that he and I would be freemen, then, and we would not on any count cause trouble for the Sultan. I made it clear that after the stage was set, I had no settled plans for the ensuing drama other than the establishment to the satisfaction of any court, if he should come to trial, of Gerald's guilt. Though I did not tell him so, I did not even know which one of many motifs would dominate the action, or what great issues would arise.

He listened without comment. "Hamyd, will the palace guard be called out in honor of such distinguished visitors?" I asked.

"Yes, sahib. The order has already been given. We are to be drawn up, and present arms, in the ben-jile."

## By EDISON MARSHALL

"Before I ask you to join me on the mainland, I want you to look again into the faces of my brother and his wife."

On the morning of their ship's arrival, the court made great stir. It was my right to stand in the Vizier's train, but I forewent the honor, and when the palace guard was arrayed in two lines, I took a stand immediately behind Hamyd. Gerald and Sukey were being conveyed from the city in a luxurious launch. From where we stood we saw its arrival at the Sultan's dock, and their greeting by the Grand Vizier. Then both entered palanquins to be borne on the shoulders of burly Swahili to the entrance of the benjile. Presently they came walking on the red carpet that had been laid to the main door of the palace.

I looked at Sukey first, escorted by our elegant English-speaking Reis Effendi, and followed by her ayah. She was walking ahead of her husband and the Grand Vizier, which was not scheduled in the arrangements; plainly Gerald had upset them, as well as the order of precedence of the court, to show he was an English gentleman before he was either a diplomat or the Sultan's guest.

I, Kom, Lomri, Paulus, sometimes Timur, stood and watched her pass. I did not see through a mist—my eyes felt dry and hot—but my throat cords were rigid and nothing was in my chest but one, great, smothering ache. Hamyd quivered a little.

Gerald wore English formal court dress with knee-breeches. He looked considerably older than I had seen him last by lantern light. He had always been handsome; now he was an impressive figure of a Governor Sahib, immensely dignified, aloof, perhaps a little cold-looking.

Again Hamyd and I met in my parlor. Big-eyed Sithy brought us tea, and, apparently without glancing at either of our faces, went out.

"The memsahib looked very beautiful," I began.

"Truly she did."

"Is she happy in her lot, do you think? I don't see how that will change anything kismet has in store for her, but I'd like to know."

"She's not unhappy, sahib, if I judge aright. It may be that she still loves you—it would be hard for her to stop—but the pain of the wound of your loss has passed."

"Is she yet Bachhiya or wholly Brook Memsahib, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Sind?"

"The Shazadi of Hind, whom we both loved, abides in her still."

"Hamyd, do you wish to go with me to the mainland for the completion of the thar?"

"Has the sahib forgotten Bachhiya's words of long ago? She bade me cross with you the rivers and the deserts of your kismet. Thereby that became my kismet."

**H**AMYD did not say it was his wish to go. Plainly his wishes to go or to stay did not matter one jot or tittle.

"Will you come as my servant or as my kinsman in the thar?"

"By your leave I'll come as both your brother in vengeance, and the servant of the once-beloved husband of Bachhiya."

"Then, between now and our departure, make such preparations as would be fitting in the case we never return to Zanzibar."

He set about them, and I to the business of the new treaty. I had told the Grand Vizier it would be awkward for me, a Christian, to be seen as the Sultan's servant in dealings with another Christian, but I would remain in an anteroom to the council chamber. If the Vizier wished to take up with me any point in the contract, I would be available at all times, and I would do any writing of difficult passages that he desired. Only a latticed door was between me and the treaty-makers. I could always hear the murmur of their voices, and almost always the stave but forceful voice of Gerald as he dictated to an English-speaking interpreter. It was never

raised, but, as at this moment, it represented the voice of the Indian Government, and hence by a large vicariousness the Queen's, it carried well.

At the end of the first day, Gerald abandoned hope of any loophole in the new agreement permitting English policing of the slave coast. Like any good envoy, from then on he worked for the strongest possible enforcement of the previous agreement, banning the export of slaves from the Sultan's territories. I was his unknown ally in this enterprise.

On the day that the agreement was to be signed, I proposed that the Vizier consult the Governor Sahib before appointing any escort of honor for his journey to the mainland. It might be the two English would prefer a holiday from all court etiquette and cares of state. Gerald replied exactly as could be expected. He thanked the Vizier for his consideration, but he preferred to make the expedition with his memsahib not as the Lieutenant-Governor of Sind, but as a private Englishman on shikar.

"He asked for plenty of porters, but as small an armed convoy as possible," the Vizier remarked to me.

The treaty was signed by Gerald, representing the Government of India, and by the Grand Vizier, as viceroy of the Sultan. It did not curtail the Sultan's power in any great degree, and was satisfactory to Gerald, although it was not much more than a postscript to the agreement made a few years before. Sa'id ibn Sultan celebrated the event with a fete at his city palace, for which the whole court wore its brightest plumage. From a balcony I saw my brother Gerald, in the full-dress uniform of the Tatta Lancers, receiving his due of honors, and then watching, with a slightly pained expression, a performance by nautch girls. He had shaken hands with the Sultan and made him a formal bow, but of course he had not knelt, let alone bumped his forehead on the floor.

The memsahib was of course absent, as was proper from a Mohammedan festa.

Within the next hour Sa'id ibn Sultan received me in his gulphor. As I knelt before him, in what seemed a dream woven on to a long pattern of dreams, I heard him declare my freedom, with that of my follower Hamyd and my hand-maiden from Kafiristan. He praised briefly but highly my services to his person and his throne, and had the Vizier hand me a certificate of manumission bearing his royal seal. If I so desired, after six months' pilgrimage to such shrines as I wished to visit, he hoped for my service as a freeman in a post of honor. To facilitate my journey, his Sarraf would furnish me with five thousand rupees. As a memento of my years in his court, he himself handed me a ring on which were engraved his initials and the symbols of a blessing in Allah's name.

My heart had a resonant beat, but it did not sing, for although I had been delivered from slavery to the Infidel, I was not yet free. I was still bound to the past. I bore a grievous wound that was not healed, and owed a mighty debt.

I went into my quarters and showed the certificate and the ring to Sithy. She wept without hardly knowing why—one of the few times I had seen tears in her strange, blue, slanted eyes.

"You must address me for a while as Timur and never speak of me save by that name," I said.

"It's easy to remember. I called you Timur Rajah when I was a little girl of twelve. It must be great dangers we are going into, Timur," she went on, pretending to look off, but watching me out of the corner of her eye.

"Of many kinds."

She brightened wonderfully when I touched upon some of the sights and adventures we could expect on the journey. The hour was

Please turn to page 61

Page 59



## Big Spring asset... the little **wool** suit

The good little suit in lightweight wool is a wardrobe in itself. Make it the centre of your seasonal colour scheme and build around it. Sharpen it with crisp white shirts or gay scarves by day — mellow it with costume jewellery at night. Jacket and skirt play separates, too — the jacket with simple dresses, contrasting skirts — the skirt with different tops. Plan a suit with more lives than the proverbial cat — in a good style, a good colour — the best fabric, WOOL.

### 7 REASONS WHY wool dressed is well dressed

1. Wool is drapable
2. Wool holds the line
3. Wool is wrinkle-resistant
4. Wool keeps its colour
5. Wool insulates against heat
6. Wool dry-cleans without damage
7. Wool outwears all other fabrics



There is  
no substitute  
for **wool**



long past her bedtime and after several yawns her eyes closed. I hid her on my bed while I made tea in the anteroom.

Next day from a high window I watched Gerald and Sukey set out in palanquins for the dock, accompanied only by Sukey's ayah, Gerald's Sindhi body servant, and an English-speaking Malay, no doubt hired as an interpreter. Gerald's secretary was not there. At Pangani, their port of entry on the river mouth, Bismilla would have servants and porters for them without end.

All three of us in Arab dress, Sukey, Hamyd, and I set sail that night for Sudaani. We were going to the Kifaru Mlima by a shorter but rougher route. We disembarked at dawn, and at noon were ready to set out with Na'od and fifty Swahili porters lightly burdened with stores.

We made camp after a few days at Kifaru Mlima and the following noon Hamyd and I climbed to the crest.

Through my field glasses we took up searching the grassy slopes, and finally I saw coming over the crest of a hill a line of black dots. Through fifteen miles of crystalline air, it was perfectly identifiable as a hundred or so porters walking in file.

We watched them off and on throughout the afternoon. An hour before sundown they stopped beside a donga containing springs, not more than four miles from our pavilions. The field glasses brought the scene within a half-mile.

"How far is their camp from the Sultan's border, sahib?" Hamyd asked.

"There's a valley to the west not a day's march. Beyond that, the Sultan claims no sovereignty and ways no power. Bismilla will not want to venture there."

"They will have only fair hunting here."

"I doubt if it will be even fair." "Your hunting too will be less than fair."

"I felt a pleasant tingle across the back of my neck."

"True, the game can be only spotted and watched for it's protected on these grounds. But later I may move into the wilderness." "I think it will so move."

"Hamyd, it will be good sport to start and drive it, or better yet, deny it to the wonderful western highlands where there are no game laws."

"That could well be."

"But if the quarry becomes alarmed, it will seek safety with the wildness in the east. Picture me, Hamyd, as I was on the night Bachhiya bade you follow me, and compare that picture with the one before your eyes."

Hamyd gazed at me long and from every angle, his mind in deep repose.

"Sahib, there's no reminder of that day if Bachhiya sees your face by sunlight when all else is hidden, as night set to herself. He reminds me of Rom." But she would not leave why, no altered is your countenance by the wound and its healing by the death you died, and by eight years of thinking, feeling, and acting as a slave. She won't wonder what's under your beard.

She won't say with the thought that you might be Rom; her wildest imaginings can't vault that far, with your bones long dried in the desert sands. And what little resemblance to him remains there is cancelled out by your general aspect. In that, you're an Arab of the Arabians. Your countenance is that of an Arab, so is your very least gesture and mannerism, so is your garb, and you are not in Arab country.

"Now it may be, sahib, that Bachhiya will know me at first sight." He went on "Therefore she mustn't see my face until the hunting is over and the game's in the net. But you she won't know, nor will the sahib, until the door is unlocked between the present and the past."

"She's never seen you bearded or in Arab dress. I doubt if she'll know you until some gesture or tone makes known your love of her. It's best you get now into the habits of addressing me as 'Sayed Na'od' as a good Arab should call his master."

"We both be good Arabs, Seyyed Na'—unless it be in our hearts."

"Are they Arab hearts, Hamyd? If they are, at once stony and on fire, implacable in that, assuredly the hunting will be good."

He waited for me to answer my own question.

"They are not, Hamyd, and the love of Bachhiya dwells in them both. But I can speak for mine now. It's neither an Arab's, nor a Greek's, nor a sahib's, from now to the hunt's end. It's a Gypsy's heart."

"Kismet," Hamyd murmured.

Hamyd and I enjoyed ourselves, merely seeing what we could of Gerald's doings, and piecing out the rest. Without the slightest danger of discovery, we kept within a mile of him, losing him and finding him again, throughout his first day's hunting. He and Sukey were being guided by Bismilla, a poor hunter.

After two days' hunting all they had approaching a trophy was a small buffalo bull shot by Sukey.

**H**AMYD went to our camp and sent Na'od and two Swahili bearers to meet me a mile or so from Gerald's camp. As he and Sukey were having tiffin at the table their fundis had erected, we appeared on the open slope of the hillside. They glanced up at us, and Sukey started to rise, but Gerald knew how to handle natives, so she resumed her seat and both went on with their meal. Bismilla came to the door of his pavilion, but had not yet recognised me. Only when we approached within forty paces did Gerald lay down his fork and move his stool to face us. My heart was beating strongly but not overly fast.

"Timur Effendi!" Bismilla cried, obviously glad to see me.

"Bismilla Sheikh! Sall' ala Mo-hammed!"

"Allah umma sall' alayhi!"

"We saw the smoke of your fires, and would wish you good hunting."

"It's been poor enough, so far. I think one of the cursed blacks has made uchawi (black magic) against us. I'll present you to the great sahib, guest of the Sultan."

On approaching Gerald, I bowed low and clapped my hand to my forehead and my heart. He responded with a nod and a lift of his hand. There did not come to him, and I had never imagined that there could, the slightest inkling that he had ever seen my bearded, scarred face before. Not the dimmest memory stirred in the deep of his brain, if his candid glance told true. So far I had not glanced at Sukey's unveiled face, as was good manners for an Arab of izzat. But I saw it out of the corner of my eye and I thought it revealed lively interest.

"Tell your master," Bismilla addressed Gerald's Malay interpreter, "that this be Timur Effendi, an honorable servant of Sa'id Ibn Sultan."

This was duly translated into a pidgin-English.

"Salaam, Timur Effendi," Gerald said.

"Allicum salem, sahib."

"Ask him if he speaks any European language," Gerald directed.

When the question was put to me, I lifted my arms, palms outward and shook my head.

"But I've learned a little Hindustani from the shopkeepers of Zanzibar," I ventured to the translator.

"He says he speaks some Hindustani."

Gerald spoke in a casual tone to Sukey. "That might be useful."

"Gerald, did we meet him at the Sultan's court?"

"I'm sure we didn't. I'd have remembered that fine scar."

"I would've too, I dare say. But I thought at first there was something—"

"These johnnies all look alike to me, I'm afraid," Gerald turned again to me, and spoke in informal Hindustani. "Are you on safari, Timur Effendi?"

"Yes, sahib—to take ivory."

"From the size of the elephants around here, I wouldn't think you'd find much."

"No, sahib, they're very small. The game has been shot out or driven out of this area, it being too close

to the coast. I'm only passing through with my porters, on the way to the farther wilderness of Wasegwa." It was not difficult to speak Hindustani with an Arab accent and to employ simple forms.

"Why, I was led to believe this was a wonderful hunting ground."

I started to answer, and then appeared to think better of it.

"You may speak freely, Timur. No one here but the memsahib and I and our servants know Hindustani."

"Sahib, the honorable sheik, good servant of the Sultan, and my brother in the Faith, is not a hunter."

"I've found that out."

"Also—although he's a ghandur (brave) bahadur (officer)—"

Gerald turned to the Malay. "Tell Bismilla that Timur says he's a very lion in bravery." When this was done and Bismilla stroked his beard, Gerald spoke in Hindustani again. "Now, Timur, you may omit the flattery."

"The sahib understands. Truly, since you were a guest of our Sultan, it's my duty to speak truth. The great sheik is a famous slave-catcher. For that, some in the farther highlands bear him a grudge."

"I don't wonder."

"They are only Shenizis, but they might make bold to attack him, when he's not protected with your guns. For that reason, he chose this secure place. And truly, with better luck you may take a fair bag."

"What game is there on the highlands besides elephants?"

"Sahib, I could more easily tell you what game is not there. The buffalo you've slain—if you'll pardon me, sahib — wouldn't be worth a glance. The lions are black-maned and, having endless herds of zebra and wildebeest to prey upon, are numerous and, to speak truth, dangerous. But, sahib, the land lies two days' march beyond the Sultan's domain. It's an unpeopled part of the realms of a black king."

"I can't imagine him molesting, an Englishman."

"Nor I, sahib. But the Shenizis might make trouble for the honorable sheik."

Gerald turned to his wife, who was listening to him with wifely concern. Her hand raised, with her long fingers against her cheek, revealed to me for the first time her bizarre bracelet, fashioned in India of gold and enamel, to which was fastened a small, bright silver coin. What luck will it bring you Sukey, at safari's end?

"I wish we could get there," Gerald was saying. "It's either that, or go back to Zanzibar—"

"Take care, Gerald. I don't think we ought to go beyond the Sultan's domain—"

"Nonsense, darling—if the sport's good enough. These blacks know what happens if they try any tricks on a sahib. Of course, this fellow would expect baksheesh, and plenty of it, for any help he gives us." He turned to me. "Have you a camp nearby?"

"Yes, sahib, but we'll break it in the morning. We rested to-day because it's a day of feasting in my faith. If you wish to break camp, my men and I could go with you to the border valley, about four hours' march. Surely the hunting will be better than here. There you may have a day with my great tracker, Na'od."

"I accept with pleasure."

"But pray you, sahib, don't speak of this to the sheik until I'm gone. And then cunningly, lest he bear me ill-will for my intrusion in his business."

"I will, Timur, but it's my business, not his. Are you too a hunter of renown?"

"No, sahib. I depend on Na'od to lead me to the game, and to tell me when the shot is difficult. I was once clawed by a lion of the desert."

"Sukey, that's the first Arab I've ever met who missed a chance to boast."

"I'm not sure I like that, either."

"Oh, come, Sukey. You've got too much imagination." He turned again to me. "Will you bring your outfit this way to-morrow? We'll be ready to march, and fall in behind you."

## By EDISON MARSHALL

When I returned to our camp, Sithy looked at me inquiringly.

"Have you seen the sahib and the memsahib?" she asked.

"Why, yes. How have you spent the day?"

"I climbed many hills with Bazizi." This was a high-spirited Swahili about Sithy's age. "I took one of the guns, should a lion try to eat us."

"Go wide of lions, if you see any, and most of all, stay out of the wind of rhinoceros. If one sees you or smells you, climb a tree, and wait till he goes away."

"All that I'll do, but, Timur Rajah, have no thought of me, until this business you are on is done. I'll be very happy in the mountains. It's the first fresh air I've had since long ago. When the shauri is over—"

"Why, you use Bazizi's talk already!"

"When we go back, I'll entreat you to see me free."

"You're free already. The Sultan made you so."

"That's not enough. But I'll speak of it later, when my master is at leisure."

That night we split the outfit, I to take about two-thirds of the porters and the stores, both pavilions, and one of the heavy guns by way of Gerald's camp to the border. Hamyd with the rest to stay on our flank about ten miles distant, out of sight and sound. We arranged signals, if such would be needed, and made plans.

In the morning we broke camp, and Hamyd and I took different paths. Following me were a white and a black mountaineer—Sithy and Na'od. Both had instructions not to mention Hamyd's safari to any new companion. Our appearance was highly reassuring as we neared Gerald's tents—breach-clothed black porters of a humble, peaceful tribe, honest-looking baggage, only two guns, one of them a musket, and the master's slave girl walking sedately behind him. An Arab chief would not take his wife on safari, of course; in case of necessary travel, she would go veiled. Sithy's head cloth concealed her wheat-straw hair and her face was pink from sunburn; probably Gerald and Sukey were not aware of her native hue until we were alone in sound of their voices. Their gaze returned to her now, with ill-hidden curiosity, and Gerald spoke to Sukey in low tones.

"You arrived earlier than I expected, Timur Effendi," Gerald remarked pleasantly in Hindustani, when I had salaamed.

"Good Mussulmen must rise at dawn, sahib, no matter their sleepy heads."

**S**UKEY added with a sparkling glance at Sithy, "And no matter their good companions." No, it was Bachhiya who said that, or rather let it slip out. Within the pukka memsahib, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Sind, whose aspect was almost always correct, Bachhiya still lived.

The effect on Gerald of the joyous, slightly ribald remark gave me wicked glee. Annoyed and acutely embarrassed, he could freeze his face but not erase its dark red flush. He thought that Sukey had lost izzat before a native, and since she was his memsahib, so had he. I made a daring reply.

"It's a wonder, sahib, that you rise before noon."

Gerald's flush deepened and his mouth looked as though he were biting his tongue. Yet when he spoke to Sukey in English, he managed a casual, trying-to-be-pleasant tone.

"You see what we get when you make remarks of that sort to a dirty-minded native. If you hadn't given him the opening, I'd have to punch him in the jaw."

This man who had plotted and apparently accomplished the murder of his half-brother in order to take his wife was not a hypocrite in giving her this bitter rebuke, and instead of gleeful I was suddenly dizzied and appalled.

"Don't strike him, Gerald," Sukey answered quickly but in an easy

tone. "He's not a coolie but an Arab chief, and he'd have his knife in you before you could say 'sent.' It was my fault, and I'm sorry. Don't say anything more about it, please."

"Forgive me, darling. But you must remember to be dignified around natives." He turned again to me. "I'm glad you've brought a companion. If she's used to safari, she may be able to assist the memsahib, who's visiting Africa for the first time. May I ask if she's a Circassian? Since she's not wearing a veil, I see she's very fair of skin."

"I know only that she's from mountains far away."

Gerald turned affably to Sukey. "I don't believe she's a Circassian with that Mongoloid countenance. I think she must be what was called a white Hun from Kafiristan, but there was a runaway Swede in the woodpile to make her so white. Look at her throat and the edge of her hair. She'd be quite pretty if—"

"I think she's beautiful."

Gerald again gave attention to me. "We'll be ready to start in a few minutes. May my cook offer you a cup of tea?"

"Not now, by your favor."

While the men were finishing loading, Sukey addressed Sithy pleasantly in Hindustani, and received shy replies. Evidently she was delighted that the little heathen knew the language, and looked forward to her company on the journey. Since the master's tent and its contents were always the last to be packed, she offered to show them to Sithy. Gerald heard the proffer.

"That's nice of you, Sukey," he said in English, "but watch her little fingers."

When we were under way, Na'od and I led the file in the role of guides. Bismilla was enough impressed with me not to ride while I walked, and, for reasons of her own, Sukey abandoned her litter at the foot of the first steep hill. "I want to stretch my legs," was the reason she called to Gerald.

"I'd like to stretch mine, as you jolly well know," he replied, being swung along, "but it happens something rather important is at stake."

In three hours we made the valley bordering the Sultan's domains. We halted before crossing it, but Gerald gave no orders to pitch camp. Instead he searched the countryside with his field glasses.

"Let Na'od look," Sukey proposed.

"I don't suppose he knows how—"

However, Na'od did, and found what he thought was a herd of buffalo on a distant hillside. "There's also a lion on the rock heap on the opposite slope of the valley," he told me.

"Timur Effendi, how far beyond the border would I find plenty of game?" Gerald asked.

"The game increases with every hour's march, sahib. But if you care to camp here, Na'od will devote the rest of the day to your service. You'll surely get a few shots."

He addressed Bismilla through the Malay interpreter. "I'm of a mind to go on a distance with Timur Effendi."

"Your Excellency, the Sultan can't guarantee your safety beyond this valley. Nor can I take responsibility for escorting you there."

"What is there to be afraid of, Bismilla Sheikh?"

"The Shenizis have been known to come almost this far in their hunting. They're very bad men, sahib."

"I wouldn't have you disobey your Sultan. But I've come a long way to enjoy the sport, and although I'm his friend and admirer, I'm a subject of my Rani. If you feel duty bound to return, I would miss your pleasant company, but with my interpreter no doubt I could manage without you."

"The Swahili porters wouldn't dare enter Shenzi country without me, sahib."

"Ask them, sahib," I murmured in Hindustani.

"Have Na'od ask them."

Na'od did so, and they grinned and nodded. "We aren't afraid of Shenizis, bwana," one of them said.

"In that case, Bismilla, I've decided to go on."



"But I, too, am a subject of the Sultan, sahib," I said quickly. "I'll gladly show you the way in, and if you decide to go as far as the land of the big white ivory, I'll make camp close to yours until you know the country, but I can't be responsible for your safety. It is true that Shenzis sometimes cross the land, and are responsible to no king."

"Are the Shenzis friendly to the Arabs?"

"They don't love us, sahib, but they've no special grudge against me, and I go and come where I please."

"So does a sahib worthy of the name. And I fancy they've heard enough of sahibs to feel responsible to a regiment of Tommies, if something should happen to one. You won't get in trouble with your Sultan if you show me the way in?"

"Not if you relieve me of all responsibilities for your safety."

"I do, and tell Bismilla so."

I repeated the conversation to Bismilla in Arabic.

He gave his head a big tug, and then stroked it.

"I'm Bismilla, Sheikh of Pangani," he pronounced. "Although I too take no responsibility for his going beyond the border, I'll go with him and give him the protection of my scimitar." He turned proudly to the Malay. "You may tell your master so."

The news was not all bad. If he returned now, conceivably he might go straight to the Sultan with word of my guiding the royal guests into Shenzi country, and raise the possibility of a company of askaris being despatched for their protection. Later, if all went well, the danger would be averted.

So we pushed on, and that afternoon I told Na'od a rather elaborate lie. It was that I wished Bismilla to lose izat before the Sultan by quitting his post; therefore it would be well to penetrate the country farther than he would dare go. To that end, the sahib should not be shown too much game along the road, and ever be led on to greener pastures. Knowing that the danger from Shenzi was trifling, and despising the high-handed sheik, Na'od was only too glad to agree.

On the morning of the second day we gained a wide plateau and everywhere there was game.

"Na'od, does the sahib want to shoot a twiga?" I asked.

"Yea, he's very eager to do so."

"He's not to be allowed to shoot one."

"But, Timur Effendi, one can't say to a sahib—"

"Scare the twiga away, or jog his arm as he aims. It's an order, Na'od. From now on, although only you know it yet, the sahib is no longer in command of the safari. When his wish or word opposes mine, mine is to be obeyed."

The tall, ebony-black Somali considered briefly, his black eyes shining in the sun.

"It comes to me there's more to this matter than your desire for Bismilla to lose izat."

"Truly there is, and I'll enlighten you before long."

"In the meantime, to hear is to obey."

At noon we pitched a camp beside a clear spring. While Sukey rested in her tent, Gerald made a short sally with Na'od, to return in great triumph with the news he had shot a rhino! His boyish enthusiasm worried me a little, recalling me to old days in Berkshire; but the distress soon passed, and the memories changed. He turned quite cold when Na'od told him that the porters could not retrieve the three-hundred-pound head and neck skin until the following day.

"If the porters will go, and you'll provide me with torches, I'll have it in camp to-night," he said.

"You are very brave, sahib," I told him, but remember the Swahili are not sahibs, only black men."

This mollified him, and he recounted the day's adventures to Sukey. "I'd have got a giraffe, too, Sukey—he was eighteen feet tall if an inch—if Na'od hadn't tripped

against me just as I fired. He's a good stalker, though, and I think I'll try to bribe him to stay when Timur moves on."

"Do you expect to stay on after that, Gerald?" Sukey asked.

"Why, I told his nibs I might be gone two months." Which was good news to me, in its way.

"I don't think Na'od is bribable. He doesn't look like it."

"You've some mighty romantic ideas about natives, darling," he instructed her fondly. "I've yet to see one who won't sell his own daughter for a big enough price."

How about his own brother, Gerald?

But my tongue was still and my face told him nothing.

I had supper with Sithy in the larger of our two pavilions, erected side by side about a hundred paces from Gerald's tent. If he or Sukey wondered what need we had of two, they never mentioned it in my presence. At my suggestion, Sithy came with me when I went to the small fire his servants had built for him there.

"Makes himself at home, doesn't he?" Gerald said quietly to Sukey. Then to me: "Where does Na'od think we should go to-morrow?"

"It's the very business I came on, sahib. Na'od said that this place has as many varieties of game as any farther on, and you may take as big a bag here as your heart desires. Only the elephant-hunting is better farther on—and there are enough giant bulls here for excellent sport. But we be ivory hunters, sahib, not sportsmen. Na'od said also that you're very quick to see game and have already established landmarks, so you may no longer need his guidance. If so, we should be to-morrow on our way to Ukimba."

To me this was not much more than pleasant time-killing. However, I was interested in finding out if he had the least uneasiness about our intentions, which I had seemed to sense in Sukey. In that case, we might have to change some details of our plans. Gerald did not know where to look for rare game, and had been able to see it only when Na'od had pointed it out.

"Na'od gives me too much credit, Timur Effendi. I'd hoped Na'od—and yourself too, of course—would be able to stay several days at least."

I REPLIED: "There are a few Shenzis not far away. Na'od saw their tracks. If Bismilla knew of it, he might insist on returning to the border, in which case most of his porters would follow him. Some of them were with him on his slave-catching sharis and would fear the wild men might include them in their mischief-making. For that reason, sahib, as well as your most honored company, I'm somewhat reluctant to leave you. Truly the wild men won't attack a sahib, but without enough porters you couldn't hope to transport your trophies and baggage to the river."

Gerald spoke to Sukey in English. "What do you make of that?"

"I don't know."

"Well, we'll see." He turned to me. "Timur Effendi, I wouldn't want your kindness to me to cost you any of the profit you would make from going on at once. I'd be very glad to make up the difference to you, if you can see your way to remain here until I take a good bag."

I showed him my palms and twisted my head, bowing, in the Arabic polite gesture of refusal. "I thank you, sahib, for your consideration, but I couldn't possibly take payment or baksheesh from one who has been a guest of our Sultan. Even if I were poor, I could not—and it chances that Allah has seen fit to bestow upon me many worldly blessings. But to-morrow my scouts will follow the tracks of the Shenzis and see if they've left the country. If so—which is very likely—Bismilla Sheikh and his porters won't be afraid to stay if they are still in the country. Bismilla Sheikh won't discover it for a day or two, for which time Na'od may hunt with you and

show you as much game as possible, in case you have to depart with Bismilla for the coast."

"That is most kind." Again he spoke to Sukey. "Do you think this chap is all he pretends to be?"

"At least, and maybe a lot more."

"He may be a pretty high-up Arab—if so, he's that much more responsible to the Sultan. His nibs certainly made a fine pick for us, in sending Bismilla. That's the way with native shows—they always break down somewhere along the line. There's nothing to do but—"

Bismilla, seated on a log near the natives' fire and watching me enviously, had apparently heard his name mentioned in any case he came strutting up, as though he had been called. However, since Gerald did not call the Malay interpreter, he was unable to address the sahib.

"I hear a lion," Sithy told me in low tone.

Dusk had fallen, and Simba was moving from his lair. Listening intently, I too, heard a dull, rhythmic grunting away in the darkness. Then all of us listened to the wild, wonderful nocturne of animal roars between interludes of intense silence.

The lion had stopped roaring and a jackal was yapping a last word to the king of beasts when we heard a soft but startling sound close to our ears. It was neither a whistle nor a whiff, but a melody of both, very brief in duration, but seeming quite long, followed by a sharp crack of board. Bismilla sprang up, one hand clutching his knife and the other, wildly palsied, pointing to the box that had been his seat. From one side of it thrust several inches of thin wooden shaft, with a feathered tip.

"Bismillah! Bismillah!" the sheik shouted.

"What does it mean, Timur?" Gerald asked, in the calm, low voice of a sahib.

"It's a Shenzi arrow, but it missed the mark, and the Bowman's sprinting off by now," I was retrieving the arrow.

"How soon will he attack again?"

"Not until he has an easy target. Probably not again to-night, if we show no fear." I retrieved the arrow and showed it to him. "Be careful of the point, sahib. The whole head was smeared with a bright-yellow gum."

"It's poisoned," Bismilla gasped.

"Timur, I told you—"

"One of us will stand close to you, Bismilla." I stepped between him and the outer ring of shadows.

Gerald had not understood the words but instantly comprehended the action. Just as I had foreseen, he came quickly beside me. Gerald had been carefully instructed ahead of time that the Shenzis sought Bismilla's life only, but he could not be sure the savages would not let loose at him. If he had stood in extreme peril, still he would have spoken in this calm tone, and perhaps the same words.

"Timur, tell Bismilla I'll shield him until he's out of danger. I dare say the beggars won't take a chance on me."

"Where can I go to be out of danger?" Bismilla cried then. "I'd defy them in the day, but to be murdered in the dark—"

"You may go into your tent, Bismilla Sheikh, when we've outlived them awhile," I said. "They won't waste arrows shooting at the cloth. At present we need your counsel."

I did not know how, so soon, the porters had learned of the arrow from the dark. They broke from their fires and clustered like bees between the fire and the tent.

"Timur, how can he get back to the Sultan's domains?" Gerald asked. "It would be wretched luck if I have to escort him—"

"We will see, sahib. Something may be arranged so as not to spoil your hunt—"

The murmuring Swahili fell dead silent then, for a drum began to sound in the same direction from which the arrow had been shot.

"It's the dundo-maneno (drum talk)," Na'od told me.

"Can K'wiro reply?" I asked.

"That's why I brought him."

The fundi was carrying a stout shoulder pole used for balancing loads. Using it as a drumstick he repeated the three beats with slightly different accent.

At once the dundo in the darkness became varied loud and soft beats, fast and slow, with pauses between the measures. K'wiro listened, his lips slowly moving, and there was no other sound in the night. The message lasted two full minutes. Then the drummer spoke in Swahili to Na'od, who at once turned to me.

"The Shenzis say, Sharafa and his slave-catchers go home."

"Sharafa—?"

"Woe upon me, it means Bushy-Beard, the name I'm known by among the tribes," Bismilla cried.

I translated this quickly into Hindustani.

"Ask if they'll be given safe passage?" Gerald directed.

When this had reached the drummer, he pounded long and with a kind of eloquence on the table. The reply came back at once, and seemed interminable. Na'od gave me a quick, narrow glance. Sithy and Sukey had something in common: now the eyes of both were popping with excitement.

AFTER the fundi had translated the message, Na'od repeated, "The Shenzis say 'We be few.' Now that's true, from the count of their tracks. But Sharafa go, or they will get more. If K'wiro go—that's the drummer—all go safely." You see, Timur, K'wiro has had dundo-maneno with the Shenzis many times. They trust him to see that Bismilla Sheikh doesn't double back."

"Ask them, if Bismilla and his men go, whether they dare molest those who remain," Gerald directed when I had translated.

Again K'wiro telegraphed to great length. When the long-winded reply was received, Na'od relayed it to me.

"The Shenzis say, 'The white face and Kova-upande'—that would mean Scar-cheek—are not slave-catchers. They and Kova-upande's men may hunt here.'"

"Cheeky little devils, to say where I can hunt and where I can't," Gerald remarked to Sukey. "But you can't blame them for being terrified of slave-catchers." He turned to me. "I dare say we've got to decide at once."

"Fairly soon, sahib, would be best. But there's no great haste."

"That would mean all our porters, but what about our interpreter?"

"It would probably be safe to keep him, but he would be no use to you, sahib. Since he speaks only Arabic and English, you can't address my Swahilis through him."

"Of course you realise that unless you say I'll have to go with Bismilla. We'd be helpless without porters. And how would I get my trophies and goods to the coast when you move westward?"

"Sahib, the difficulty is not great. It so chances that one of my caravans will pass this way in seven days, to join me at the Ukimba. I had them delay until I'd collected ivory for them to bring back. You could hunt till then, whereupon they'll transport you to the river while I go on to the Ukimba. They will lose but ten days, and for those you may pay their actual cost to me, a sum not exceeding three hundred rupees. The week I spend here, with Na'od and my men, I'll consider a holiday in most honored company."

"Why, that's splendid."

"It's also a tiny bit glib," Sukey said in English, with a troubled face.

Gerald was a little annoyed by the interruption. "Listen, my love. Can you imagine an intelligent Arab holding the Lieutenant-Governor of Sind for ransom?"

"No. And I don't suppose he has designs on me—"

"Really, Sukey, this is the nineteenth century." He turned to me. "I think it's a wonderful arrangement."

I spoke to Na'od. "You know the Shenzis. Will you guarantee Bismilla against attack on the way to his village?"

"All the way, Timur Effendi. So will K'wiro, who knows them well. To make sure, he may sleep in a thorn boma impervious to arrows, but there will be no need. But I couldn't promise him one day more

of life unless he sets forth at sunrise."

"By my beard, I'll leave as soon after dawn as my porters can load. I may not remain and defy them, as is my desire, for that would bring all of you—and my friends the great sahib and his memsahib—into peril. But truly, an evil eye has been cast upon this safari."

"It could well be true, Bismilla Sheikh! And for that, say nothing of this to the Sultan, lest he believe the Shenzi lie that you catch and run slaves." I turned to Na'od. "Do K'wiro send word that the terms are met."

When the message had been sent, it was answered with a dozen or so mighty thumps of the Shenzi drum. I thought that another drummer, who could not quite control his wicked mirth, had taken over the drumstick.

Na'od had halted at the door of my pavilion.

"Timur Effendi, though it be a small matter now, the poison of Shenzi arrows is brown in hue, not yellow," he told me.

"I'll remember that in case of future need."

"Also, all I've seen to-night was but a lion's shadow on the ground, not his mighty form. The shadow was not to have Bismilla and his men go, but the sahib—and his memsahib—to stay here without them. For that the Effendi went to a small trouble."

"Why, Na'od, it was no trouble—only a few hours' employment of a few hands—and didn't you enjoy the sport?"

"In all truth I did. But what of the sport to come, Timur Effendi? For a child standing where I stand could see this is but the beginning, not the end."

"Na'od, why do the proud and crafty Somalis leave their death's toll in the swelter of the Amani Coast?"

"To make and to save money wherewith to return to their dears there to live as sheiks with many women, fine raiment, and rich food."

"You've been in exile for ten years. How close have you come to saving the sum needed?"

"Seyed Na, I'm still a long way from my goal. A matter of six hundred rupees."

"Will you, for seven hundred rupees, obey my every command for a matter of seven days, the silver to be paid on the seventh day. In that you must go straight from here to Somaliland, without touching Sa'dani? You won't be asked to stain your hands with blood."

"They've been red before, I'm a member. Timur Effendi is no thar?"

"Even so."

"We're far from the Sultan's domains—the sahib is a great sahib but yet a glaiour—and I've a kindness for good sport. To hear is to obey."

On entering Sithy's padish, I found another who had something to say. She revealed that she had guessed correctly a lot of my past, and also my future intent.

At sunrise Bismilla Sheikh to Swahili, and the Malay interpreter set out for Pangani. I informed Gerald that, by his leave, Na'od would guide him and the memsahib along the dongas in search of him. I following to act as interpreter when they could not make out with sign language, and in charge of porters and skimmers to care for the trophies. Gerald was agreeable, but rather to his surprise Sukey announced that she was lame from the long trek and would speed the day in camp making friends with Sithy.

Na'od eventually led us to a place where I could see three lions lying down in a clear space in the bush, thickets, and two standing up. The loafers were a big male, a young male, and a very light-colored lioness. Beside them stood a darker lioness and a collie-styled cat. Gerald had not seen any of them yet, but I thought that he would in a very few seconds more.

Na'od was walking on Gerald's right. Both were far too close for safety. I had closed within fifty yards on their outer flank when the old male and his young companion broke from the opposite end of the cover. Gerald heard them and sprinted forward for a glimpse at them.



When he stopped and threw up his gun the two beasts were about thirty paces distant, bounding off at top speed. It was not an easy shot to get, but Gerald made it magnificently. The lion uttered a short roar and dropped motionless.

The mother lioness stayed out of sight, and it was the tawny lioness that suddenly bounded into a break in the thickets, her big three-angled face drawn in a snarl.

Gerald had fired his right barrel from the running lion, as was his custom. Plainly he remembered he had only one load left in the gun, for he aimed deliberately. But when he pressed the trigger the gun misfired.

He whirled to take his extra piece from Na'od. But breaking the first law of gun-bearers, Na'od had not run forward with him and was now on his back. At that moment the lioness charged.

With the terror of death upon him Gerald still functioned intelligently. The lioness rushed in a snarl-like snarl. If Gerald had wheeled and fled, he would be over-whelmed and pulled down within twenty strides. Instead he dropped his useless arm and cut towards Na'od, shouting, "Rifle! Rifle!" at the top of his lungs. But Na'od did not dash forward to meet him, and he surely knew he could not possibly grasp the gun in time.

What he did not know was that Na'od himself was a deadly shot. However, he seemed to be taking too long to raise his piece. I had fired and missed when under the smoke cloud I saw the barrel level and saw. The lioness crashed to earth as though under a massive weight not four yards from Gerald's feet.

Gerald's chest heaved once, then he snatched the weapon from Na'od's hand. "Damn you," he said. "Damn you!" His face dripped with sweat.

"Sahib?"

"Mind your tongue, sahib." I called. "Is that how you thank him for saving your life?"

"He wouldn't have had to if he'd been where he belonged."

"Why, sahib, when you ran forward you made him stand."

"What? What do you mean by telling me a lie of that kind?"

"Lead both guns, sahib. You've only one barrel, and I've only one. There may be other lions in the thicket."

His hands shook as he busied with the task. As quickly as possible I jammed powder and ball into my empty barrel. When the gun that Na'od had carried was ready, Gerald picked up a stone and hurled it furiously into the thickets. Evidently the mother lion and her cub had stolen out on the opposite side, for there was no answering charge or growl. Then, still white, he strode towards me.

"What did you mean, Timur, by saying I bade Na'od stand when I ran forward for a shot at the lion?"

"Sahib, you said 'Kaa!' Both of us heard you." I turned to Na'od and spoke in Arabic. "Didn't he say 'Kaa'?"

"Distinctly, Timur Effendi," Na'od replied blandly. "I took it he wished to battle Simba alone for the glory of it."

I repeated this to Gerald with an addition. "Also, he's indignant that you should have spoken to him in such a voice. He's no porter to be rebuked, but a Somali chieftain, of ancient family and name."

"Why, I don't even know the word. If I said 'Kaa,' I was only clearing my throat."

"Then it was a mere mistake, sahib, that turned out well. You shot a lion—and will live to shoot others."

"By a black man's saving my life!"

"It comes to me, sahib, you owe him a great debt, as well as an apology for your harsh words."

"He ought to have known I don't speak Swahili."

"How could he know, sahib, when he's seen you sit with the little book? A dictionary, is it not? The missionary sahibs in Zanzibar use the book."

"I do owe him something for showing the devil of a lioness. I'll give him a hundred rupees—"

"He would refuse one rupee, sahib, let alone such a munificent gift."

What he wants is your word of contrition, due to a chieftain from a great sahib."

"You may tell him that if I made a sound like 'Kaa,' I repent my cursing him, and I thank him for his good shot."

I repeated the message with punctuation.

"But I still don't understand why that cursed barrel didn't fire." He retrieved the gun and examined it closely. "Why, the cap's gone."

"Doubtless it fell out, sahib."

"It couldn't have fallen out."

"Then it must be that when you loaded the piece, before the tent this morning, you failed to put one in the nipple."

"I've never made such a mistake before."

"Allah forbid you make another like it, since we were all endangered."

He did not appear to take this in the right spirit. When the porters came up to the big lion, grinning, holding out pink palms, and saying "Baksheesh," he gave them the customary coins with bad grace. "Simba mbili," one of the boys protested, holding up two fingers, at which all extended their palms again.

"Tell these black pests that the lioness is Na'od's kill, not mine."

"But Na'od will gladly give it to you, sahib, to swell out your bag."

"I don't want it."

QUITE unperturbed, I went on. "Perhaps you've not looked at the skin, sahib. The fur is nearly as soft as a leopard's, and would be pleasant to the memsahib's bare feet when she steps rosy as the dawn from the bath."

"Confound you—" Gerald controlled his anger. "Timur, I don't discuss the memsahib's bare feet with anyone."

While the boys were skinning, he walked stiff-backed and alone into the woods. Despite the gunfire only a few minutes before, I saw him catch sight of a big kudu with a breath-taking set of horns. It was a standing but long shot, and he was too high of dudgeon and taut of nerve to hold steady. The fine trophy bounded away.

"Surely you didn't miss, sahib," I told him, overtaking him. "I was certain I heard the twack of the bullet. Doubtless he's run a little way, heart-shot, and now lies in the thickets. I would send the boys to see, if they weren't busy with the noble lion."

"I'll see for myself, thank you."

"He was gone nearly half an hour. You didn't find him, sahib?"

"No, and it was a devil's own place to search for him."

"Perhaps it was the echo of the report that I heard, often very like the thud of a bullet. Doubtless you were still nervous from the lioness' attack and jerked off."

"I'm not in the habit of letting anything make me nervous," he replied.

Only one unpleasant incident occurred on the homeward march, although we had seen giraffe off and on all day. Gerald had passed them by in his quest for dangerous game, once saying that he would leave the taking of this trophy for the memsahib. He changed his mind when, almost in sight of the tents, we saw, from a tree-top, a giant specimen peacefully browsing.

"The sahib says he'll shoot the giraffe," I told Na'od.

"Tell the great sahib that he may not, the animal being sacred to the Shenzis, whereupon they may attack our camp," he replied.

I repeated this to Gerald.

"To hell with the Shenzis."

"You must not, sahib. You may challenge the most dangerous beasts at your own risk, but our Sultan would be enraged with us if we permitted you to anger the wild men."

"This isn't the Sultan's domain."

"But we're his subjects, sahib."

"Of all the insufferable—" he began in English. He stopped with a start. "Timur, I told you how he reeled against me when I fired at the other giraffe. I know now he did it intentionally!"

"He meant no harm, Protector of the Poor! He had no way to tell you of Twiga's sacredness."

When we were entering camp,

Sukey ran out of her tent with a bright face.

"What a wonderful lion—" Then she stopped, her eyes widening.

"What's the matter, Gerald?"

"I'll tell you later." He sat down at the table and ordered hot tea.

"You look a sight—but it's not that—"

I was seeing to the stretching of the skin, well in earshot of the table, when Gerald had drained the cup.

"Sukey, I've had a perfectly rotten day." He began to recount its misfortunes.

"You don't think—" she stopped.

"Think what, Sukey?"

"The two who were with you did their best, didn't they?"

"I suppose I can't find any complaint with their hunting. They certainly didn't show the white feather. What seemed insolence at times was, of course, nothing but stupidity."

"It couldn't be studied insolence. They know you'll report the whole hunt to the Sultan. It was probably the barrier of language—different ways from the Indians—"

"Gerald," Sukey said after a pause, "do you realise that except for two Hindu servants, every person we started with is gone. We're in an entirely new crowd. It happened very naturally, I know. You hinted that the gun had been tampered with before you left. But when the lioness was almost on top of you, the black one shot her. If the plan is to hold you for ransom, they wouldn't have stolen the cap. You were too likely to be killed by an animal. If they want you dead, they wouldn't have shot the lioness."

"Why in God's name would they want me dead?"

"They don't. That's been proven. The two actions counteract each other, so there's nothing to either of them. We've had a rotten day. That's all." Her hand moved, and she touched the silver strop worn on her bracelet.

Gerald had not slept well. The purses under his eyes were dark as mine. But his grey face appeared to brighten when I expressed my regret for inability to accompany him and Na'od on their day's hunt. Na'od wished to pit him against Timbu—the great tusked bull—and since he had ears like a watchdog's magnified one hundred times, the fewer who went into his thorn deserts the better, I said.

"Truly," said Na'od for me to translate, "there would be no steps in the thickets but the sahib's and mine. But I will carry the sahib's comforts, and the ivory will take no harm until the porters can come for them."

When Gerald agreed to Na'od's proposal, I said:

"Then I'll follow you, with my slave, only to the escarpment where you shot the rhino."

From that point the two hunters moved into what the natives called mwamba country, being of dry, sandy soil unable to hold moisture and hence grown to low bush and thorny scrub. Na'od carried two water flasks and Gerald's French breech-loading rifle. Sithy and I, followed by her friend Bazizi, flanked the long escarpment that bordered it, mainly to see the game, but hoping to shoot a leopard, and, if possible, to lay low some of the wild dogs that were numerous and harrying the game.

I almost wished to declare an intermission in my thar this pleasant morning. I could not, and listened for the distant sound of Gerald's and Na'od's rifles. One of them fired about mid-morning; immediately afterwards we heard two quick shots from a slightly different direction. About half an hour later there was another single shot, perfectly audible across at least three miles of silent plain.

The next shooting that we heard was one lone shot at a great distance, then two shots not far away. So it went, at long intervals, up and down, and back and across the mwamba.

"They've been signalling each other a long time," Sithy ventured.

"Perhaps the next time I hear a shot I should reply to it."

"Perhaps, if the sahib's lost, he would lose himself worse trying to find us," Sithy remarked.

We climbed a hilltop and had lunch. Sithy listened in vain for any more shooting in the mwamba.

## By EDISON MARSHALL

"Do you think they've found each other?" she asked, when we started on.

"Perhaps, or perhaps the sahib has found his way out and is on his way to camp."

But when we were creeping up to watch a family of giraffes, we heard a single shot hardly a mile away, and two others far off in the blue.

"They've not found each other, and the sahib hasn't gone to camp to eat with the memsahib," Sithy said.

"I believe you're right, Sithy."

"Aren't you going to do anything to help him?"

"Not now."

"Will the sahib die of thirst, or be killed by an elephant in the mwamba?"

"He may be killed by an elephant. That's the fortune of hunting sometimes. He won't die of thirst. Na'od will surely find him before dark."

"Timur Rajah, I've heard much of thar from the harem women. They speak of this one or that one among the Arabs. But the Arabs kill quickly, and get it over with."

"I'm not an Arab, Sithy."

"How many days will pass before he dies?"

"Why, he might outlive both of us. We might both be killed by a rhino in the next hour."

"I'd like to go back to the camp."

"We'll circle homeward slowly, looking for wild dogs."

I missed my only shot at one. Sithy said that she heard a distant report, a mere dot of noise, far away in the distance in answer to mine. We reached our pavilion in mid-afternoon. I was carving with the two-inch hide of whips from the rhino when Sukey, carefully dressed, but with a white, strained face, came with her ayah to pay me a visit. I rose and salaamed.

"The sahib didn't get back for lunch, as he said he would," she told me. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"No, memsahib. No doubt he was having such good sport that he felt no pang of hunger. We heard several shots from the direction he'd gone."

"Timur, I'm uneasy about the sahib. Could you send some of the porters to look for him?" she asked.

"Memsahib, alone they could never find their way into that country, let alone come out. It all looks alike. But I'll go with them."

"I'm afraid he might be hurt, or lost. I'm sorry to ask you to go—"

WITHOUT hesitation I replied, "It's my pleasure, Moon of Beauty, to serve the sahib. And I'll take one of the litters and many bearers to bring him in if by some great woe he's been hurt. But it will be dark before we return, and I would not want to leave you and my slave girl in camp with no arms."

"Can we both go with you?"

"It will be a ten-mile trek—perhaps much longer." Actually, if the schedule arranged by Na'od was fairly well kept, the round trip would not be more than three or four miles.

"Ten miles is nothing to me."

"My cobah is also a strong walker, memsahib. And it's necessary that she go, for your honor's sake."

Sithy and Sukey's frightened ayah both wanted to go, and we were under way in five minutes with eight porters. But we had barely encircled the first brush-grown nullah when we caught sight of the two hunters, walking side by side over a long veld. At nearly a mile their gait seemed very slow and I could never see any light between the two.

"He's been hurt!" Sukey cried. "He's hanging on to Na'od's arm."

"Not badly hurt, memsahib, or Na'od would carry him. I think he's only very tired."

"Tired!" But that was Sukey's last word to me, as we sped at a fast walk to meet the laboring pair. Apparently they did not see us weaving between the thickets, and as soon as my voice would carry to them, I halted and shouted to

them to stay where they were. At once Gerald lay flat on the ground.

When we were at a stone's toss from him, he sat up. My brother, the Lieutenant Governor of Sind, was not now in the dress uniform of the Tatta Lancers receiving his fill of honors at the Sultan's fête! His clothes hung in rags. His face and hands and the skin showing through the rents were lacerated and bloodied by the long, needle-sharp African thorns. His face, unlike mine, was still recognisable as his own, but it was a ghastly white under his tan and drawn from extreme fatigue.

"Be careful what you say, Gerald," Sukey warned.

He did not reply. I opened a flask and handed it to him.

"It's a drink forbidden to us of the Faith," I told him, "but I had some for medicine, and it will refresh your jaded spirit."

"Be careful, Gerald," Sukey said again.

Gerald took a long pull at the flask. Then Na'od helped him up and into the litter. We started at once for camp.

He did not speak until he saw the smoke of the fires.

"Na'od and I became separated, and he had the water flasks. We kept signalling to each other, but missed each other in the hellish brush. Once or twice I mistook the Arab's shots for signals and went the wrong way."

"You don't believe that. Why do you say it. It was a put-up—"

"Shut up. I'm in no humor to hear any romantic nonsense. Na'od was out of breath from running when he finally found me. He'd built a smoky fire to guide me, but I didn't see it in that blue haze. He saved my life. I'd have died of thirst in there—I was losing my mind. I tell you, when he ran and caught me."

Na'od spoke to me in Arabic. "The sahib didn't know that when I answered his signals with two shots, it meant for him to stay where he was."

I repeated this in Hindustani. "It's the signal used everywhere in the bush," I added.

"You should have told me, Timur Effendi. I'm a newcomer, you know. But thank you for the drink and this litter. I was at the end of my rope."

"To hear you thank him—" Sukey bit her lips.

"Didn't you say to be careful?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with anger. "Don't sing one tune one minute and another the next."

"Don't try to talk," Sukey said.

"I don't need any advice, and if I can stand to tell it, you can stand hearing it."

"I was only thinking you weren't able—"

"I know whether I'm able or not."

"You're speaking in a very harsh tone. They're listening to it, and we don't know positively that one of them doesn't understand English."

"Sahib, will you have another sip from my flask?" I asked.

"If you please."

"Sahib, I can feel for you." I went on, after he had lifted the flask. "On the day I was wounded by a lion of the desert I trekked for many hours across sandhills."

But he looked at me bleary-eyed, and in the next five minutes fell asleep. At his tent I proposed that one of the Swahilis remove his torn and dirty clothes, and anoint the tears in his skin. Sukey replied in an even tone that if I would have the boys bring plenty of hot water she would see to his care. She addressed me as Timur Effendi, and was punctiliously polite.

Shortly after sunrise next morning Gerald's Hindu body servant brought me an invitation from the sahib to come to his tent. There I found him and Sukey, finishing breakfast. Gerald looked haggard and although he smiled he could not conceal his extreme tension.

"Allium salem, sahib!" I said, salaaming.

"Good morning, and excuse me for not coming to your camp. The truth is my feet are so sore I've delayed getting them into boots." He



raised one of them, clad in a mat slipper.

"Then you won't be able to hunt to-day, sahib!"

"I'm afraid the blisters won't heal and I won't feel refreshed for several days. I certainly can't hunt in a litter. But I could travel in one, Timur Effendi, towards the coast."

"Truly you could, sahib, if you've had enough hunting."

"Of course, we must call on you for transportation. Since you planned to be delayed until your other caravan arrived, the loss to you would be no greater, and perhaps less, if you lend us enough porters to make the trip. We would like to break camp to-day and get in a good day's travel."

"You'll need many porters, sahib, to carry food and water, litters, and your tents and belongings. But surely I could spare enough, if you think best to go."

"I do, Timur Effendi, to my great regret. Since I can't hunt, I may as well return to my labors."

"I'm rather loath to have you start out with only two guns. We were very lucky not to be attacked by rhinos on the outward journey—always a bad thing, since so many porters running about in terror often result in one or more being killed. But both you and the memsahib are good shots."

"We're fair shots, and will both shoot at once at the first sight of a rhino."

"Do you think your guns are to be trusted, sahib? One of them misfired at the lioness—"

"That was because of a lost cap. It didn't misfire once yesterday, nor did my spare piece."

"You're mistaken, sahib. Na'od told me that he had to cock and pull several times to make the breech-loader go off. If he'd been firing at a rhino he would have been carried away on the beast's horn. But perhaps he didn't know how to work it well. Or perhaps a bit of wood got into the breech—"

Gerald bade his servant bring the French breech-loader. "I'll shoot at the big tree, below camp," he told me, thrusting a copper shell into the right barrel. Bracing his shoulder against the recoil, he cocked the hammer and pulled the trigger. The hammer did not fall.

With a white face he pulled it again, in vain.

"Be careful, Gerald," Sukey said quietly.

Gerald drew a sharp breath and held hard. "I don't suppose it's anything serious. Kushi, bring me my kit."

When it was brought, Gerald began to remove the breech plate. His hands shook and his face was drenched with sweat before he could take out the screws. Then he unhooked the spring and stretched it in his hand. It extended but did not spring back.

"Oh, my God," he breathed. Then he made a powerful and partly successful effort to rally. His voice barely trembled as he spoke on. "Timur Effendi, we will have to make out with one strong gun. But if you can spare us a musket—"

"To fire at Kifaru with a musket is only to anger him, sahib. Certainly you'll have to wait until my caravan captain arrives, and can guard your passage with his gun."

"I will speak to the memsahib," he said after a long silence. Then he asked quickly, "Shall I tell him you and I and the two servants will start out alone? We could carry water enough."

"Don't say it. It would sound too desperate. Anyway, we'd have to keep fires going all night—get lost—starve. That's the last resort—and then he won't let us go."

"It doesn't make sense, Sukey!"

"It doesn't make sense, but there it is."

"What in the devil can he want?"

"We went over that last night."

"It must be ransom for both of us. Huge ransom, to make him an Arab prince who can defy the Sultan."

"That deliberate torture yesterday—"

"Control your voice, Sukey."

"What good will it do? I only

hope it is ransom—all the money we've got. I'd pay it right now to see Zannibar again. But maybe what happened yesterday was to prove to you how helpless you were."

"Well, that would show they're afraid of the Queen—or the Sultan. They're not as sure of themselves as they'd like to have us believe. I feel like threatening him—"

"Don't say a word," Sukey warned again. "He may want you to start a fight, so he can kill you in self-defence. That's as reasonable as any of the rest."

"It's a nightmare."

"Memsahib, may I escort you to the game fields, so you may fill the sahib's bag?" I asked. "You may be followed by your ayah, in case I'm overcome by your beauty in the fastnesses."

"Sit still, for God's sake," Sukey cried.

Gerald shivered and sat still. "Why, what took the memsahib so?" I asked. "You sounded alarmed."

"Timur, a sahib is greatly offended when his wife's beauty is mentioned in that light. I told him that you didn't know our customs and meant no harm."

"Surely, memsahib, he should regard it as a compliment. Moon of Beauty that you are, still I would safeguard your true husband's rights to your favors against all coveters."

"I'll stay in camp with my husband," Sukey said quickly, and I went off to my tent.

GERALD and Sukey spent most of the day in their tent. Yet they must have kept a sharp lookout, for they saw almost as soon as I did a file of porters, led by an armed man in desert dress, emerge into the open grass from the eastward. Both were standing in the doorway when I started to meet the newcomers.

"It's my caravan arriving a few days early," I explained. "We'll see presently what's to be done about your return to the coast."

I hurried on, and, being in plain sight of tents, Hamyd salaamed deeply.

"I'm sorry you sent for me so soon, Seyed Na," he told me. "I was enjoying the sport from a distance, and I fear it must end, with only grave business to do, when the memsahib sees my face."

"I don't think she'll know you, Hamyd. Your bones are hidden under rocks in the sandhills and much of your face behind your admirable beard. Lower your head—hand a little, and the game may go on a while longer ere work begins."

"Has it been to your liking, master?"

"Yes, but when the mouse can't run any more, the cat eats it."

We paced by Gerald's tent, Hamyd looking straight ahead. When all the fires began to blaze in the lowering dusk I returned, with Hamyd in attendance, to find him and Sukey sitting on wooden benches, trying to give every impression of self-assurance. Hamyd wore his head cloth and stood with his face in shadow.

"I've talked with my captain, Akbar, about escorting you to the coast," I began, after salaaming.

"I thank you, Timur Effendi," Gerald replied, with an agony of strain in his voice.

"I have good news for you, sahib. His wan face brightened horridly. "I'll be glad to hear it."

"Akbar served for some years a Hindu merchant in Zanzibar, and can speak the vernacular of the bazaars even as I do."

Instantly he went white and his hand gave a nervous jerk.

"Yes?" he breathed.

"I was under that impression, but dared not promise it until I spoke to him. That means that you and the memsahib can communicate with him for the convenience of all."

"Yes, that's good news. How many porters, Timur, do you think we will need?"

"Akbar, you heard the question. Will you answer it?"

He turned his face a little nearer the light. "Not more than forty, Seyed Na."

"Can you be ready to start at sunrise, Akbar?" Gerald asked.

"No, sahib. The porters are weary from forced marches. They must rest all day to-morrow, and perhaps the next day also."

Gerald started to rise from the bench, a frantic expression on his face. Sukey caught his hand. There was no sound but the fire's crackle and the distant bark of a fox.

Gerald's thwarted fury slowly passed, and I think despair came in its wake. But although his countenance was an interesting study I was watching Sukey's. Hamyd had turned his firelit face to her. Her eyes rounded, then became expressionless as she seemed to be straining at some elusive memory.

"Of course the men must rest, Akbar," she said. "I would speak to my husband about the matter of delay."

"Yes, memsahib," Akbar answered. "Gerald, have you ever seen that man before?"

"I don't know. I have the vaguest impression of hearing his voice—"

"He doesn't look Arabic to me. I think he's an Indian and—"

"He may speak English, then."

"What does it matter if he does? Whatever it is, it's going to be brought into the open very soon. Timur was only waiting until this man came. I don't know why he played those little jokes—maybe he just hates Christians on general principle. But there won't be any more jokes. Our jig may be up—we may know in the next two minutes—but there's no use prolonging the suspense. I'm going to try something."

Gerald seemed numbed. "Nothing will do any good—"

"Akbar, have we met before?" she asked.

"There is something familiar about your face—"

"I believe you remember it well. I believe you're not an Arab, but a Mohammedan from India. Have you ever heard of Bachhiya, the daughter of Webb Sahib?"

"It is possible, memsahib, but so long ago—"

"I remember a scene of four years and more ago. A man decoyed my husband into the compound of his house in Hyderabad, and there he and another man felled him and searched for something he was supposed to have on his person. I saw them, their faces covered, by lantern light. They were merciful to me in the matter of a gag and in sparing both our lives. I heard the voice of him who came first speaking to the chokidar, and later I heard the voice of the other. It comes to me that you are one of the two men, and Timur is the other."

"Rubbish," Gerald muttered hoarsely.

"I'll answer that, my husband, so these two may hear. I don't know what mission they were on that night, or who had sent them. In any case it was a failure—they didn't find what they were looking for, because you didn't have it or even know what it was. But they found out, I believe, that Bachhiya could keep a promise. They didn't put on the gag, and I didn't make a sound until the chokidar revived. Perhaps it was because of that delay they were able to avoid capture, flee from Hyderabad, and finally seek safety—or riches—in Zanzibar."

"Oh, you fool!" Gerald cried in English. "They're not the same pair." His voice began to rise. "I tell you they're not! Shut your silly mouth, or I'll—"

"What are you afraid of, Gerald?" she demanded, her face drawn in terrified amazement. "Keep your nerve. If they are the same, they're no more likely to kill us because we know it. She turned her wonderful eyes on mine. "I think that in Zanzibar you heard of the sahib's arrival. You remembered how you bested him before—although without winning your prize—and you thought to best him again for a still greater prize. You intend to hold us both for ransom. Perhaps when you've forced us to write the letter and the money has been sent, you intend to cut our throats. But you believed me that night—will you believe me again to-night?"

"Truly, memsahib."

"If you'll let us go to the coast, I, Bachhiya, swear by Shiva and by Kali and by very Brahmin that I'll

deliver the sum agreed on at any place you name, and no askaris will ever be set in your pursuit."

"A dim hope stole into Gerald's face."

"I believe you, memsahib," I said. "But Akbar and I aren't seeking ransom."

"Please don't lie to me. There's no use of it now."

"I don't lie, memsahib."

"Then it must be—though it doesn't make sense—you're on the same business as before."

"It's connected with it, truly."

"But I didn't have anything hidden on my body," Gerald cried. "I haven't now."

"Could it be that the great sahib is also a great liar?"

"I swear I didn't ever know what you were looking for. Some stupid spy gave you the wrong information—or gave it to some native king who sent you on a fool's errand. Sukey, did I ever know—?"

"He didn't know, Timur. You believe me, don't you?"

"Perhaps he lied to you, memsahib."

"I didn't—"

"Have you never lied to Bachhiya, sahib?" Hamyd asked.

"Bachhiya—" Sukey was staring at him, her eyes the only color in her marble-white face.

"Why, so you gave your name—"

"Bachhiya! You—you—" Then while her breasts swelled, some heart-throbbing thought struck her and her eyes darted to mine.

Then she screamed a long-drawn scream hideous in the silent night. Gerald leaped up toward her, his hands open to silence her, and I sprang between them.

"What's the matter, Sukey, for God's sake!" Gerald cried.

"Don't you know? Can't you see? One of them's Hamyd." She broke into wild sobbing.

On a bench made out of crates, by a stump-legged table, Sukey sat with her hands pressed against her temples, uttering naked screams and sobbing yells. The fire crackled in the brief, intermittent silence, and then I heard Gerald's voice.

"It isn't true. You're out of your mind—"

"Do you think so? I wish to God I was. Look at the other. Don't you know him, either? He can't be—but he is. They've both come back from the grave. They came back for you."

"You may be right, Sukey, about Hamyd," he told her in a calm, convincing tone. "We never had proof of his death, you know—I'd often thought he'd been carried away by the Yezedis. No doubt he's been in slavery all these years to some Emir in the North. Somehow the Emir got the idea I had a priceless document, and since Hamyd told him he knew me, he was sent with another man—just a spy—to get it."

Sukey sat rigid. "You said you saw enough of his body—"

"I did."

With her face horribly drawn, Sukey said quietly, "I won't yell any more, Gerald. I won't laugh, either. Just go on talking. It doesn't matter what you say."

A CHANGE came over Gerald. His face, that for a moment lost all expression, seemingly all vestige of personality, became desperately resolute. He gasped and spoke on.

"There was no mistaking the skull, Sukey. There was a lot of blood on the ground—"

"He'd been wounded in the face by a lion. He told us about it, don't you remember? He'll tell you again if you ask him. He's standing right there."

Sukey moaned quietly.

"Stop it, Sukey. Be calm and sensible. The tracks showed he'd been surrounded. The people living there heard how he was killed—a good deal of detail got back finally to Hyderabad. There's not a chance of his being alive, and if he was—would we meet him here? Why, we're in Central Africa. I was personally recommended by the Sultan to make that treaty on account of—"

"You've forgotten one thing, Gerald. The thing that began it all. It's hard not to laugh—but I won't."

"Don't try to talk. You're still

half out of your head. Just listen to me—"

"No, you don't want to hear it, but you've got to. You've forgotten the most important point. I don't see how you could, Gerald, when you remember so much more. Bury a gypsy."

He slapped her across the mouth—a sharp blow. Then he wheeled to face me, in mortal terror. I did not look at him but at Hamyd.

"Take your hand off your knife, my brother," I told him quietly.

"I shouldn't have done it," Gerald cried in Hindustani. "But I'm terribly worked up by her screaming—my nerves are all on edge."

"It'll become a great sahib, sahib," I said.

"You'll have to forgive me, Sukey. But you see now he isn't Rom. If he had been, he'd—"

"Knocked you down? No, he's a gypsy. You know he wouldn't knock you down, and maybe at He isn't ready for anything like that for a good while yet. There won't be anything like that. It would half spoil the fun. It would hurt us show."

"Sukey, for God's sake—"

"There's no use calling on God."

"Look at him. You see there's not the slightest resemblance—"

"Look at both of them. What did they come for, Gerald, the night they came to the compound? Had they found out they'd been betrayed? They knew that in one minute when they were about to die. But who'd arranged for them to be murdered? At last they came back to find out—they came to our house. It was a strange place for them to come, wasn't it? As idolised you, Gerald, he'd have to find absolute proof—"

"My own brother, Sukey—"

"Your half-brother, a half-white man. Did he find it that night? Or is he only finding it now, in your desperate effort to believe him dead? You didn't do it! You hated him with all your heart, but you couldn't—"

"Sukey, you know I couldn't—"

"No, I don't. I've got to know you didn't. He's certain that you did—but if you've got any proof of your innocence—"

"If Rom were alive he'd know—"

"If Rom were alive! Look at him standing there. He ad Hamyd—and you and me. You can speak to him if you want to. I—can't."

Gerald turned to me, his arm quivering at his side. "Timur Effendi, do you understand English?"

"I once did, sahib, but I haven't spoken any for eight years."

"Timur—I'll still call you that—by a miracle you're my half-brother Rom, and you are betrayed to the Yezedis, you might conceivably suspect that man who married your sweetheart, even though he's your half-brother. You might have tricked us out here to find proof, as Sukey says. What you've put me through might be an attempt to break my nerve and make me confess. But tell me, if you've got a drop of kindness in your heart, that it's only a suspicion—that you haven't any proof—"

"There's no kindness in my heart, sahib," I replied.

"Well, you haven't any proof. It's an utterly unjustified accusation. I don't even believe you're Rom—"

"Long ago, sahib, before I drank the cup of death—as the Mohammedans would say—I was Rom."

Gerald took two slow, halting steps around the table towards me. Then he stopped and braced his hand against its edge.

"I must ask you to identify yourself," he said clearly and distinctly. "before I'll believe it."

"Don't, Gerald," Sukey pleaded.

"Well, if he's Rom, he understands it's my duty to ask for identification. I don't see how a stranger could hope to—"

"Stop it! You needn't make me show better. Don't you see you're doing just what he wants by talking that way? Like a sahib gone crazy? Such awful terror, Gerald, I've never dreamed anything so awful. I'll go crazy unless you stop. Sit down. I'll play any game you want if you'll stop. You're just afraid he'll take me away from you. You're just afraid he'll do something to an innocent man. If you didn't do it, I'll stay with you, Gerald. He won't harm you if you're innocent. Please sit down."



"Sam," she went on, "will you sit down on the opposite side of the table? You, too, Henry, please. It's all right—sit down with the sahib—"

"Rom, you loved me once. Maybe you still do. Will you sit this over with, just as quietly as possible?" Sukey said.

"Yes, Hamyd, will thou get the book out of my tent?"

"Yes, sahib, by thy leave. But Na'od is in call, and will fetch thee the book."

"Did he do so?"

Hamyd called in Arabic in the direction of my camp. I had not noticed Na'od, standing about fifty paces out of the moonlight, but as he went in the errand a far-flung plume of the fire glinted on his naked back. He brought the dictionary and laid it on the table in front of me.

Na'od withdrew. I took one of two papers from inside the book and handed it to Sukey. "This is a carefully traced copy of the message carried by my former ally Abdullah to the Hindi tribesmen, kinsmen of Kambor Malik," I told her. Sukey held it to the fire-light and read it carefully.

"Here's a dictionary I stole from the Tattia Lancers' library in Lahore. It was on a shelf of books presented by Gerald when he resigned his commission," I said, handing her the book.

"Sukey, I never even suspected Gerald until I saw this dictionary. Until then I'd had only three suspects: Clifford Holmes, Henry Bingham, and your father. I had to eliminate Henry, because he didn't know enough Urdu to have written this letter."

"Of course Henry didn't do it. But Clifford—"

"I was delivered to Abdullah at his house, late at night on the day I left. That night Clifford was in the hospital drugged with morphine. That left only your father—"

"I could have eliminated him for you. I couldn't close my eyes the night after you'd left. You'd told me there wasn't any danger, but I was misled—"

"So I'm to be convicted by a process of elimination! Why, why don't you stand up for me? You say Henry couldn't have done it—your father couldn't have done it. I don't think they did, but don't you know this man is mad? My brother's mad. He's been through so much—this is his obsession. Don't listen to him any more and don't say anything. By helping him escape me you may lead him on to some insane act—"

"I was starting to say, Sukey, that I had other evidence to acquit your father. The man who delivered the message to Abdullah was seen. The woman said he was a young sahib. I have a copy of her statement, sworn to before a qadi. The man came from the note and a hundred rufes into Abdullah's bedroom. It made a lot of noise and he ran and, in passing over a gate, he caught his breeches leg on a nail. Some shreds were dropped out, including some of the seam. There was quite a little blood where he'd fallen and lain a minute; obviously the nail had raked deeply the inside of his leg along the seam, and it had bled through the rent. The shreds had pulled right and broken at the knot-clip, and from their length we could tell that the man would be between there and above the knee. Such a deep tear—"

"I stopped, because of what I saw in Sukey's eyes. Very slowly she turned to Gerald.

## By EDISON MARSHALL

It was only a few steps to the tent door. Gerald took them in swift, lithe strides, but the darkness of the entrance concealed him hardly a second. When he reappeared his muzzle-loading rifle was at his shoulder.

"It's my turn now, Rom," he said quietly.

I did not answer.

I heard him but with a small part of my attention. A dim figure had appeared from behind Gerald's tent. I wouldn't have discovered Sithy in its shadow save for her hair, and for the faint gleam of a musket barrel already levelling. Sukey had not seen her, because her gaze was riveted on Gerald.

"Do you hear me, Rom? Sukey and I are going to the coast. Call Na'od. Just his name and nothing else."

"Na'od!"

"Seyed Na!" he replied, and came bounding to me.

Still there was no roar of a gun. Obviously Sithy had pulled the trigger in vain. And now she came stealing along the side of the tent, the gun grasped wrong-end-to-like a club.

Sukey saw Sithy now, only a few feet behind Gerald, and lifting her club. She need only scream and point to warn him. But her only movements were her fingers slowly spreading.

"If you intend to kill me, Gerald—and of course you do—will you tell Sukey—"

SITHY'S foot disturbed a twig, which cracked. As Gerald started to whirl, she leaped and struck. The blow caught him on the shoulder. Screaming, she dropped the musket, jerked the rifle out of his hands, knocking him down. Daring out of his reach, she whirled and flung it to her shoulder.

"Bandkey!" ("Stop!") Sukey yelled, leaping up.

Instead Sithy aimed the big rifle with deadly speed at Gerald's breast, and pulled the trigger.

There was not even a flash in the pan. Quickly she pulled the other trigger with the same result. Then she flung the weapon down and walked towards the pavilion.

Na'od helped Gerald to his feet and back to the bench.

"It's plain now whose side you're taking," he said with genuine and profound bitterness to Sukey. Then he turned to me.

"Go ahead and kill me, Rom. Why don't you do it and get it over with? I'm not afraid any more."

Strangely, I believed him. "Do you confess? It won't help me, but it might help you."

"Yes, I did it. I did it to keep a gypsy from marrying a memsahib whom I loved. There was no other way to keep her from marrying you. I hated you, of course—I always have. Mamma taught me to hate you so long ago that I can't remember anything before then. You might as well kill me now. I'd rather you would than have it come to trial—or to have anybody know."

"Well, that's not as easy as it looks. What about Sukey?"

"What about her? You get her whether I live or die."

"Sukey, do you still love me?"

"I'll always love you, Rom, and I need you."

"Do you love Gerald?"

"Yes, because he needs me."

"Whom do you love the most?"

"You, of course. Do you still love me, Rom?"

"I love you just the same." "Do you want me back?"

"Yes. Do you want to come back?"

"Of course I do. But, Rom, if you kill Gerald I won't come back. You can't ever have me."

I turned to Hamyd and spoke in Hindustani. "It comes to me, Hamyd, that the sahib's deed against us was one of a madman. He'd been driven mad by hate. The law wouldn't excuse him on the ground of that kind of madness, but, considering it came on him through my father's sin, I can forgo any further vengeance. The evil he's done since has been trying to defend and conceal that great evil. I can't even see straight for very far. I'm going to ask forgiveness for my inability to do my duty to society. I don't know what my duty is to God. I do remember the last entreaty in the Lord's Prayer."

Weeping, Sukey put her arms about my neck and kissed me with great beauty.

"Gerald, there are one or two conditions. Sukey said you'd made a religion of the sahib business—of course she knows why now—and it's gone too far to stop. For that reason you'll have to give up public service. You can go back to England and live on your money and not do any work except run your estate. I want back the money that came to you when I was declared dead. My father, who, like me, attacked his society, left me that."

"On, my God," Gerald dropped his head into his arms and wept.

Sukey laid her hand on his shoulder, removed it, and turned to me.

"Rom, you said you want me. Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"He's been my husband for—eight years." The pause was perceptible and her expression changed. Perhaps it reflected guilty fear.

"That long?" I asked.

"I didn't wait very long, did I, Rom?"

"Were you with child?"

"No. But he was like you in so many ways—at least I thought so—and how could I doubt you were dead? Waan't the skull you'd fixed—you did that, too, of course—to convince me of it as well as the person who betrayed you? That wouldn't have been like Gerald, to set me free, but it was like you."

"Yes, I set you free. But I remember now that as I was waiting to be killed I tried to send you another message. I tried to put a thought in your mind to take care whom you married in my place."

"If there's the least doubt in your mind and heart, I want to stay with Gerald. I'm the only one who can help him now. I'd have that much to live for."

"There never has been any doubt."

"If there is, let me go. It wouldn't be fair to me, Rom—it would be going against this"—she showed me the silver talisman—"to have me stay. And there is Sithy. You gave me your sixpence, and I believe in it still."

"I'll stand by it, Sukey. And if you're troubled about Sithy, it isn't necessary. She's never been my concubine, she has a great deal of spirit, as you know, and she's only sixteen. To-morrow I'll talk with her about her future—and maybe mine, linked with it."

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



## At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

### thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

#### Read what this man says:

I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger...

### Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

### How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream—rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

### Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

### Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids 7/6 and 4/- everywhere

### Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Get quick relief from backache rheumatism sciatica lumbago headaches dizziness



#### Free Diet Chart

Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.



With  
**9 New varieties**  
included, "Old Gold"  
is a finer gift than ever!

Everyone loves a gift of "Old Gold" Chocolates — it's Australia's favourite assortment. And no wonder — it looks so inviting with its rich chocolate colour, gaily highlighted with exclusive foil wrappings — and it tastes so delicious with its fine variety of wholesome ingredients.



At the theatre . . . for birthdays . . . anniversaries and special occasions . . . a gift of "Old Gold" Chocolates is in the very best of good taste.



The unexpected gift is always appreciated — a box of "Old Gold" is a delightful surprise for the family or that special someone.



These 9 new varieties, plus 8 old favourites, give you 17 different centres among the 24 chocolates in every 1/2-lb. box.



**New! CHERRY-IN-CREAM**  
Big, ripe cherries and marachino-flavoured cream, encased in rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.



**New! NUT CHOCOLATE**  
A flavoursome combination of "Old Gold" Chocolate and crisp, sweet nuts.



**New! NOUGAT DESSERT**  
Delicious French nougat with crisp blanched almonds. Coated with smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.



**New! VANILLA CREAM**  
"Old Gold" Chocolate and mellow vanilla-flavoured cream.



**New! STRAWBERRY CUP**  
The smoothest chocolate of all — "Old Gold" — with a piquant strawberry-flavoured cream centre.



**New! PINEAPPLE FONDANT**  
A novel, pineapple-shaped chocolate shell, filled with luscious, real pineapple in cream.



**New! NUTTY BUTTERSCOTCH**  
Crunchy butterscotch, almonds and peanuts, all coated with "Old Gold" Chocolate.



**New! SCORCHED ALMONDS**  
Big, specially selected almonds, set in rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.



**New! CREAM CARAMEL**  
Fresh, buttery caramel, rich in milk and glucose, with a coating of smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.

2 exciting layers in each 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. box — available throughout Australia.



"Say it with Old Gold!"

Made by **MacRobertson**  
The Great Name in Confectionery.

MO 28

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are on their way back to the "Argos" along Peril Road. After passing the first three perils safely, they come to a deep chasm spanned by a narrow bridge. Half-way across they are trapped by a man-eating lion and tiger. As the snarling beasts approach, Mandrake and his friends drop over the side and hang on to the bridge. The animals fight, and the bridge breaks under the strain. **NOW READ ON:**

**MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR CLING TO THE BROKEN SIDES--**

**THE GREAT CATS SURVIVE THE TREMENDOUS FALL, AND ARE STILL FIGHTING FURIOUSLY AS THEY ARE SWEEPED OUT OF SIGHT BY THE SWIFT TORRENT.**

**ME HELP!**

**LOTHAR SHOUTS TO THEM ACROSS THE NARROW CANYON AS HE CLIMBS TO THE TOP--**

**FINDING A HEAVY VINE, LOTHAR WEIGHS IT WITH A STONE AND SWINGS IT ACROSS THE CANYON. AFTER MANY ATTEMPTS--**

**HOLD ON, NARDA. I CAN'T MUCH LONGER--**

**I HOPE-- IT'S STRONG ENOUGH--**

**IT IS-- HERE WE GO--**

**MANDRAKE CATCHES THE VINE'S END-- AND THEY SWING ACROSS, WITH LOTHAR HOLDING LIKE A BLOCK OF GRANITE!**

**WHEN THEY'RE SAFELY ACROSS, LOTHAR PULLS THEM UP THE SIDE, AS HE MOVES BACKWARDS, THE GROUND SUDDENLY GIVES BENEATH HIM!**

**QUICKSAND!**

**LOTHAR-- WHAT'S HAPPENED?**

**EASY, NOW-- DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME-- HURRY-- LET'S HELP LOTHAR!**

**TUGGING ON THE VINE, THEY HAUL LOTHAR OUT OF THE QUICKSAND.**

**BE CAREFUL WE DON'T FALL INTO THE QUICKSAND, TOO.**

**MY, HE'S HEAVY!**

**TO BE CONTINUED**



Did you  
**PROTEX**  
yourself  
this morning?



I did: PROTEX  
is my  
favourite deodorant  
complexion soap —



I did: PROTEX  
gives me lots of lather  
and a bushland tang



I did: Mummy  
said I should!

Protex is the family favourite  
because it's a fresh, clean  
deodorant complexion soap,  
medicated to guard against  
infection, yet gentle enough for  
a baby's delicate skin.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 3, 1952

# PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason and his secretary, Della, have offices near Xperiments Inc., a company owned by well-known scientist Dr. Francis Early. Manager of Xperiments, Roy Adger, plans to steal the blueprints of Dr. Early's valuable electronic invention. Needing someone to take the blame for the theft, Adger is interested when a member of his staff, Cris Cobb, introduces Sally Dale, who wants a job.

Panel 1: PERRY MASON: I'M A BUSY MAN, SO WE'LL DISPOSE WITH THE USUAL FORMALITIES. YOU'RE PROFICIENT IN TAKING DICTATION AND SO FORTH?

Panel 2: DELLA: OH, YES! I GRADUATED FROM BUSINESS SCHOOL WITH HONORS.

Panel 3: PERRY MASON: DUE TO THE SECRECY OF OUR WORK, YOU'D HAVE MANY THINGS TO DO WHICH YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. WE'D HAVE TO TRUST EACH OTHER IMPLICITLY. IS THAT CLEAR, MISS DALE?

Panel 4: DELLA: I UNDERSTAND, MR. ADGER.

Panel 5: PERRY MASON: YES. I SUGGEST A LITTLE APPOINTMENT.

Panel 6: DELLA: YOU'D HAVE TO WORK LATE AT TIMES, MISS DALE. YOU LIVE IN TOWN?

Panel 7: PERRY MASON: ON YOUR OWN, EHT? HMM... HAVE YOU MANY FRIENDS IN THE CITY, MISS DALE?

Panel 8: DELLA: NO, MR. ADGER. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE BUT CRIS COBB!

Panel 9: PERRY MASON: MISS DALE, YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! I'M BUSY NOW BUT MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS AT 12:30 FOR LUNCH, AND I'LL OUTLINE YOUR DUTIES!

Panel 10: DELLA: LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE JOB, SALLY!

Panel 11: PERRY MASON: I START TOMORROW, CRIS! AND MR. ADGER'S TAKING ME TO LUNCH TODAY TO OUTLINE MY DUTIES!

Panel 12: PERRY MASON: MR. ADGER? BUT, BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR DATE?

Panel 13: DELLA: OH... WE CAN HAVE LUNCH TOMORROW, CRIS. I COULDN'T REFUSE MR. ADGER.

Panel 14: PERRY MASON: EXCUSE ME, MR. ADGER, MISS COBB?

Panel 15: DELLA: GOOD MORNING, DR. EARLY. THIS IS SALLY DALE... MR. ADGER'S NEW SECRETARY!

Panel 16: DR. EARLY: HOW D-D-DO YOU DO, M-M-MISS DALE!

Panel 17: DELLA: DR. EARLY! I DON'T EXPECT YOU IN TODAY? ARE THE EC PLANS STILL IN THE FINISHED?

Panel 18: DR. EARLY: N-N-NOT QUITE, BOY. T-T-THEY'RE STILL IN THE D-D-DRAFTING ROOM.

Panel 19: PERRY MASON: TO BE CONTINUED

Panel 1: TEENA: GOOD MORNIN', MR. MERRY... ARE THE GIRLS READY? THEY SAID THEY'D TAKE US FISHIN' TONAY!

Panel 2: TEENA: RRRRING! WHAT TH?

Panel 3: TEENA: THEY WANNA TEACH US TO BE SELF-SUFFICIENT.

Panel 4: TEENA: GOLLY, WE SHOULD'VE TOLD 'EM NOT TO START BEFORE 6.

Panel 5: TEENA: HEY! THIS WATER'S GOT WORMS IN IT!

Panel 6: TEENA: THEM'S MINE! I'M TEACHIN' 'EM TO SWIM SO THEY C'N FISH BETTER!

Panel 7: TEENA: HERE, FISHY, FISHY!

Panel 8: TEENA: PHOOO! WHAT A DAY! BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE TAUGHT THEM THE VALUE OF FOOD, AND HOW TO WREST IT FROM THE SEA.

Panel 9: TEENA: OH, I NEVER EAT FISH LEFT IN TINS!

Panel 10: TEENA: I LIKE CANDY FISHES.

Panel 11: TEENA: ME, NEITHER, I'M GONNA THROW THESE AWAY!

"He can't  
resist  
that delicious  
malty  
flavour"

## BOURN-VITA

—it's as good as it  
tastes because...



It's packed with solid food  
value—barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and chocolate.  
Bourn-vita before bed encourages the sound, restful  
sleep that relaxes nervous tension—fits you for another  
busy day.

See that all the family have a cup of warm-  
ing, delicious Bourn-vita before bed. They'll  
love the delicious malty flavour, feel all the  
better for the energy-building sleep that  
Bourn-vita helps promote.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR



BOURN-VITA



- ★ POLO Handkerchiefs are made from finest Egyptian yarns—guaranteed fast colours.
- ★ POLO Handkerchiefs are hygienically packed singly in cellophane—or in attractive gift boxes of three.
- ★ POLO Handkerchiefs make the ideal gift for Father.



Polo Handkerchiefs are manufactured by Thomas Heaney & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney

P.38.12



They're out of this world!



"Heavenly Bodies" for everybody

**Cole**  
OF CALIFORNIA

Only a genuine  
COLE OF CALIFORNIA  
garment is engineered to give you that  
perfect COLE fit! Look for the identifying label!

★ As exciting as an atomic explosion... as new as tomorrow's dawn! That's the story of the new, star-studded range of COLE OF CALIFORNIA swimsuits and sunfrocks that has just burst on the fashion horizon! Featuring some of the most heavenly ideas you've ever seen, they mould your figure with Matletex magic... give you the graceful lines of a Greek goddess... add curves that are "out of this world"! All in a range of colours and fabrics so new that they belong to the future! See them now... at your favourite store or frock salon!

Extreme left: JUPITER... Cole of California's magical Matletex gives this stunning swimsuit flattering fit and strapless security. One-cuff provides over swathe bosom to form "Celestial Bra."

Centre: Style 19... Presented in vivid Briar Rose print and featuring Cole's glamorous sarong drape and new sleeve stole! Diagonal tapering cuff on bodice cunningly exposes sewn-in Bra.

Extreme right: APOLLO... Another dazzling creation that introduces Cole of California's exciting new "Stratospheric Bra," combined dramatically with contrasting panels to whittle away the inches.

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LIMITED